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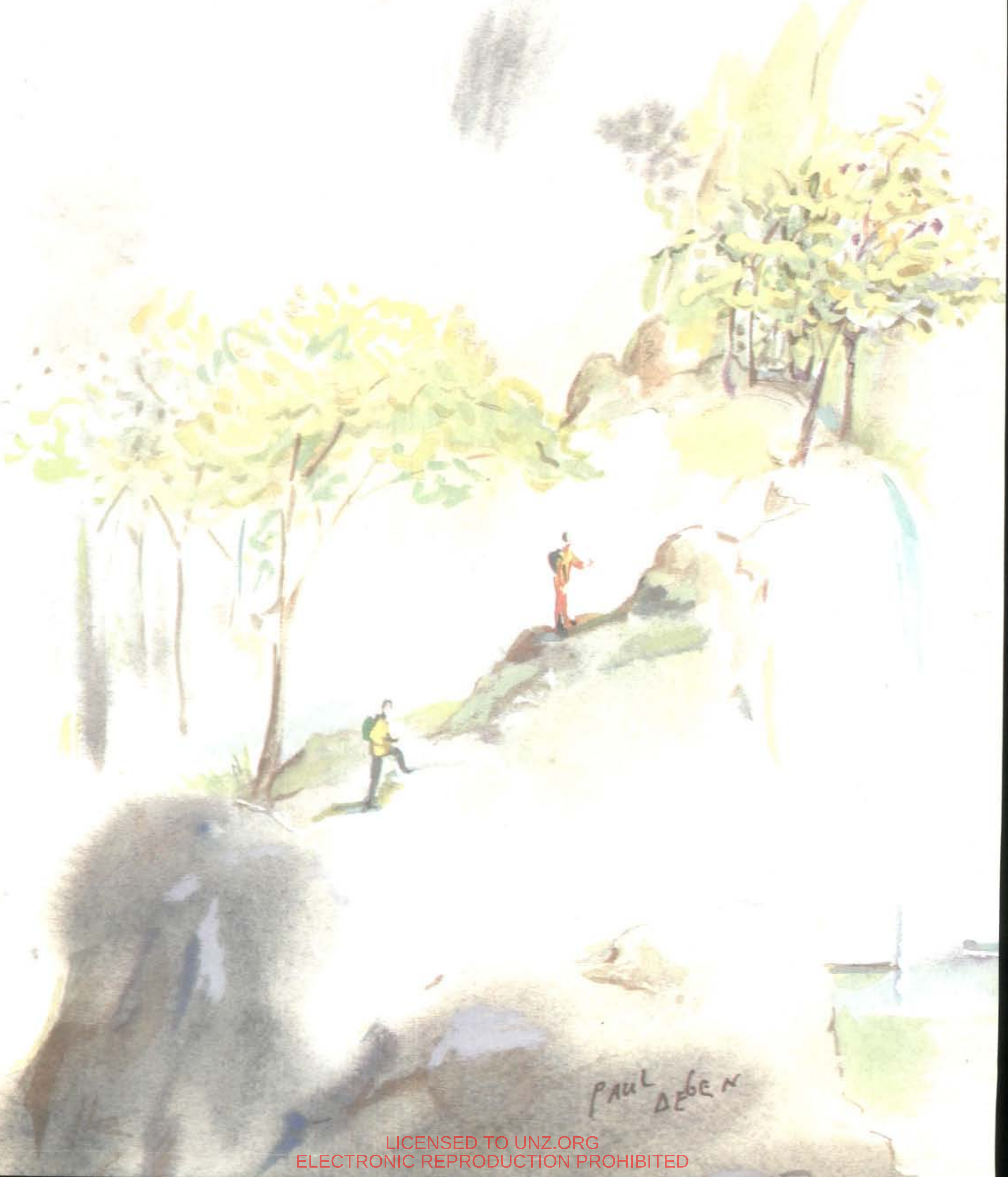

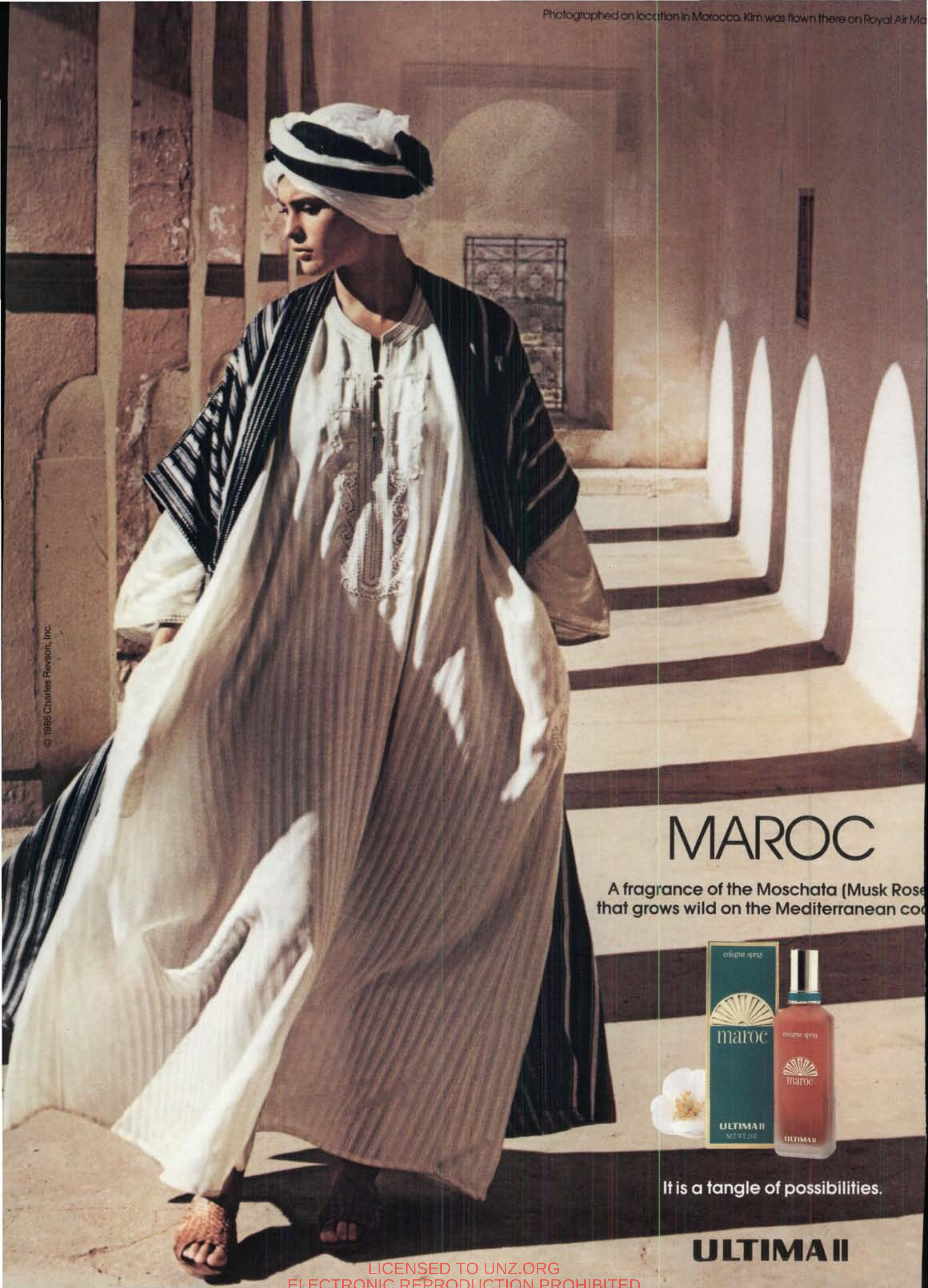
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Acting Company—A brief engagement by John Houseman's troupe. **TEN BY TENNESSEE,** two bills of one-act plays by Tennessee Williams. "Auto-da-Fé," "The Strangest Kind of Romance," "A Perfect Analysis Given by a Parrot," "This Property Is Condemned," and "I Can't Imagine Tomorrow": Wednesday, May 21, and Friday, May 23, at 8; Saturday, May 24, at 2; and Sunday, May 25, Tuesday, May 27, Thursday, May 29, and Saturday, May 31, all at 8. . . . ¶ "The Lady of Larkspur Lotion," "Talk to Me Like the Rain," "Portrait of a Madonna," "The Unsatisfactory Supper," and "The Long Goodbye": Thursday, May 22, and Saturday, May 24, at 8; Sunday, May 25, at 3; Wednesday, May 28, and Friday, May 30, at 8; and Saturday, May 31, at 2. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Through Sunday, June 15.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A debate on the nature of good and evil, by Wallace Shawn. The director is Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Pippa Pearthree. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—*Glenn Close, Sam Waterston,* Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones in a cleverly constructed and eloquently written play by Michael Frayn, the burden of which is that attempting to do good in the world is a perilous adventure. Chosen the best foreign play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays, except May 25, at 3. Special performance Sunday, May 25, at 7.)

Big Deal—A very peculiar musical by Bob Fosse, about black criminals in Chicago a long time ago. The music consists of an assortment of golden oldies, capriciously misused. (4/21/86) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, May 28, at 2.)

The Boys in Autumn—Tom Sawyer in adult life a *child-molester and Huck Finn a wife-killer:* this is what we learn from a repellent little theatre piece by Bernard Sabath, who boasts of having a lively imagination. The two characters in the play are enacted by George C. Scott and John Cullum. (5/12/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Chopin Playoffs—A comedy by Israel Horovitz, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 15. For tickets, call 831-8603.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—Robert De Niro is a Hispanic drug dealer (cocaine), who is bringing up his teen-age son. Reinaldo Povod's first play is considerably better than promising; Mr. De Niro's performance is remarkable, and he is well supported by Burt Young, Ralph Macchio, and Paul Calderon. Bill Hart directed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of twelve one-act plays. "Sunday Morning Vivisection," by Elise Caitlin; "The Worker's Life," by Brandon Cole; "Blind Date," by Horton Foote; and "Mink on a Gold Hook," by James Ryan: Wednesday, May 21, and Friday, May 23, at 7:30; Saturday, May 24, at 6 and 10; and Sunday, May 25, at 7. (Reviewed in this issue.) . . . ¶ "Vanishing Act," by Richard Greenberg; "Terry Neal's Future," by Roger Hedden; "The West Side Boys Will Rock You Anytime," by Shirley Kaplan; and "Comic Dialogue," by Alan Zweibel: Thursday, May 22, at 7:30; Sunday, May 25, at 3; and Monday, May 26, and Friday, May 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ "Dolores," by Edward Allan Baker; "Ma Rose," by Cassandra Medley; "Wash and Dry," by Shel Silverstein; and "Moonlight Kisses," by Stuart Spencer: Previews Wednesday and Thursday, May 28-29, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 31, at 6 and 10. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Closes Monday, June 16.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of the 1964 musical **FUNNY GIRL,** with a score by Jule Styne, lyrics by Bob Merrill, and a book by Isobel Lennart. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 8. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Goblin Market—This musical, based on Christina Rossetti's erotic allegorical poem, has a charming score by *Polly Pen, imaginative* scenery by William Barclay, and good performances—singing and acting—by Terry Klausner and Ann Morrison. It may prove a little too fanciful for every taste, though. (4/28/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes an excellent singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz, John Mahoney, and Stockard Channing, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, May 28, at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterly comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a

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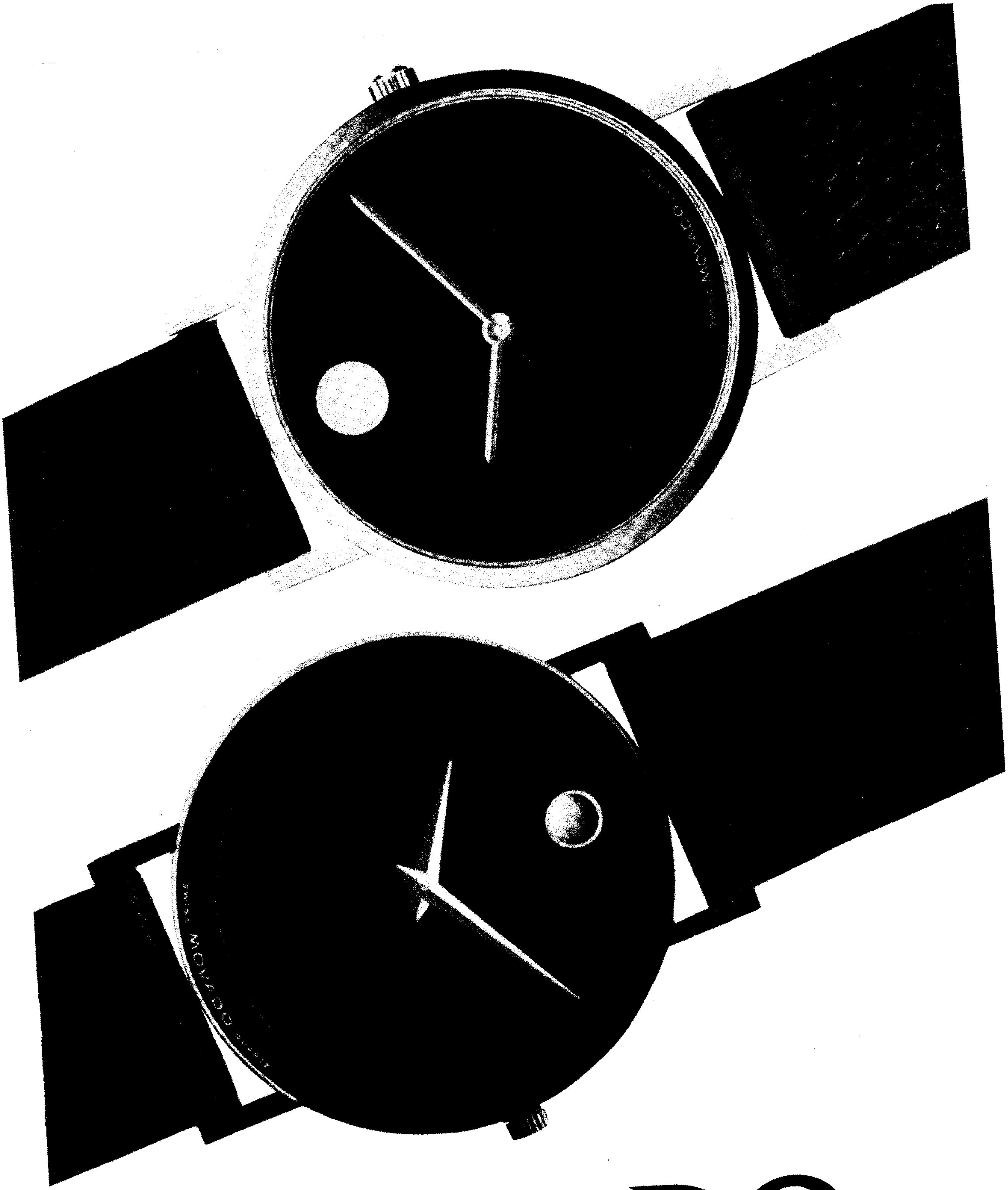
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dreadful marriage. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **SWEETHEARTS.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Directed by Jonathan Miller and with an excellent cast headed by Jack Lemmon, the O'Neill masterpiece is brought intensely to life in this vivid production, which accurately places Mary Tyrone, not James Tyrone, at the center of the play. (5/12/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Loot—Joe Orton's fierce and highly polished farce about all sorts of criminal activity in England in a too mild revival, but with considerable merriment, all the same. With Joseph Maher, Željko Ivanek, and Zoë Wanamaker, among other good actors. John Tillinger directed. (3/3/86) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Maggie Magalita—Trini Alvarado in a play by Wendy Kesselman, presented by the Lambs Theatre Company. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays at 11 A.M.; Wednesdays at 2; Thursdays at 11 and 8; Fridays at 8; and Saturdays at 2 and 8.)

The Man Who Turned Into a Stick—A play by Kobo Abe, translated from the Japanese by Donald Keene and starring Ernest Abuba. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 7.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Betty Buckley, and Cleo Laine, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

National Lampoon's Class of '86—A revue created by Matty Simmons and other members of the magazine's editorial staff. Preview Wednesday, May 21. Opens officially on Thursday, May 22, at 6:30. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Gus Edwards' **LOUIE AND OPHELIA,** about the affair of a middle-aged Bronx couple—a mismatch from the start—is as humorous as it is disturbing. Love conquers all. In the leading roles, Elain Graham and Douglas Turner Ward could not be better. Mr. Ward directed. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A musical with a score by Grant Sturiale and book, lyrics, and direction by Barry Harman. Opens Wednesday, May 21. (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 22, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 645-0783.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

d. ehrenberg

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Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Petition—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn give excellent performances in an unsatisfactory two-character play by Brian Clark, about an old couple bickering in the shadow of death. (5/5/86) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Place Called Heartbreak—A drama by Robert S. Stokes. Preview Wednesday, May 21. Opens officially on Thursday, May 22. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Professionally Speaking—A musical revue with score and lyrics by Frederic Block, Ernst Muller, and Peter Winkler. Preview Wednesday, May 21. Opens officially on Thursday, May 22, at 7. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 832-2555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Social Security—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman, well acted by Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Stefan Schnabel, Olympia Dukakis, and Kenneth Welsh. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Song & Dance—The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Stories About the Old Days—A play by Bill Harris, with Abbey Lincoln. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and Robert Randolph (scenery). The star is a dazzling little singer-dancer-gamine named Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Williams and Walker—A musical triumph about the great Bert Williams, who, in 1910, became the first black comedian to star on Broadway, and about his partner, George Walker. Ben Harney and Vondie Curtis-Hall are the marvellous stars. The score is authentic ragtime, by Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Williams himself, and others. Strong, lively direction by Shauneille Perry, choreography by Lenwood Sloan, and musical direction by Neal Tate, who accompanies the show on the piano, with percussionist Joe Marshall at his side. (3/17/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** A comedy that verges on auto-hagiography, the hero being the author, Neil Simon, as a young Army draftee who, in 1943, is struggling to assume the mantle of writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, Monday, May 26, and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 26, at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,848 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 8.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 1.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satur-

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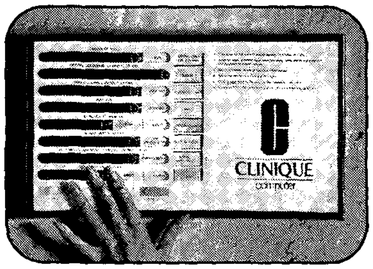

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday, May 21, Thursdays, and Friday, May 30, at 8; Friday, May 23, and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-sixteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 A.M.; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays and Monday, May 26, at 1 and 5:30. Through Sunday, June 1.)

SPALDING GRAY—A monologuist presenting the first two of three programs. Through Sunday, May 25: **TERRORS OF PLEASURE.** (Reviewed in this issue.) . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, May 27-June 1: **SEX AND DEATH TO THE AGE 14.** (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 8.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—A mime-and-mask trio. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Through Sunday, May 25.)

DARIO FO AND FRANCA RAME—Opening performances of two productions (in Italian) in a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 7. Tuesday, May 27, at 7; Thursday, May 29, at 8; and Saturday, May 31, at 5: **MISTERO BUFFO,** written, directed, and performed by Mr. Fo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 28, and Friday, May 30, at 8, and Saturday, May 31, at 9: **TUTTA CASA, LETTO E CHIESA,** written by Mr. Fo and Miss Rame, and performed by Miss Rame. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 21: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 22: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 23: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Quiet City," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 24: "Divertimento No. 15," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 24: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 25: "La Source," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 25: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Quiet City," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 27: "Scotch Symphony," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 28: "Donizetti Variations," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 29: "Donizetti Variations," "Firebird," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 30: "La Valse," "Episodes," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 31: "Scotch Symphony," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 31: "La Valse," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 22.)

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AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday evening, May 21: "Symphonie Concertante," "Murder" (New York première), and "Francesca da Rimini." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 22: "Theme and Variations," "Dim Lustre," and "Requiem." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 23; Saturday matinée and evening, May 24; and Monday evening, May 26: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 27; Wednesday matinée and evening, May 28; and Thursday evening, May 29: "Don Quixote (Kitri's Wedding)." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 30, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 31: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 5.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 15—Tuesday evening, May 27: "Diversion of Angels," five solo works, "Temptations of the Moon" (première), and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 28: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Part Real—Part Dream," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 29: "Song," "Heretic," "Diversion of Angels," and "Acts of Light." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 30: "Diversion of Angels," five solo works, "Temptations of the Moon," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 31: "Song," "Temptations of the Moon," and "Appalachian Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 31: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Heretic," "Diversion of Angels," and "The Rite of Spring." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, evenings at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

CHEN & DANCERS—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday, May 28, and Friday, May 30, at 8, and Sunday, June 1, at 2.)

BALLET INTERVIEWS—Lourdes Lopez being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 26, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a compelling, convincing, and generally wonderful singer, is in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. The weekend music honors go to guitarist **TED DUNBAR** and bassist **LARRY RIDLEY** on Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, and to pianist **LARRY VUKOVICH** and singer Lodi Carr on Friday and Saturday, May 30-31. Other groups can be heard the rest of the time. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

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BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. **JO SULLIVAN** sings at nine until Saturday, May 24.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. 475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. High-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON'S** band wails, as they say, through Sunday, May 25; Monday, May 26, will belong to tenor saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN;** starting Tuesday, May 27, the altogether charming swing violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI** will guide his trio. Music after nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk, rock, jazz, comedy, tables, chairs, and fries. The partial lineup: Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, singer-songwriter **SUZANNE VEGA** and singer-guitarist Frank Christian; Monday, May 26, **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (David Johansen in a tux) **& THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** and Saturday, May 31, Canadian singer-songwriter **JANE SIBERRY.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good musicians. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** works with bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO** through Saturday, May 24, and **HUGH LAWSON** will own the keyboard on Sunday, May 25. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Gosh. It's so *nice* in here—long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **CARRIE SMITH** sings blues and Bessie Smith-inspired material through Sunday, May 25, and on Tuesday, May 27, harmonicaist, guitarist, and whistler **TOOTS THIELEMANS** will come in with his quartet. Music nightly, except Mondays, at nine and eleven, with an additional show Fridays and Saturdays at twelve-thirty. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room where **BOBBY SHORT** performs his cozy, elegant repertoire Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is singing and soloing Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven, where you can order pitchers of beer and listen to bluegrass or folk or Irish music. The music: Wednesday, May 21, Paddy Reynolds and Andy McGann; Saturday, May 24, **SKYLINE,** banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA'S** bluegrass outfit; and Saturday, May 31, the Chicken Chokers String Band. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays, too. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room. Pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** and his quintet work through Sunday, May 25, and on Tuesday, May 27, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** pianist **ELAINE ELIAS,** saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER,** and others will begin a visit. Mondays remain the property of guitarist and recording innovator **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**MARGARET WHITING** winds up her stint here on Saturday, May 24, and on Tuesday, May 27, up-and-coming singer **MICHELE BAUTIER** will ar-

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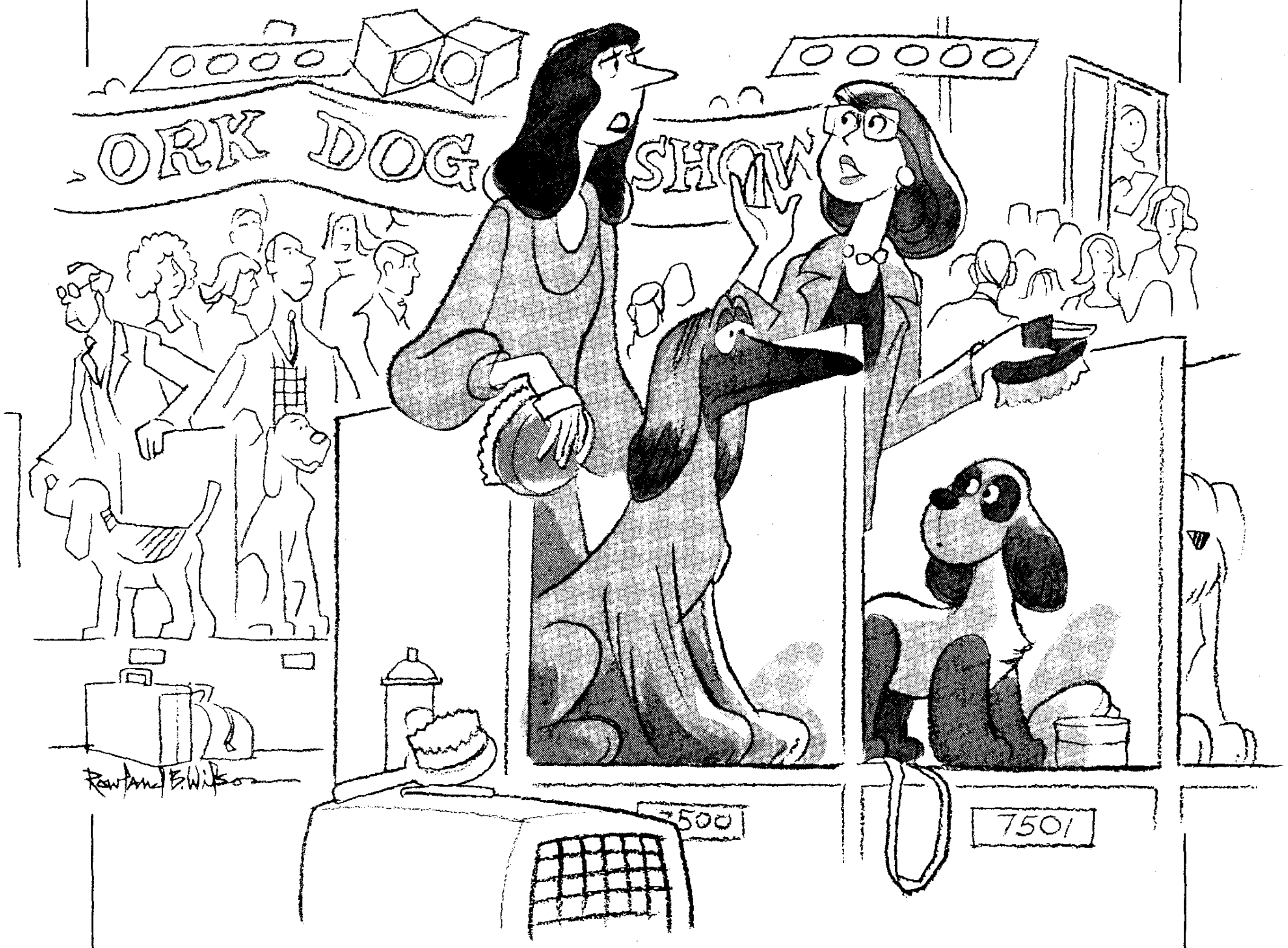

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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rive. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. Two stride-piano whizzes are on the current roster: **JUDY CARMICHAEL** through Saturday, May 24, and starting Tuesday, May 27, **DICK WELLSTOOD.** Sundays belong to Amy Duncan, and Mondays to **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **DON FRIEDMAN** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** are the music directors here starting about nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday, May 21, Savoy Brown and Roy Harper; Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY** and the Carter Brothers; Monday, May 26, Country Joe MacDonald; Tuesday through Thursday, May 27-29, veterans of The Band, **RICK DANKO, LEVON HELM,** and **GARTH HUDSON;** and Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, the New Riders of the Purple Sage. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Some facts about **DOROTHY DONEGAN:** Her hands and arms have not been choreographed by Bob Fosse. She is not Barbra Streisand's acting coach. She does chew gum. She is always looking around behind her while she's performing to see what's going on. She is pure Show Biz. She is funny and a delight, and, when she chooses to, she can ripple the keyboard like Teddy Wilson. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS;** Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, guitarist **DOC POWELL;** Sunday, May 25, Justin Page; Tuesday, May 27, Victor Lesser; Wednesday, May 28, Brian Lynch; and Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, violinist **NOEL POINTER.** Music from about ten. Dining. Closed Monday, May 26.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Friday, May 23, the Swans; Saturday, May 24, Wendy O. Williams, English Dogs, and Nuclear Assault; Friday, May 30, Frank Marino & Mahogany Rush and Montrose; and Saturday, May 31, Urban Blight. Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like the rush hour in Rio, and the music is the kind you won't find on "Solid Gold." Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, **TITO PUENTE & HIS ORCHESTRA;** Friday through Sunday, May 23-25, Viva Brazil; Tuesday through Thursday, May 27-29, singer **BETTY CARTER** and her backing crew; Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, Java. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Knotty-pine walls and adventurous music: pianist **PAUL BLEY** is here with guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE,** bassist **STEVE SWALLOW,** and drummer **BARRY ALTSCHUL** through Sunday, May 25, and on Tuesday, May 27, **LESTER BOWIE, ARTHUR BLYTHE, CHICO FREEMAN, CECIL MC BEE, KIRK LIGHTSEY,** and **DON MOYE** will begin six nights of playing together—wow! On Monday nights, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** gathers around him his **ORCHESTRA,** which is made up of youthful, enthusiastic veterans and high-energy newcomers. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club featuring rock and roller **ELLIOTT MURPHY** on Thursdays; **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUES** on Friday and Saturday, May 23-24; New Orleans' **LIL QUEENIE** on Friday and Saturday, May 30-31; and a bunch of other bands the rest of the week. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room at nine on Mondays: on May 26, **LOUIE RAMIREZ, RAY DE LA PAZ, BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA YORK,** and trumpeter **WOODY SHAW,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. . . . ¶ On the Terrace after nine-thirty, *you'll find singer-pianist* **BOB DOROUGH** *and* his bassist **BILL TAKAS** nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops by on Tuesdays, too.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and his quintet, *which features guitarist* **KEVIN EUBANKS** and bassist **RUFUS REID,** can be heard through Sunday, May 25, and on Tuesday, May 27, **MILT JACKSON,** who plays fulfilling blues on his beautiful Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, will bring in his quartet. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from nine-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of jazz, blues, and comedy. Singer **MICHELLE HENDRICKS** performs through Sunday, May 25; starting Wednesday, May 28, singer **LITTLE JIMMY SCOTT** will take charge. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Pianist **MIKE LE DONNE** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** can be found in it through Saturday, May 24, and starting Tuesday, May 27, **LARRY WILLIS** and **RUFUS REID** *will take on the piano-bass duties.* Music weeknights from eight. Closed Sunday and Monday, May 25-26.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

A Salute to Jimmy McHugh—With Daryl Sherman, John Pizzarelli, Jr., and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Wednesday, May 21, at 8.)

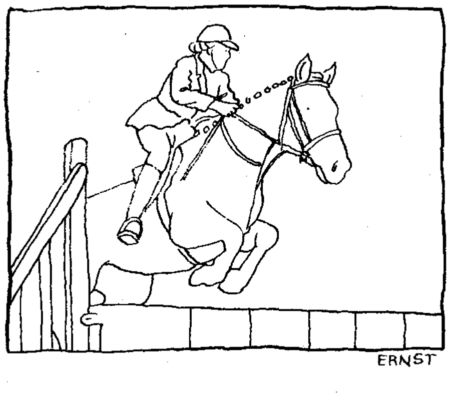
Yoko Ono—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Thursday, May 22, at 8.

Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday through Sunday, May 23-25, at 10 and midnight.

Astor Piazzolla Quintet—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday through Sunday, May 23-25, at 8.

Chuck Mangione—Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Monday and Tuesday, May 26-27, at 8 and 11:30.

Simple Minds—With The Call. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 27-28, at 8.)



Norman Simmons Trio—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Friday, May 30, at 10 and midnight.

Charles Davis and **Jack Wilson Quartet**—Jazz Cultural Theatre. Saturday, May 31, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

Jackson Browne—Radio City Music Hall. Saturday and Sunday, May 31-June 1, at 8.

Irving Plaza—Friday, May 23: Woody Herman. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 31: The Meatmen. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start after 10.)

Jazz Center of New York—Saturday, May 24, at 9:30 and 11: Hilton Ruiz, Steve Turre, Bill Hardman, and others in a tribute to the late Rahsaan Roland Kirk. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 25, at 8: Chin Suzuki quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 9:30 and 11: Charli Persip quintet. *(380 Lafayette St. 505-5661.)*

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Anthony Caro—Nudes in bronze and in charcoal drawings executed at his Pine Plains, Dutchess County, studio. Through Saturday, May 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Colorful abstract geometric paintings dating from 1965 to 1969. Through Saturday, May 31. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Howard Hodgkin—Abstract oil paintings on wood panels. Through June 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.) . . . ¶ Jacobson, 50 W. 57th St., is showing prints from the past twenty years.

Henry Koerner—Paintings and drawings dating from the thirties to this year. Through Saturday, May 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955) **and Picasso** (1881-1973)—Oils, mostly, hung informally. Through Saturday, May 31. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935) **and Liubov S. Popova** (1889-1924)—Works on paper by two leaders of the Russian avant-garde early in this century. Through Friday, May 30. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St.)

Matta—Large pastel drawings inspired by Don Quixote. Through June 30. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St.)

Odd Nerdrum—Narrative paintings by a Norwegian artist who portrays people at the top of the world peering fearfully toward troubling developments in the lower latitudes. Also, bravura portraits and still-lifes. A two-gallery show. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St., through June 6; closed Saturday, May 31. . . . ¶ Germans Van Eck, 420 West Broadway; through June 7.)

Georgia O'Keeffe (1887-1986)—Paintings, pastels, drawings, and prints—more than forty works in all. Through June 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

John Singer Sargent (1856-1925)—A benefit show of Impressionist paintings done in England and France in the eighteen-eighties. Through June 14. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Tony Smith (1912-80)—Abstract paintings from the fifties and sixties; also, bronzes cast in smaller sizes than the larger-scale originals. Through June 21. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

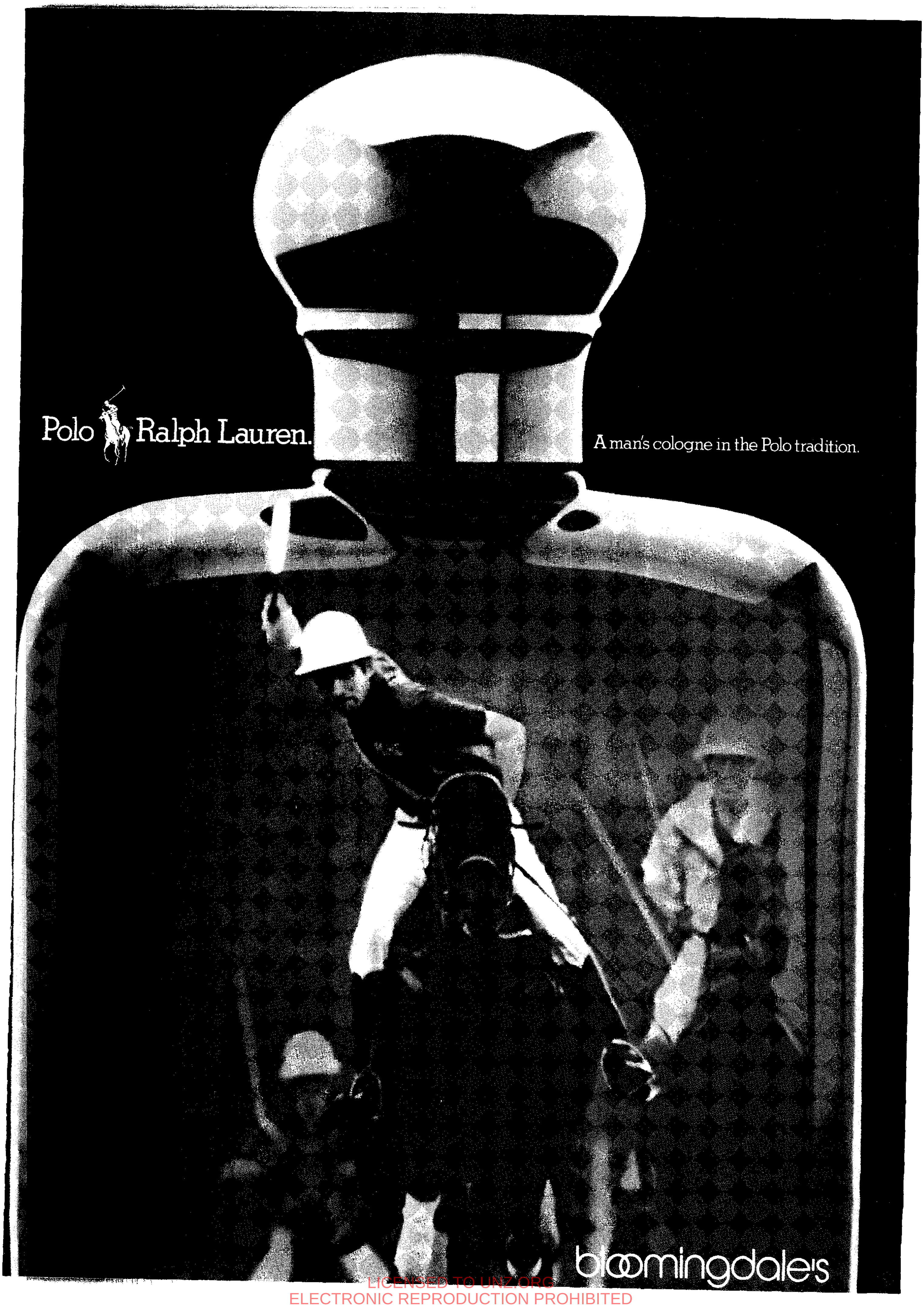
Graham Snow—Wall constructions by a British artist who has a penchant for the obelisks and architectural follies of his homeland. Through July 31. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Theodoros Stamos—Paintings from the past forty years. Through Saturday, May 24. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Michael Tetherow—Abstract paintings and related drawings. Through June 14. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Selina Trieff / George Herriman (1878-1944)—Figure paintings and drawings. Through Friday, May 30. / Pen-and-ink drawings, most of them from 1919 to 1929, and several watercolors of the comic-strip character Krazy Kat. Through June 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mary Ann Unger—A walk-through aluminum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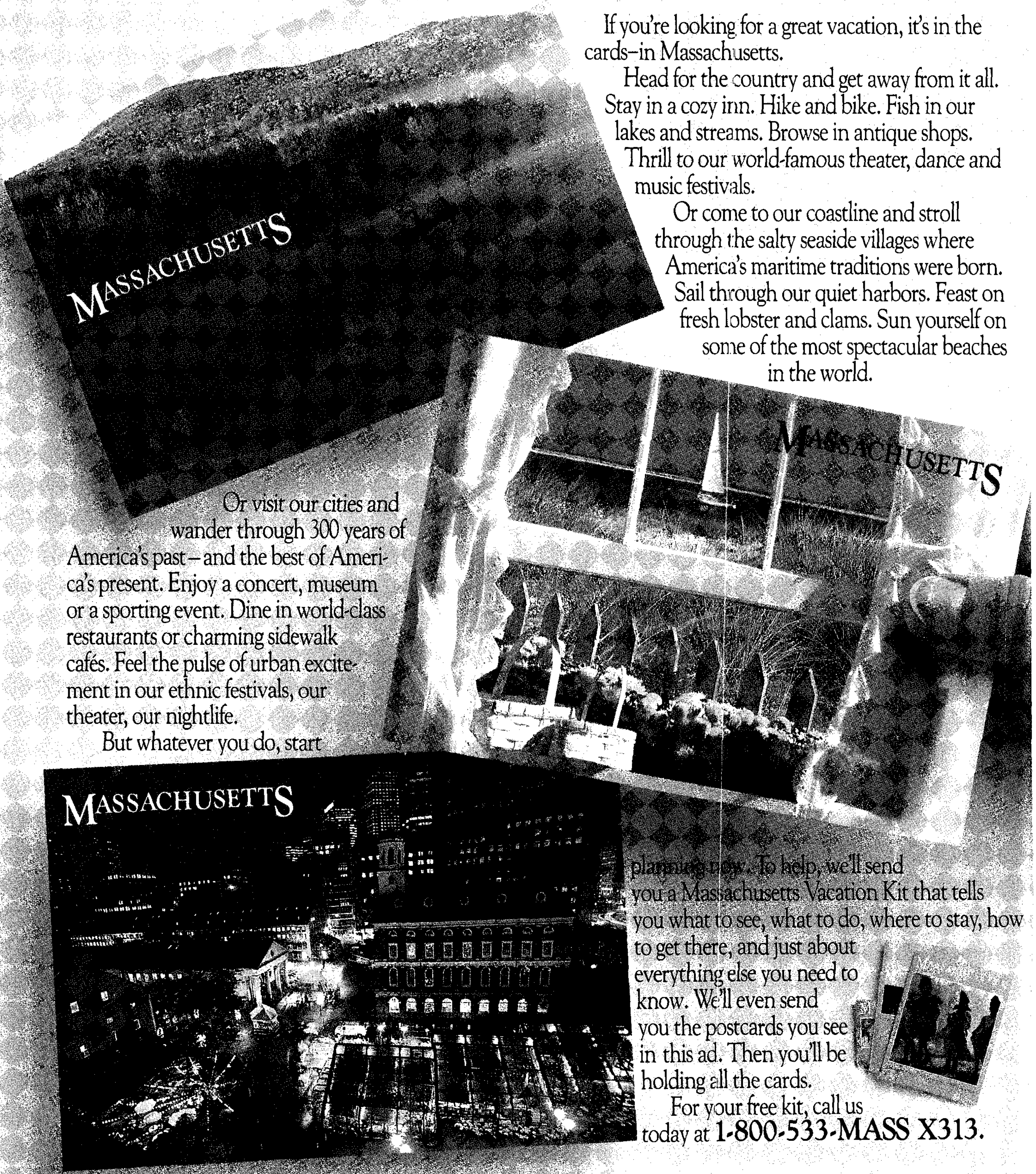

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architectural work that will go to a Philadelphia park this summer. Also, three life-size figures. Through Saturday, May 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Willard Gallery Anniversary—The gallery has mounted the works of artists it has sponsored since 1974, Lois Lane, Donald Sultan, Susan Rothenberg among them, in the second of two fiftieth-anniversary exhibits in memory of its founder, Marian Willard Johnson. Through June 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **rachel adler,** 58 E. 79th St.: Paintings and drawings from the twenties by such European artists as George Grosz, Amédée Ozenfant, and Jean Arp. Through June 7. . . . **hirschl & adler modern,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Four paintings, by Joe Zucker, from the early seventies (his cotton-ball period), a sculpture from the mid-seventies by Christopher Wilmarth, and three paintings from the sixties by Cy Twombly. Through June 27. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of about a hundred paintings and works on paper from the Princeton University Art Museum. These works—by Europeans and Americans—include a Degas "Dancers," Ammi Phillips's "The Girl in Pink," and Willem de Kooning's "Black Friday." Through June 27. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Norman Bluhm—A two-gallery show of voluptuous abstract paintings. Through June 14. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and 113 Greene St.)

Louise Bourgeois—New abstract sculptures. Through June 7. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Frank Bowling—Recent impastoed abstractions. Through Saturday, May 31. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Colleen Browning / Elihu Vedder (1836-1923)—Landscapes and portraits in oil. / Drawings in several mediums. Through Saturday, May 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Scott Burton—New furniture pieces carved from granite and wood. Through Saturday, May 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Alan Davie—Paintings and drawings entitled "Meditations and Hallucinations." Through Saturday, May 31. (Gimpel, in a new location at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Deacon—Sculptures in a variety of mediums, dominated by a sort of three-dimensional pretzel made of one continuous strip of laminated wood that would be a hundred and forty feet long if stretched out. Through Saturday, May 31. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Gonzalo Fonseca—Sculptures carved from stone blocks which suggest archeological digs. Through Saturday, May 31. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kathryn Freeman—Paintings of street scenes in Warsaw by the American wife of a press correspondent assigned there. Through Saturday, May 31. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger / Margaret Grimes—Landscapes of western New Jersey, with special attention to arresting cloud formations. / Oils depicting Cape Cod in the summer. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Abstracts based on landscapes and done in tempera. Through June 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Hudson—Sculptures made up of flea-market oddments (old carpetbeaters, for instance) and then cast in polychrome bronze. Through June 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bryan Hunt / Ellsworth Kelly—Small-scale bronzes and drawings. Through Saturday, May 31. / Monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases. Through June 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Six sculptures by Mr. Kelly are on view at the Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.

Alex Katz—Fourteen new large-scale paintings complement a retrospective of this artist's work at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, May 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Monochromatic paintings, sponge reliefs and sculptures, and paintings with body imprints. Through Saturday, May 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

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Henry Moore—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through June 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A single large bronze sculpture. Through Aug. 29. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

William Palmer—Paintings from the early years of the artist's career, including a four-panel screen of Washington Square Park (1929). Through June 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper / Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Large totemlike sculptures in stone, painted steel, and stainless steel. Through Friday, May 30. / Geometric pencil-and-crayon drawings. Through June 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Judy Pfaff—The Solomon gallery's confines are barely able to contain the exuberant wall constructions this artist has concocted of wire, wood, metal, plastic, greenery, stainless-steel bowls, branches, and vivid paint. The over-all title is "Apples & Oranges," but she has sneaked in a couple of pears, too. Through June 7. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Two exhibitions. Olympian doodles extracted from forty-five sketchbooks detailing the artist's day-to-day work. (He kept a hundred and seventy-five sketchbooks during his life.) Through Aug. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A loan show of fifty drawings that are being shown in public for the first time. Through June 28. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.) . . . ¶ P.S.: Picasso is also represented at Perls (see above, under "Uptown") and at Pace-MacGill (see below, under "Photography").

Richard Pousette-Dart—Recent paintings, including reliefs. Through Saturday, May 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rebecca Purdum—Large, richly colored glazed-looking oil abstractions the artist paints with her hands and rubs and rubs and rubs. First one-person show in New York. Through Saturday, May 31. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Handmade paper works that have been embossed with rows of small squares and covered with pastels. Through June 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

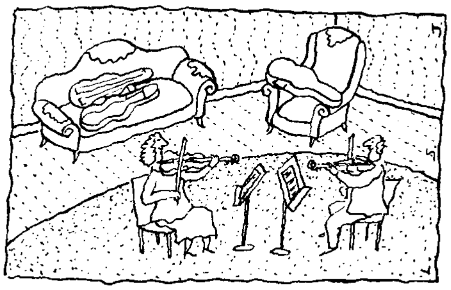
Maria Scotti / Susanne Doremus—Paintings of classical nude figures and horsemen juxtaposed with transcriptions of childish drawings of Teddy bears and dinosaurs by the artist's niece. / Small figures drawn in white on a canvas of variegated colors which also serves as a ground for the artist's private pictographs. Through Saturday, May 31. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—New abstract paintings. Through June 6. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Elbert Weinberg—Sculptures on a wide variety of subjects—dancers, dogs, Noah's ark, and a smug tomcat among them. Through Thursday, May 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Edward Allington—Segments of monuments set up in unorthodox arrangements, accompanied by a squad of plaster Venuses in one instance and a company of plaster sphinxes in another. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, May 31. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)



Richard Beckett—Abstract constructions and large works on paper by a recent Guggenheim winner. Through Saturday, May 31. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Seymour Boardman and Richards Ruben—Abstract Expressionist paintings by each. Through June 14. (Shapolsky, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Phyllis Bramson / Bruce Wall—Fantasy paintings that include romantic Chagall-like couples floating in the air. / Paintings in which a three-dimensional hobgoblin who bulges out of the picture plane seems to be devouring the cityscape he is painted on. Through Saturday, May 31. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Stephen Buckley / Peter Nadin—Abstract constructed paintings on wood and on canvas. / Paintings. Through June 4. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Victor Burgin / Beryl Korot—A series of photographic works based on Edward Hopper's painting "Office at Night." / Canvases filled with scriptlike markings of a language invented by the artist. Through Saturday, May 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Adam Cvijanovic—The view from the Empire State Building, a glimpse of the Staten Island Ferry, sunlight filtering into Grand Central Terminal—these and other Manhattan focal points are juxtaposed with Biblical and mythological themes in large-scale paintings. A sedan split down the middle and laid out on the Cutler gallery floor adds to the atmosphere. Through Saturday, May 24. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Dorothy Dehner—A retrospective, including watercolors, prints, and sculptures in wood, bronze, and Corten steel. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Elaine de Kooning—Large and small canvases that were inspired by, and seem very similar to, the cave paintings in Spain and southern France. Through Saturday, May 31. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Elizabeth Dworkin—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 31. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

George D. Green—Layered constructions, à la Stella, in which the sense of depth is sharpened by the artist's skill in painting trompe-l'oeil perspective. There are also large-scale related drawings. Through Saturday, May 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Tom Holland—Bright-colored geometric abstractions painted in epoxy on aluminum and fibre glass. Through Saturday, May 24. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Anish Kapoor / Arnulf Rainer—Large, bright-colored, blossomlike wall sculptures and several freestanding pieces, all coated with raw pigment patted on by hand. / Painted-over pages from a book of death masks, including those of Coleridge, Abraham Lincoln, and Benjamin Franklin. Through Saturday, May 31. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Joseph Kosuth—An installation of numerous billboard-size photographic blowups of a paragraph from Freud. Through June 14. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Nancy Langer / Phyllis Gaughran—Abstract paintings. / Abstract paintings and collages. Through June 1. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Christopher Le Brun—Large paintings involving romantic classical figures—Pegasus, for instance. The artist is British. Through Saturday, May 31. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Longo—Large-scale sculptures using mixed mediums, including iron castings and canvas paintings. Through June 4. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Clyde Lynds / Scott Nemtzow—Flat cement pillars, about six feet tall, which gleam with flickering lights that are generated by a trick of fibre optics. / More tricky lighting—holographic panels in which light is broken up into its component colors. Through Saturday, May 24. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—Ellipses drawn on geometrical backgrounds of various shapes and colors. Through Saturday, May 24. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

ROSEMARY NAEGELE—Realist paintings of city buildings. Through Friday, May 23. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

ALBERT OEHLEN—Sombre paintings by a young German artist, including one depicting a stone cell with real mirrors collaged onto the walls. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

RICARDO REGAZZONI—Numerous freestanding columns made of paperboard and covered in gold leaf, pencil drawings of the columns, and folding screens painted with columns. Through Saturday, May 31. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

JOYCE ROBINS—New abstract bronze and ceramic sculptures. Through Saturday, May 31. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

KENNY SCHARF—Paintings and polyurethane sculptures of monstrous toys, with multiple eyes, protruding tongues, and permanent grins, decked out in radiant colors. How now Hieronymus! Through Saturday, May 31. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

HUNT SLONEM / PHILIP AYERS—Colorful paintings of tropical birds, goldfish, monkeys, etc. / Urban realist paintings. Through June 7. (*Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.*)

GARY STEPHAN—Abstract acrylics from this year, plus abstract oils on Masonite done twenty years ago. Through Saturday, May 31. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

ROBERT THERRIEN—Paintings and sculptures that have a kind of stripped-down simplicity and, the artist says, a close kinship to the first snowman he made as a child. Through June 14. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ANTON VAN DALEN—Stark, stylized paintings and drawings of street scenes of the lower East Side during the seventies and of the pigeons the artist raises on rooftops there now. Through June 14. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

KARL WIRSUM—A retrospective of cartoonlike paintings, sculptures, and prints by this pioneer member of Chicago's Hairy Who. Through Saturday, May 24. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through July 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **SANDER,** 51 Greene St.: A whiff of Germany between the wars—paintings and drawings by Brockmann, Hoerle, Beckmann, Dix, and others, and photographs of artists by August Sander. Through June 7.

OTHER GALLERIES

ANTONY GORMLEY—Life-size lead figures, plus sculptures of lead and terra-cotta. Through June 10. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

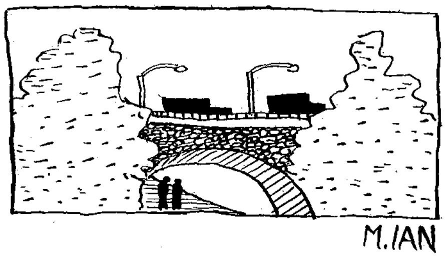
MARSHAL HOPKINS—Small paintings by an artist with a quirky view of the world around him. Through June 1. (Cerigo, 202 Avenue A, near 12th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

RICHARD KALINA—Abstract compositions in black, white, and shades of gray, made up mostly of art-history references, successfully synthesized. Through June 1. (Piezo Electric, 200 Avenue A, near 12th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

MICHAEL KESSLER—Abstract paintings on wood in which the oils have been partially scraped away. Through June 8. (Wolff, 513 E. 6th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ALLAN McCOLLUM—Vase forms over a foot high, cast in solid Hydrocal, painted in various solid colors, and arranged in groups of five, by an artist who guarantees that they have no utilitarian value. He is the man who invented "surrogate pictures." Through June 8. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GAYIL NALLS—*Figurative drawings on handmade paper, and bowls cast in bronze.* Through Thursday, May 29. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)



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CARL PALAZZOLO—Abstract triptych paintings. Through June 7. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

RICK PROL—New paintings of decaying urban scenes. Through June 1. (B-Side, 543 E. 6th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Paintings and collages dated 1949 to 1952. Through Saturday, May 31. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near 11th Ave.)

MARK SCHWARTZ / CLAIRE LIEBERMAN—Figurative paintings. / Abstract sculptures done in colored stone and slate; also, monoprints. Through Saturday, May 31. (Baum, 109 Hudson St.)

RUSSELL SHARON—Minnesota landscapes by an *artist who uses collaged pieces of red-painted* wood to represent tree trunks in many of these works. Through June 1. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

MICHELE ZALOPANY—Outsize black-and-white charcoal drawings of people and places. Through June 7. (Good, 39 Great Jones St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CULTURAL CENTER,** 310 W. 43rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by ten women artists. Through Wednesday, May 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **P.S. 1,** 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: "Images of the Unknown," an exhibit of artists who avow a spiritual motivation for their work—for example, three visionary paintings by Joseph Parker, a recluse who lives in the desert, and a room-size piece by Ann McCoy in which the walls, ceiling, everything is painted a very dark blue, to make a sanctuary for her paintings and bronze preternatural figures. Through June 15. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BILL BRANDT (1904-83) / **PICASSO** (1881-1973)—Vintage photographs of nudes. / Manipulated and cutout prints resembling his Cubist paintings. Also, portraits of the artist taken by his contemporaries—Man Ray, Irving Penn, Robert Capa. Through Aug. 1. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St., has approximately a hundred vintage photographs by Mr. Brandt. Through June 7. (Opens at 1.)

BERNARD FAUCON—Fresson prints. Through Saturday, May 24. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

ELIOT PORTER / CHARLES HEANEY (1897-1981)—Black-and-white photographs of the Southwest, dating from 1939 to 1965. / Paintings and prints. Through Saturday, May 31. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

DAVID ROBBINS—Photographic works. Through Friday, May 30. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

JOHN THOMSON (1837-1921)—Albumin prints and carbon prints of the Orient by a Scottish photographer. Through Aug. 3. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FACCHETTI,** 211 E. 3rd St.: Photographs concerned with television—either taken directly from the TV screen or of TV sets in various living rooms. Louise Lawler, Frank Majore, Bruce Davidson, and Anne Turyn are among those represented. Through June 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: More than a hundred prints of Africa by European photographers, dating from the mid-nineteenth century through the First World War. Through June 22. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Japanese color woodblocks from a period that could be called post-Commodore Perry, in that the prints reflect the impression Westerners made on late-nineteenth-century Japanese artists. Lincoln Kirstein gave these prints to the museum. . . . ¶ A show of seventy works by Rodin. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A chronological arrangement of the school of Nuremberg's Gothic and Renaissance works of art, including oversize carved-oak statues of Christ and the Virgin by Veit Stoss, Dürer's sketch for a chandelier in the shape of a dragon and the finished chandelier itself, and brass sculptures by Peter Vischer the Elder. Through June 22. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive selection of prints by Jasper Johns. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Recent work by Enzo Cucchi, including eight large paintings, a two-part sculpture, and drawings. . . . ¶ A show of approximately a hundred and twenty drawings and watercolors from the twenties by German realists. Both shows through July 6. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, May 26, from 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Through June 15. A complementary show (ending Saturday, May 24) is at the Marlborough Gallery, 40 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit entitled "Sacred Images in Secular Art" includes paintings, sculptures, and photographs by a dozen contemporary artists; Italo Scanga, Audrey Flack, and Joel-Peter Witkin among them. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Works by some of the preëminent American watercolorists of the past two centuries—John William Hill, Seth Eastman, Homer, Burchfield, Avery, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Monday, May 26. . . . ¶ A show of thirty-four paintings, drawings, and prints by Cézanne on loan from the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through July 14. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays, except May 26, and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Monday, May 26, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual show for new members of the Academy-Institute and for recipients of awards, among them Harrison E. Salisbury, Richard Diebenkorn, Mark di Suvero, Sam Shepard, Lore Segal, Richard Kenney, Frederick Busch, Robert A. Caro, and Morton Gould. Manuscripts, paintings, and sculptures. Starts Thursday, May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the career of dancer-choreographer Bronislava Nijinska. This record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by

Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée," in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Through July 13. . . . ¶ A display of gold and silver objects by Hungarian metalsmiths which adorned the cathedrals and palaces of that country from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show of fifty drawings by Ingres, who bequeathed them to a museum in his birthplace, Montauban. Through June 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese porcelains, first and foremost (but also Japanese-influenced wares from China and Europe), which were exported to England when a passion for Arita and Kakiemon gripped collectors there. These particular pieces are all in the collection of Burghley House and most appear on its inventory lists dated 1688 and 1690. Through July 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings, watercolors, prints, and photographs that document British rule in India from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. Photographs by Beato, Frith, and Bourne are included. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Drawings and models by British architects, primarily, spanning three hundred years—from Inigo Jones to Sir Edwin Lutyens. The subjects are generically called country houses but are known individually as Hampton Court Palace, Blenheim, Castle Drogo, etc. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—An exhibition of Sots Art, shorthand for unofficial works by Russian artists who managed to get out from under the thumb of the official Socialist Realism; all but one of the artists live here now, and all but one (a sculptor) are painters. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of English and American literary material that the Berg Collection has acquired over the past ten years—the typescript for Virginia Woolf's play "Freshwater" and correspondence between W. B. Yeats and Lady George, for example. (Open daily, except Sundays, Thursdays, and Monday, May 26, from 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ A restored gallery, now named for Edna Barnes Salomon, will open Friday, May 23, with an exhibit of paintings and sculptures from the library's collections, plus several display cases holding Indian manuscripts, scrolls, and cloth paintings by members of the Jain faith. (Open Mondays, except May 26, through Wednesdays, 10 to 9, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artists Al Loving and Howardena Pindell are each represented by eighteen paintings and collages. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—A film by Charles Atlas, "Hail the New Puritan," which stars the British dancer Michael Clark, Thursday, May 29, at 8. . . . ¶ A program of performances by four pairs of artists, among them Peter Nagy and David Robbins, Friday, May 30, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Jim Neu (performance), Fridays, May 23 and 30, at 10:30; Beth Lapides (performance), Saturdays, May 24 and 31, at 10:30; Fred Holland (performance), Friday through Sunday, May 23-25, at 9; Yoshimasa Wada, Linda Fisher, and David Garland (performance and music), Friday, May 30, at 9; Ellen Fullman, Frankie Mann & Sher Doruff, and Nigel Rollings (performance and music), Saturday, May 31, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911, and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Elizabeth Rich—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 21, at 8.)

Horizons '86, Music as Theatre—Opening performances of a series of seven concerts that will run through Wednesday, June 4. Wednesday, May 21, at 8: Zoltán Peskó conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of music by György Ligeti, with Yoko Kawahara and Karen Beardsley, sopranos; Olive Fredricks and Joyce Castle, mezzo-sopranos; Peter Haage, tenor; and Dieter Weller and John Brandstetter, baritones. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 8: Oliver Knussen conducting a program of music by Conlon Nancarrow, Poul Ruders, Mauricio Kagel, Betty Olivero, and Morton Gould; with Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano, and Fred Strickler, tap dancer. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 28, at 8: Gunther Schuller conducting a Louis Andriessen–Stockhausen program, with Jean Kopperud, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday, May 30, at 8: Mr. Schuller conducting a program of music by Hale Smith, Morton Feldman, Toru Takemitsu, Arvo Pärt, and Witold Lutoslawski; with Marina Kruglikov and Kerry McDermott, violin, the Gregg Smith Singers; and the Percussion Group/Cincinnati. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Goliard Chorale and Chamber Ensemble—A program that includes the premières of two works, one a seventeenth-century piece. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, May 21, at 8.)

Mozarteum Quartett Salzburg—An all-Mozart program. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, May 22, at 8.)

Mordecai Shehori—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, May 22, at 8.)

Cyprien Katsaris—Piano, in a Liszt-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

Robert Stallman—Flute, with assisting artists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, May 24, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Schubert Society of New York—The inaugural concert will feature Lucy Shelton, soprano; David Jolley, horn; Caroline Stoessinger, piano; Daniel Phillips, violin; Linda Eddy, viola; Timothy Eddy, cello; Humbert Lucarelli, oboe; and the Schubert Singers of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in an all-Schubert program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Monday, May 26, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Vinia Tsopelas—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 27, at 8.)

Music by Louis Pelosi—An ensemble will perform works written since 1980. Mr. Pelosi will be present. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 27, at 8.)

Steven Masi—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, May 28, at 8.)

Flute Force—An ensemble of four flutists. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Wednesday, May 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, May 29, at 8.)

Kenn Hicks—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 29, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing a Mozart-Haydn program. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Thursday, May 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 935-2551.)

Rie Schmidt and Benjamin Verdery—Flutist and classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 31, at 9.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Oakland, Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ California, Friday, May 23, at 7:30; Saturday, May 24, at 1; and Sunday and Monday, May 25-26, at 1:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday through Thursday, May 27-29, at 7:35. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, May 30, at 7:35, and Saturday, May 31, at 7:05.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 28. The Acorn, Saturday, May 24; the Peter Pan, Sunday, May 25; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 26; the Red Smith Handicap, Saturday, May 31. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:13, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, May 26, between 11:01 and 1:19.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Monday, May 26, at 1; through Saturday, June 14. The Jersey Derby and the Jersey Belle, Monday, May 26.

Running—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten kilometres, with close to seven thousand participating, will start at ten on Saturday, May 31, in Central Park near the Tavern on the Green, and finish at almost the same place.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Monday, June 16. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Monday, May 26, at 1:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Stanley Kunitz and other poets reading from their own works on the occasion of Mr. Kunitz' eightieth birthday. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, May 23, at 8.) . . . ¶ Susan Minot reading from her new novel. (Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesday, May 27, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Ruby Dee, Morgan Freeman, and Hattie Winston reading from the short stories of Zora Neale Hurston, Jean Toomer, and Toni Cade Bambara. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 28, at 6:30.) . . . ¶ Harold Brodkey, Gordon Lish, Yannick Murphy, and Cynthia Ozick in a benefit reading of their own works. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. 222-8488. Wednesday, May 28, at 7.) . . . ¶ Jack Gilbert and John Godfrey reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, May 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ E. L. Doctorow reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, May 28, at 8:30.)

Walking Tour—A conducted tour of the Chelsea area, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 25, starting at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 22, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings . . . ¶ Thursday, May 29, at 10:15 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 24.

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 24-26; Saturday and Sunday, May 31-June 1; and Saturday and Sunday, June 7-8, from noon until sundown.

Over the past fifty years,

Steuben has been given to commemorate

The Battle of Britain,

The Genius of Albert Einstein,

The Egyptian-Israeli Peace Treaty,

The Centenary of Canada's Nationhood and

The Anniversary of Lafayette's Birth.

This year,

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at 7:32 a.m.,

Steuben was given again

when Dr. Kent Nye Johnson of Middlebrook, Virginia

gave it to his wife,

Julie,

to commemorate the birth of their first son,

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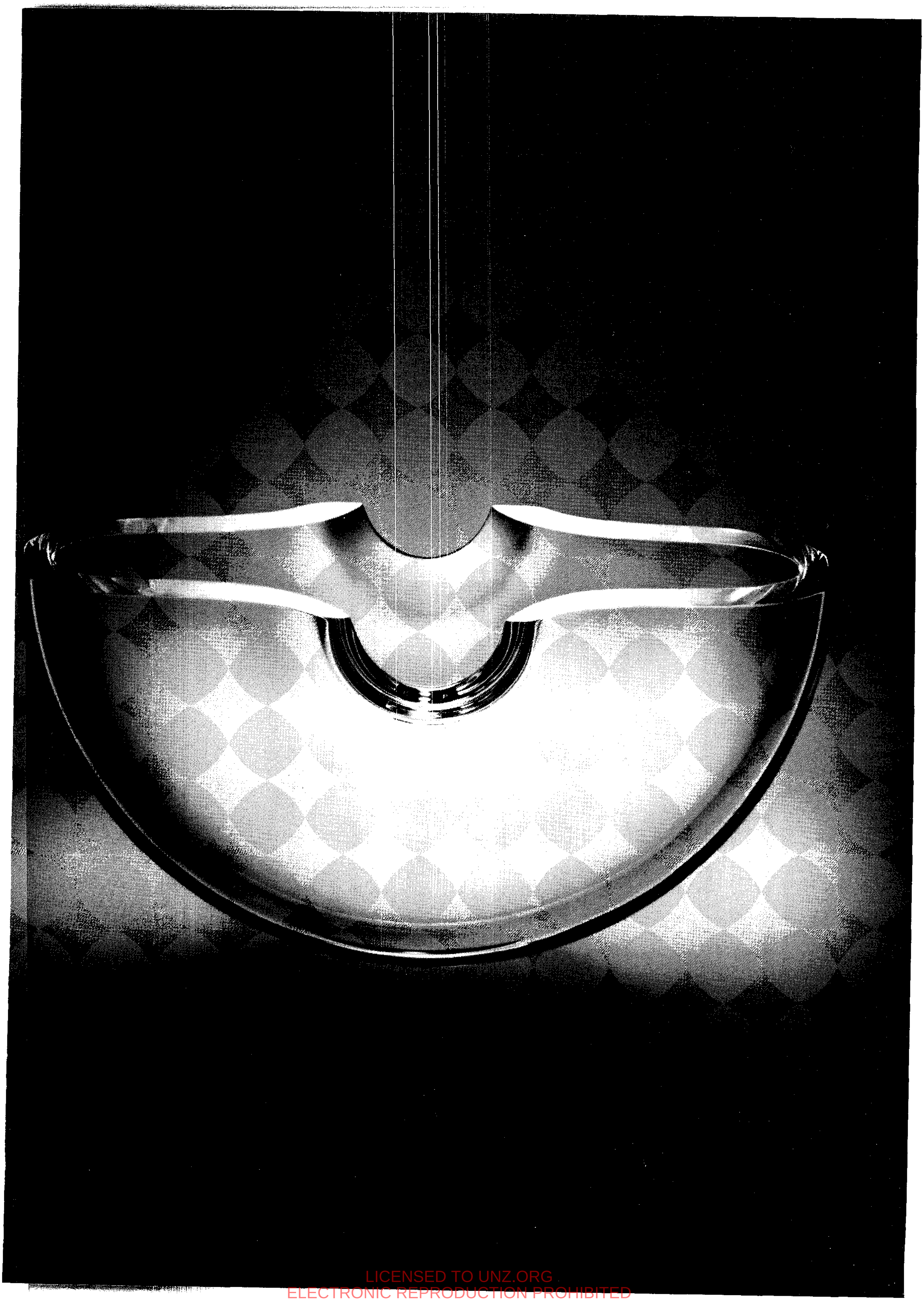
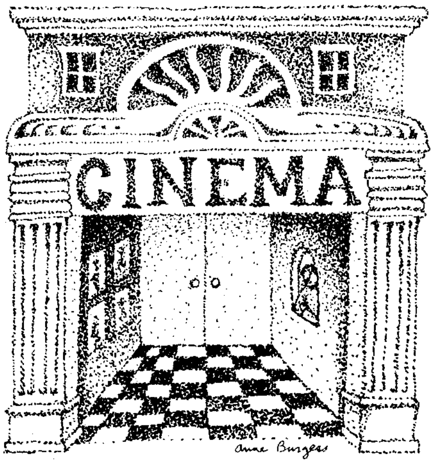


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

"Dreamchild" (†) and "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Echo Park" (directed by Robert Dornhelm), with Susan Dey and Tom Hulce.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through the afternoon of May 22: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

From the evening of May 22: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.

Theatre 2: "Wise Guys" (†).

Theatre 3: Through May 22: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins). From May 23: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through May 22: "No Retreat No Surrender" (Corey Yuen).

From May 23: To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through May 22: "Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

From May 23: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Bliss" (Ray Lawrence).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).

Theatre 2: "Echo Park" (Robert Dornhelm), with Susan Dey and Tom Hulce.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).

Theatre 2: "Violets Are Blue" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Death of a Soldier" (Philippe Mora), with James Coburn and Reb Brown.

Theatre 2: Through May 29: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch). From May 30: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: To be announced.

Theatre 2: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Ginger and Fred" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins). From May 23: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Sweet Liberty" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Michael Caine, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.

Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Wise Guys" (†). From May 23: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through May 22: "The Boy in Blue" (Charles Jarrott), with Nicholas Cage and Christopher Plummer.

From May 23: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through the afternoon of May 22: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†). From the evening of May 22: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 2: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through May 27: "Forest of Bliss" (1985), "Deep Hearts" (1978), and "Sons of Shiva" (1984), all directed by Robert Gardner. From May 28: A program of nine documentaries and avant-garde short films that originally premièred at the film society Cinema 16.

Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Metropolitan Avenue" (Christine Noschese) and "I Remember Barbra" (Kevin Burns), both documentaries. May 23-24: A program of twelve Daffy Duck cartoons from the forties and fifties. May 25-27: A program of twelve Betty Boop and Popeye cartoons made at Fleischer Studios in the thirties. May 28-30: A program of twelve Chuck Jones cartoons. From May 31: A program of twelve Bugs Bunny cartoons from the forties and fifties.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through May 22: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood). From May 23: To be announced.

Theatre 2: A program of animated short films.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

Theatre 2: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sweet Liberty" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Michael Caine, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).

Theatre 3: Through May 22: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†). From May 23: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Theatre 4: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through May 22: "Violets Are Blue" (†). From May 23: "Ronia, Robber's Daughter" (Tage Danielsson; in Swedish).

Theatre 2: Through May 22: "The Boy in Blue" (Charles Jarrott), with Nicolas Cage and Christopher Plummer. From May 23: "9½ Weeks" (Adrian Lyne), with Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger.

Theatre 3: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Femmes de Personne" (Christopher Frank; in French), with Marthe Keller, Philippe Léotard, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Absolute Beginners" (Julien Temple), with Ed O'Connell, Patsy Kensit, and David Bowie.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through May 22: "The Boy in Blue" (Charles Jarrott), with Nicolas Cage and Christopher Plummer.

From May 23: "Wise Guys" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Home of the Brave" (Laurie Anderson), with Anderson.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"On the Edge" (Ron Nilsson), with Bruce Dern and John Marley.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"F/X" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Vagabond" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Smooth Talk" (†). From May 23: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch). From May 23: "What Happened to Kerouac?" (Richard Lerner and Lewis MacAdams), a documentary.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hard Choices" (Rick King).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).

Theatre 2: Through the afternoon of May 22: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins). From the evening of May 22: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 3: "Sweet Liberty" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Michael Caine, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Theatre 4: Through May 22: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†). From May 23: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Theatre 5: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.

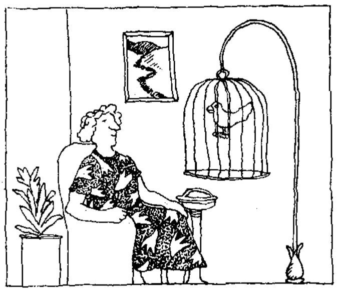
Theatre 6: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through May 22: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From May 23: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Stitches" (Alan Smithee), with Parker Stevenson and Geoffrey Lewis. From May 23: "Turtle

A GIFT: THE PLEASURE OF READING Fifty-two Times a Year



Mother's Day

Father's Day

Graduation

For the person who reads, the person for whom reading is one of life's joys, what more welcome gift than *The New Yorker*? But what, exactly, is *The New Yorker*? Nobody so far has been able to define it. It is what Duke Ellington used to call "beyond category." It is an odd and special mixture of humor pieces, fiction, reporting, poetry, cartoons, essays, and reviews (books, theatre, films, music, art, dance): all done with style. Taken as a whole, the magazine can be seen as a high-spirited, intelligent running commentary on the main cultural, social, and political events of our time.

The New Yorker provides information that restores intellectual order, and entertainment that restores balance. It is not concerned with following trends or setting them, yet stays a step ahead of the news. It has a clear, steady view of what's going on, and can distinguish between what counts and what doesn't count. It is renowned as a literary magazine, and at the same time it covers the whole world journalistically. Its reporting and its fiction are among the country's finest; its reviews are among the liveliest; its humor pieces and its cartoons are among the funniest. The London *Observer* recently put it this way: "*The New Yorker* must be the best general magazine ever published."

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Diary" (†) and "Dance with a Stranger" (†).

Theatre 3: "No Retreat No Surrender" (Corey Yuen).

Theatre 4: Through May 22: "Dreamchild" (†). From May 23: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Theatre 3: "8 Million Ways to Die" (†).

Theatre 4: "F/X" (†).

Theatre 5: Through May 22: "The Money Pit" (directed by Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long. From May 23: "No Retreat No Surrender" (Corey Yuen).

Theatre 6: "Legend" (Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.

Theatre 3: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy.

Theatre 4: "Wise Guys" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)

Theatre 1: "Sweet Liberty" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Michael Caine, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Theatre 2: Through May 22: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins). From May 23: "Poltergeist II: The Other Side" (Brian Gibson), with JoBeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Sleeping Beauty" (1959), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).

Theatre 2: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through the afternoon of May 22: "Mountain Top Motel Massacre." From the evening of May 22: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.

Theatre 2: Through May 22: "No Retreat No Surrender" (Corey Yuen). From May 23: "Cobra."

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)

Theatre 1: To be announced.

Theatre 2: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through May 22: "Coming Home" (1978; directed by Hal Ashby), with Jane Fonda, Jon Voight, and Bruce Dern; and "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.

May 23-24: "Last Tango in Paris" (†); and "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

May 25: "Nicholas Nickleby" (1947; Alberto Cavalcanti), with Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond, and Bernard Miles; and "Great Expectations" (†).

May 26-27: "Misty Beethoven" (1976) and "Alexandra" (1986).

May 28-29: "Straw Dogs" (1972; Sam Peckinpah), with Dustin Hoffman and Susan George; and "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.

May 30-31: "The Tin Drum" (†) and "Das Boot" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 21: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Sweet Charity" (1969; Bob Fosse), with Shirley MacLaine, John McMartin, and Ricardo Montalban.

May 22-24: "You'll Never Get Rich" (1941; Sidney Lanfield), with Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth, Robert Benchley, and John Hubbard; and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray.

May 25-28: "Citizen Kane" (†) and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (†).

May 29-31: "Journey Into Fear" (1943; Orson Welles and Norman Foster), with Welles, Dolores Del Rio, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Third Man" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 21: "Mademoiselle" (1966; Tony Richardson), with Jeanne Moreau; and "The Balcony" (1963; Joseph Strick), with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, and Lee Grant.

May 22: "Safety Last" (1923; Sam Taylor; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd; and "Speedy" (1928; Ted Wilde; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd.

May 23: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Time After Time" (1979; Nicholas Meyer), with Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen.

May 24: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "The Killing" (1956; Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards.

May 25: "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (1957; Mario Camerini; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Vittorio De Sica; and "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini.

May 26: "Hammett" (1983; Wim Wenders), with Frederic Forrest; and "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972; Wim Wenders; in German).

May 27: "The Lady Eve" (†); and "Witness to Murder" (1954; Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.

May 28: "Tosca's Kiss" (1984; Daniel Schmid; in Italian); and "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977; Bruno Bozzetto; in Italian), a six-episode animated and live-action film.

May 29: "Queen Kelly" (1929; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gloria Swanson; and "Blind Husbands" (†).

May 30: "Last Tango in Paris" (†); and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.

May 31: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

May 21: "The Dead Zone" (1983; David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan.

May 22: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (1977; Agnès Varda; in French); and "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tachella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier.

May 23-24: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "True Confessions" (1981; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.

May 25-26: "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.

May 27: "Union City" (1980; Mark Reichert), with Dennis Lipscomb and Deborah Harry; and "Andy Warhol's Bad" (1977).

May 28: "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas; and "A Dream of Passion" (1978; Jules Dassin; in English and Greek), with Melina Mercouri and Ellen Burstyn.

May 29: "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" (†) and "The Rose Tattoo" (†).

May 30-31: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine; and "Multiple Maniacs" (1977; John Waters).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 21: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas; and "She Married Her Boss" (1935; Gregory La Cava), with Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, and Edith Fellows.

May 22: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Nickelodeon" (1976; Peter Bogdanovich), with Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, Tatum O'Neal, and Brian Keith.

May 23-24: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

May 25-26: "Journey Into Fear" (1943; Orson Welles and Norman Foster), with Welles, Dolores Del Rio, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Stranger" (1946; Orson Welles), with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

May 27: "Odd Man Out" (†); and "Outcast of the Islands" (1952; Carol Reed), with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson, Robert Morley, and Wendy Hiller.

May 28: "Prince of Foxes" (1949; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Wanda Hendrix, and Orson Welles; and "The Mark of Zorro" (†).

May 29: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

May 30-31: "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer

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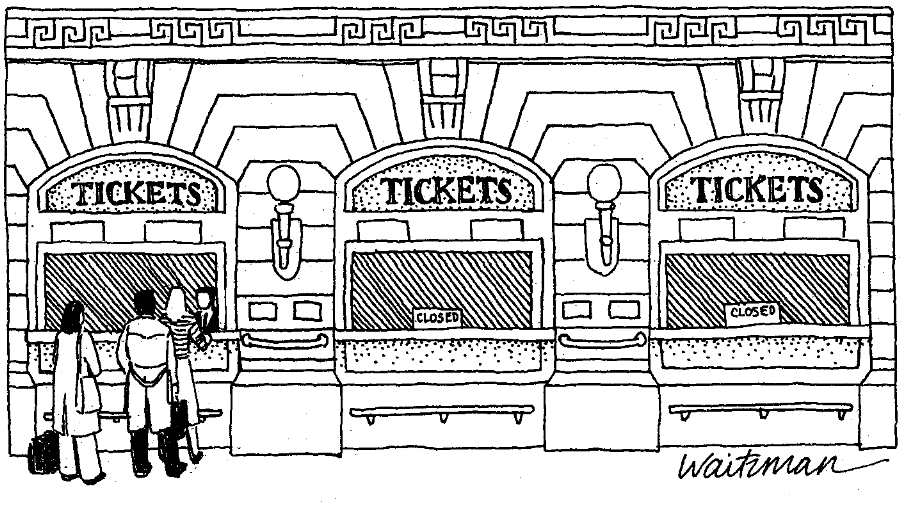

Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: May 22 at 2:30 and 6: "Street Scene" (1931; directed by King Vidor). . . . ¶ May 23 at 2:30: "Domenica D'Agosto" (1950; Luciano Emmer; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vera Carmi. . . . ¶ May 23 at 6: "La Spiaggia" (1954; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Martine Carol and Raf Vallone. . . . ¶ May 24 at 2: "Bread, Love and Dreams" (1953; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ May 24 at 5: "Bread, Love and Jealousy" (1954; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2: "Too Bad She's Bad" (1955; Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica, and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ May 25 at 5: "La Fortuna di Essere Donna" (1956; Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Sophia Loren, Charles Boyer, and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ May 26 at 2:30: "Bread, Love and Dreams." . . . ¶ May 26 at 6: "Bread, Love and Jealousy." . . . ¶ May 27 at 2:30: "La Fortuna di Essere Donna." . . . ¶ May 27 at 6: "Il Segno di Venere" (1955; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio De Sica, Sophia Loren, Franca Valeri, and Alberto Sordi. . . . ¶ May 29 at 2:30 and 6: "The Trial of Vivienne Ware" (1932; William K. Howard); and four musical sequences by Busby Berkeley. . . . ¶ May 30 at 2:30: "Il Segno di Venere." . . . ¶ May 30 at 6: "Too Bad She's Bad." . . . ¶ May 31, at 2: "I Vitelloni" (1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Franco Interlenghi, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi, and Leopoldo Trieste. . . . ¶ May 31 at 5: "Poor but Beautiful" (1956; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marisa Allasio.

Theatre 2: May 22 at 3 and 6:30: "American Rebel" (1985; Will Roberts), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 23 at 3: "Way Down East" (1920; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ May 23 at 6:30: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930; Lewis Milestone), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ May 24 at 2:30: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Fredric March, Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger. . . . ¶ May 24 at 5:30: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Herbert Marshall, Kay Francis, and Miriam Hopkins. . . . ¶ May 25 at 2:30: "Way Down East." . . . ¶ May 25 at 5:30: "The Movies March On" (1939), from "The March of Time" series; and "Dodsworth" (1936; William Wyler), with Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Mary Astor, Paul Lukas, and David Niven. . . . ¶ May 26 at 3: "All Quiet on the Western Front." . . . ¶ May 26 at 6:30: "Trouble in Paradise." . . . ¶ May 27 at 3: "The Movies March On" and "Dodsworth." . . . ¶ May 27 at 6:30: "Nothing Sacred." . . . ¶ May 29 at 3 and 6:30: "Style Wars" (1983; Tony Silver and Henry Chalfant), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 30 at 3: "Folies Bergère de Paris" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier, Merle Oberon, and Ann Sothern. . . . ¶ May 30 at 6:30 and May 31 at 2:30: "Whirl of Life" (1915; Oliver D. Bailey; a silent film), with Vernon and Irene Castle. . . . ¶ May 31 at 5:30: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924; Raoul Walsh; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks and Anna May Wong.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting May 24, a retrospective of videotapes by Gary Hill: Program I, consisting of eight short works, showing Tuesdays at 1:15 and 5:15; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30; and Sundays at 12:15 and 4:30. . . . Program II, consisting of seven short works, showing Tuesdays at 2:30 and 6:30; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 1:30. . . . Program III, consisting of "Why Do Things Get in a Muddle? (Come on Petunia)" (1984) and "URA ARU (the backside exists)" (1985-86), showing Tuesdays at 4; Wednesdays through Saturdays at 11:45 and 3:45; and Sundays at 3. Mr. Hill will be present Tuesday, May 27, at 3:30. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Blind Husbands (1918)—Erich von Stroheim's first film as writer, director, and star, and he was the designer besides. The setting is a resort in the Dolomites, and von Stroheim plays an immaculately groomed Army officer who makes advances to the naïve, dark young wife (Francilla Billington) of a vacationing American doctor (Sam de Grasse). It isn't likable, exactly, but you certainly can't mistake it for a film by any other director. (Thalia; May 29.)

Das Boot (1982; "The Boat")—You're trapped for two and a half hours in a Second World War U-boat that's ten feet wide by a hundred and fifty feet long. And with men who have the same kind of anti-war nobility that the men had in American submarine epics of the fifties. It even has the same kind of heroic man-of-few-words-but-strong-deep-feelings captain (Jurgen Prochnow). The camera keeps moving, yet the whole feeling is claustrophobic—the movement of the camera (deliberately) calls *more* attention to how cramped everything is. The director, Wolfgang Petersen, did the adaptation of the best-selling autobiographical novel by Lothar-Günther Buchheim, a former war correspondent. In German. (Cinema Village; May 30-31.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of *2/10/86.*) (8th St. Playhouse.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it may be more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it's an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, Everett Sloane, George Coulouris, Ruth Warrick, Ray Collins, Erskine Sanford, William Alland, and Paul Stewart. Screenplay by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Welles. (Regency; May 25-28.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett) and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. The director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. The picture is all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Olympia Quad; starting May 23.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through May 22.)

Dreamchild—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through May 22.)

8 Million Ways to Die—A macho fantasy about cops and robbers, coke and hookers. Jeff Bridges plays Scudder, a narcotics detective for the L.A. County Sheriff's Department, and the film, directed by Hal Ashby, has an overlush pictorial exoticism, as if being coked out comes with the territory. The script, credited to Oliver Stone and David Lee Henry (other hands were also involved), is pulpy, tawdry stuff, but it suggests more hardboiled narrative drive than Ashby delivers. The film is permeated with druggy dissociation: plot points don't connect, as though they don't matter, the actors often sound as if they're making up their lines, and Ashby seems less interested in the thriller aspect of the material than in men in a semi-stupor challenging each other. The crazy confusion of these macho shouting matches is halfway amusing—you don't know what's going on, or if the director does, either. Violence and dreaminess are blended. The story involves a bright-eyed, coke-snorting young hooker called Sunny (Alexandra Paul); when she's murdered, Scudder's suspicions settle on a sleek Colombian-American racketeer, played by Andy Garcia, who does Latino sleaze and volatility to hammy perfection, flashing his eyes like semaphores, and giving the picture a shot of energy. With Rosanna Arquette and Randy Brooks. From Lawrence Block's mystery novels featuring Matthew Scudder. The cinematography is by Stephen H. Burum. (5/19/86) (Criterion Theatres.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema, Cinema 3, and Criterion Theatres.)

Ginger and Fred—This Fellini movie is about two mediocre dancers (played by Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni)—small-timers, curiosities—who, in the nineteen-forties, entertained Italian vaudeville audiences by imitating the Astaire-Rogers numbers. Now they are being reunited, in Rome, for an appearance on a Christmas TV Special. This situation serves as a pretext for Fellini to vent his disgust at TV. He appears to be condemning TV for being a green slime that's absorbing everything, and denouncing it, too, for passing him by. With Franco Fabrizi and Frederick Ledebur. The script is by Fellini, Tonino Guerra, and Tullio Pinelli. In Italian. (4/21/86) (Loews New York Twin.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this handsome British production. The film is emotional, exciting, full of action; sequences are planned in terms of heightened dramatic contrasts and sudden, scary tensions. This hyperbolic style rushes us past the awkward bits of staging and the slight dissatisfaction we may feel about the boy Pip (Anthony Wager) turning into John Mills, who plays his role very tentatively. Jean Simmons is Estella, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the part, though it's inconceivable that one could grow into the other, and something seems to be lost. The rest of the cast, though, is close to miraculous: Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket; Finlay Currie is Magwitch; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; and Francis L. Sullivan is that most alarming upholder of the law, Jaggers. The producer, Ronald Neame, collaborated with Lean on the adaptation. (Cinema Village; May 25.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Beekman, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through the afternoon of May 22. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through May 22. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, Lincoln Plaza, and Olympia Quad; starting May 23.)

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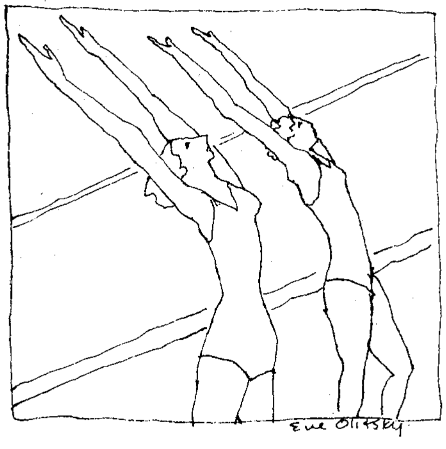
Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling—Richard Pryor produced, directed, and is the star of this semi-autobiographical movie, which opens with Jo Jo the cokehead comedy star preparing to free-base and bursting into flame. Then, as he lies swathed in bandages in the burn ward, he thinks back over how he got there. But Pryor doesn't have the skills to tell his story in this form. As a standup entertainer, he sees the crazy side of his sorrows; he transforms pain and chaos into comedy. As a moviemaker, he's a novice presenting us with clumps of unformed experience. It isn't even raw; the juice has been drained away. With E'lon Cox, Carmen McRae, and Diahnne Abbott. (5/5/86) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through the afternoon of May 22.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A frivolous masterpiece—a mixture of visual and verbal slapstick, and of high artifice and pratfalls. Barbara Stanwyck keeps sticking out a sensational leg, and Henry Fonda keeps tripping over it. She's a cardsharp, and he's a millionaire scientist who knows more about snakes than about women; neither performer has ever been funnier. The film, with screenplay and direction by Preston Sturges, is full of classic moments and classic lines; it represents the dizzy high point of Sturges's comedy writing. With Charles Coburn, Eugene Pallette, William Demarest, and Eric Blore. (Thalia; May 27.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Marlon Brando, as the aging American, Paul, is working out his aggression on the young bourgeois French girl, Jeanne (Maria Schneider), and the physical menace of sexuality that is emotionally charged is such a departure from everything that audiences had come to expect at the movies that the film created a sensation. It's a bold and imaginative work—a great work. Brando and the director, Bernardo Bertolucci, achieve realism with the terror of actual experience still alive on the screen. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Massimo Girotti, Catherine Allegret, and Maria Michi. In French and English. (Cinema Village; May 23-24. . . . ¶ Thalia; May 30.)



The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane" (see above), though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life—intense, harrowing squabbles. Tim Holt plays the arrogant, mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello, the fragile blond beauty of the silent era, is his soft, yielding mother; and as the nervous, bitter hysterical-spinster aunt, Agnes Moorehead is uncannily powerful, in a hyper-realistic way. (It's a classic performance.) With the amazing old Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. The film wasn't completed as Welles originally intended, but even in this truncated form it's astonishing and memorable. (Regency; May 25-28.)

The Mark of Zorro (1940)—Tyrone Power, wanly miscast, stars in this lavish and inoffensive yet somewhat tiresome remake of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.,'s innocent, buoyant swashbuckler. There are so many leisurely quaint conversations among Linda Darnell, Basil Rathbone, Gale Sondergaard, and Eugene Pallette that the swordplay, fast riding, and holdups seem like interpolated spasms of activity. Rouben Mamoulian directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 28.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Odd Man Out (1946)—Wounded at noon, the Irish rebel Johnny MacQueen (James Mason) stumbles through the streets of Belfast until midnight—the object of an intense, widespread manhunt. The tormented, delirious man, bleeding to death, seeks (but does not find) refuge on his way to the grave. Though the director, Carol Reed, doesn't quite succeed in creating a masterpiece (the inflated ideas in the script don't allow him to), there are bravura visual passages, the sound is often startlingly effective, and the film provides an experience that can't be shrugged off. With Kathleen Ryan, W. G. Fay, Maureen Delany, and Denis O'Dea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 27.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema Studio.)

The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone (1961)—The Tennessee Williams novella is about an aging widow, a proud, coldhearted bitch, who learns that sex is all that temporarily saves her from the meaningless drift of her existence. And so she picks up young men and pays them. José Quintero, who directed the film version, and Gavin Lambert, who wrote the adaptation, seem to think this idea so daring and unusual that they fumble around with it. "The Roman Spring" is so insistent about the "shocking" mechanics of buying love that this is what the film seems to be about, and by trying so diligently to make Mrs. Stone (Vivien Leigh) sympathetic and understandable the moviemakers kill all interest in her. As the young man Mrs. Stone becomes addicted to, the boyish young Warren Beatty shows his gift for slyness. The cast includes Lotte Lenya, Ernest Thesiger, Coral Browne, Jill St. John, and Jeremy Spenser. (Thalia SoHo; May 29.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. The movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' Serafina (Anna Magnani) is a Sicilian-American widow still in love with the fantasy of her dead husband's perfection. Magnani's virtuoso display of vitality makes it almost frighteningly clear that her husband's perfection was his sexual potency. The weakness of the material is that the reduction of all human needs to sex is handled only semicomically. Burt Lancaster is rather embarrassing as Serafina's not-too-smart suitor, though he has a funny scene when he chases a goat. Directed by Daniel Mann, the picture comes across as a rather foolish, good-hearted romp; with Jo Van Fleet, Marisa Pavan, Ben Cooper, and Virginia Grey. (Thalia SoHo; May 29.)

Smooth Talk—It has lovely touches in its first half, when the director, Joyce Chopra, shows us the restless and narcissistic fifteen-year-old Connie (Laura Dern), who acts seductive and teases boys her own age or a year or two older, because she doesn't know what else to do about the way she feels. Tom Cole, who wrote the script, expanding the brief Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?," has a fine ear for teen-age talk. But the movie's texture is thin from the start, and the second half isn't just stretched out—it's a little screwy. The Oates story is a young girl's sex-and-horror fantasy; unaccountably, Chopra and Cole try to turn this material into a coming-of-age movie with a happy resolution. With Sarah Inglis, Margaret Welch, Mary Kay Place, and Treat Williams. (3/24/86) (Lincoln Plaza; through May 22.)

The Third Man (1950)—The most famous collaboration of the director Carol Reed and the screenwriter Graham Greene has the structure of a good suspense thriller and an atmosphere of baroque, macabre decadence. The simple American, Joseph Cotten, arrives in postwar Vienna to meet an old friend, only to be told that the friend has been killed in an accident. In trying to discover the facts, Cotten learns so much about his friend that when he finally finds him alive, he wants him dead. Orson Welles' portrait of the friend, Harry Lime, is a study of corruption—evil, witty, unreachable—balanced against Trevor Howard's quietly elegant underplaying of the Army officer who teaches the American some of the uglier facts of life. With Alida Valli. (Regency; May 29-31.)

The Tin Drum (1980)—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (Cinema Village; May 30-31.)

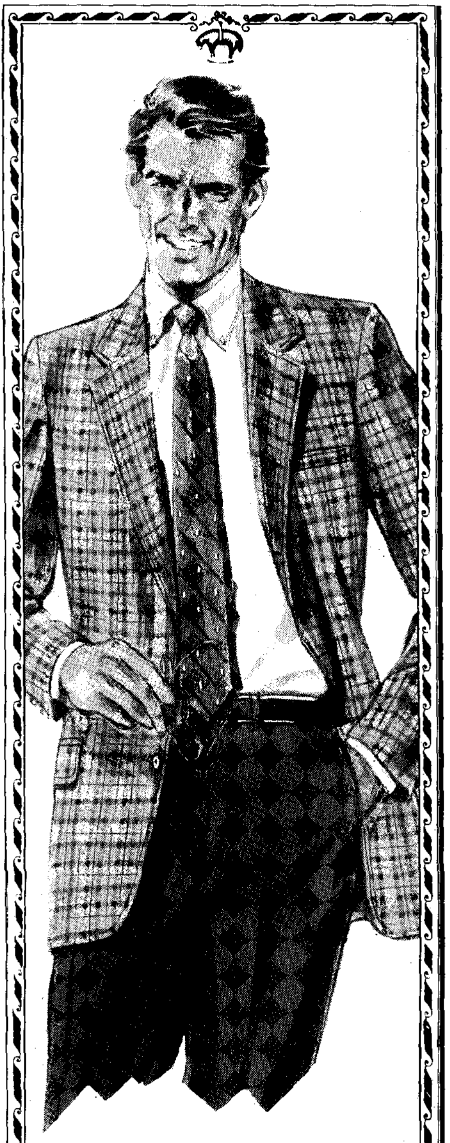
The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through May 22.)

Turtle Diary—Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley play the two Londoners who separately develop the fantasy of liberating the three giant turtles from the Aquarium at the London Zoo and taking them back to the sea. John Irvin directed this low-key, fastidious version of the 1975 Russell Hoban novel, from a script by Harold Pinter. Jackson and Kingsley manage to give the middle of the movie—the weekend drive to the coast with the turtles—a balmy comic spirit of adventure. But the story has been given the same maudlin orchestration as in the novel; it's full of sad and lonely people reaching out. The awful artfulness of this stuff! With Michael Gambon, Jeroen Krabbé, and Harriet Walter. (3/24/86) (Olympia Quad; starting May 23.)

Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and directed this scrupulously hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a deliberately homeless drifter who lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. At the opening, her frozen body is discovered in a ditch in the countryside near the city of Nîmes. Varda presents the movie as a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-eyed young girl (played immaculately by Sandrine Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last weeks. The purity and boldness of Varda's approach may call Robert Bresson to mind, and it's perfectly evident why this film won the Golden Lion at the 1985 Venice Film Festival; it's the work of a visual artist. But we see the closed-off girl strictly from the outside, and this factual, objective view isn't enough. Varda's flat-out approach excludes the uses of the imagination—both hers and ours. With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Violets Are Blue—A slim, undeveloped movie in which Sissy Spacek, as a globe-trotting photojournalist, is a vaporous figure standing in for all the women who got into what they once thought were the glamorous occupations and find themselves shading thirty-five or forty and alone. Can this modern woman go back to her home town (Ocean City, Maryland) and retrieve the man she left behind? That is, can she have everything—the excitement of her work and the solidity represented by Kevin Kline as the editor of the local paper? And does this man really want to ditch his responsibilities—which include a wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and a son (Jim Standiford)—and become a risk-taker? All the director, Jack Fisk, can accomplish is to keep the movie lightweight and pretty. (5/5/86) (Coronet. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through May 22.)

Wise Guys—Danny DeVito, as the bumptious Italian Harry, and Joe Piscopo, as the Jewish simpleton Moe, are the two clownish underdogs who come out on top in this Mafia burlesque—a broad, slapstick farce, set in Newark and spattered with boyish gross-out humor. The directing, by Brian De Palma, is canny and smooth, but this musty genre calls for fresh jokes and sharp, colorful personalities, and that's not what he's working with. The frankness of the picture's grubby antiglamour is its only claim to charm. Maybe you'd have to be part of what is delicately referred to as the undemanding audience—say, somebody who watches every rerun of the Abbott and Costello pictures—to succumb and find the antics and the mugging as uproarious as they're meant to be. The script is credited to George Gallo. With Dan Hedaya, Captain Lou Albano, and, in brief appearances, Harvey Keitel, Ray Sharkey, Patti LuPone, Julie Bovasso, and Anthony Holland. The cinematography is by Fred Schuler. (5/19/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through May 22. . . . ¶ Festival; starting May 23.)



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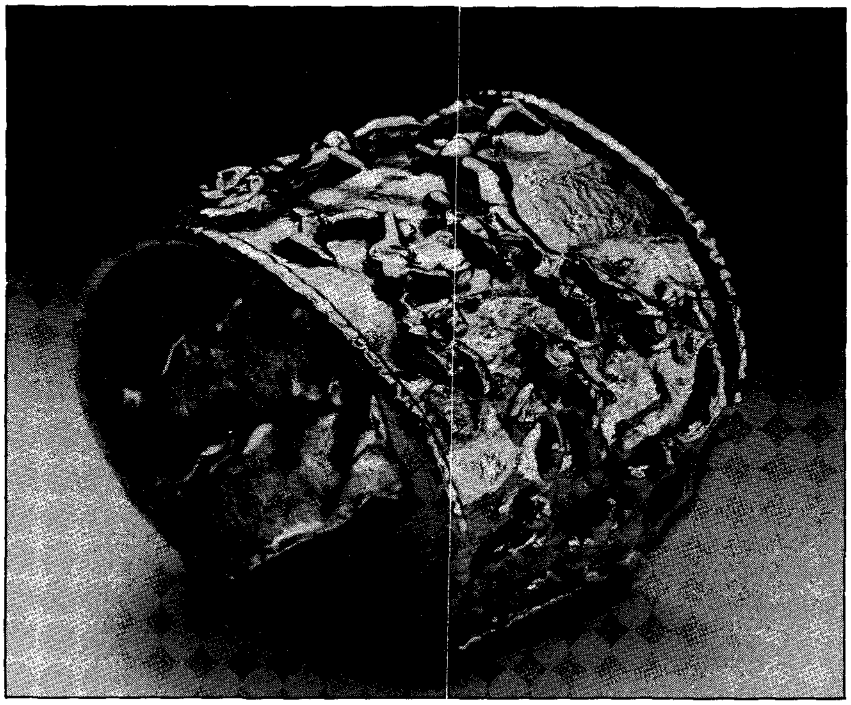

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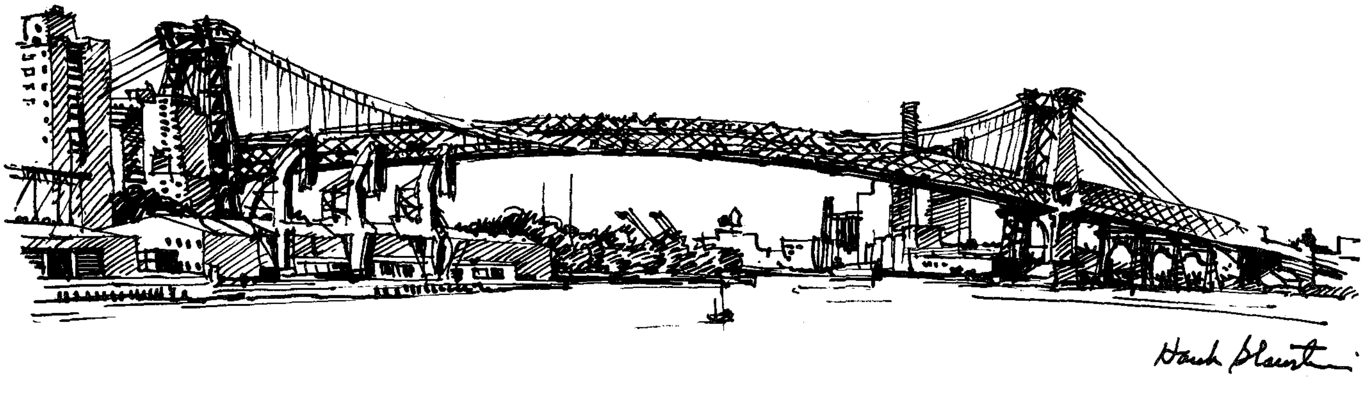
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RICHARD NIXON is "back." So we learn from *Newsweek*, on whose recent cover we find a picture of him, smiling broadly. To be "back," of course, you must have first been somewhere, then gone somewhere else, and then returned. The most notable spot that Nixon once occupied and then departed from, we recall, was the Presidency of the United States. But he hasn't returned *there*. In that sense, he's not back. To what is he "back," then? Well, he's written an article for *Foreign Affairs*, *Newsweek* tells us by way of partial explanation. Also, when he stopped in at a Burger King not long ago a lot of people asked him for his autograph. In other words, there are signs that he's acceptable again to the public in some way or other, and hence to the mass media—including, above all, *Newsweek*, which puts him on its cover with the caption "He's Back." The statement in this context makes itself true: if *Newsweek* says he's back, he is. That still leaves the question of where he was until he came back. *Newsweek* says that since "Watergate" he has been in "exile." This exile, however, is evidently different from what we ordinarily mean by exile. When Napoleon was in exile, he was confined to a small island in the Atlantic. Today, Solzhenitsyn is barred from returning to his beloved Russia. But Nixon has been right here in the United States—in California, in New York City, and, lately, in Saddle River, New Jersey—free to come and go as he pleased. (*Newsweek* refers to him as the Sage of Saddle River.) "Exile" in the *Newsweek* story seems to mean something like exile from the mass media, from celebrity—a thoroughly modern definition, and one that makes an exile of almost everyone. Implicit in the use of the terms "back" and "exile" is a sort of story—a version of what "Watergate" was. In this version, there is a man called Richard Nixon who was once a great celebrity. Then "Watergate" occurred, and, like a television performer whom the public no longer cares to look at, he disappeared from view. But now "Watergate" has faded from people's minds, and his days in the shadows—in "exile" from public acclaim—are over, and he is again a great celebrity, appearing on the cover of *Newsweek*. He's back.

Missing from this implicit story, of course, is any notion of just what the "Watergate" episode was about: of why the whole country occupied itself with it for more than two years, and why its consequence was a phenomenon unprecedented in our history—the resignation of a President under active threat of impeachment. The feeling of something missing is intensified by two other words that come up in the *Newsweek* story: "rehabilitation" and "redemption." The first is used by one of President Reagan's senior aides, who says, "As far as this White House is concerned, his rehabilitation is complete. There's tremendous respect for him around here." The second is used by *Newsweek*, which comments, "It's hard to say what finally signifies redemption for a disgraced President." Both words have in them the idea of coming back: in the one case, coming back to good citizenship, and, in the other, coming back, presumably, into God's grace—or, at least, to some better moral condition. Rehabilitation occurs when someone shows that he understands that what he has done is wrong, and resolves not to do it again. Nixon, we continue to trust, will never again get a chance to abuse the powers of the Presidency, but he may still someday show an understanding of what he has already done. So far, he shows not the slightest glimmering of it. In an interview accompanying the *Newsweek* story, the Sage of Saddle River had this to say when he was asked about Watergate: "It was a very mishandled thing. Churchill said his study of history showed that great leaders more often stumble on little things than on big things. And this is



not an excuse but it is to a certain extent a reason. Seventy-two was a busy year: My God, we went to Russia, we were winding down the war in Vietnam. . . . The deed itself was a nonsense thing. It didn't produce anything." And there you have it—a busy man who was occupying himself with great things overlooked a few details and suddenly found himself out of a job. Redemption moves in the same direction as rehabilitation, but invisibly, on a spiritual plane. It is not given to us to know whether one or another of us is redeemed or not. All we can say is that if Richard Nixon has redeemed himself he has done it without rehabilitating himself. Either way, his "comeback" has been a purely individual matter, having no reference to the meaning of his acts for the nation.

It's true that some people with a less insouciant view of Watergate—*Newsweek* calls them "diehard critics"—are given a say. One is the political scientist James David Barber. He said, "What I'm resisting is the reduction of all Nixon's shenanigans to Watergate, and the reduction of Watergate to one break-in, and the reduction of all that—as he would dearly love us to think—to a few tapes, a little indiscretion." Barber's comments point, indirectly, to the actual dimensions of the crisis: the full-scale assault by a President and his Administration on the Constitution, and therefore on our system of government. Its significance was described often and well at the time of the crisis by those whose responsibility it became to weigh the facts and move the country toward a decision on the fate of the Nixon Presidency. We remember some words spoken by a mild, gentlemanly representative from South Carolina, a Democrat called James R. Mann, during the House Judiciary Committee hearings on impeachment. Mann's district had voted overwhelmingly for Nixon in the previous election, but Mann had now decided to vote in favor of the first of the articles of impeachment. He said, in part:

> You know, Americans revere their President, and rightly they should, because they know that by his oath he is supposed to preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution; to enforce the Bill of Rights, which is their heritage—your rights and mine—whether I am a Democrat or a Republican, rich or poor; and that he will see that the laws are faithfully executed; and that the individual liberties of each of us are protected. . . . And so, as Thomas Paine wrote, "those who expect to reap the blessing of freedom must, like men, undergo the fatigue of supporting it." And in this situation, as we look at how the office of the Presidency has been served by an individual, I share the remarks of Representative George Danielson that it is not the Presidency that is in jeopardy from us. We would strive to strengthen and protect the Presidency. But if there is no accountability, another President will feel free to do as he chooses. But the next time there may be no watchman in the night.

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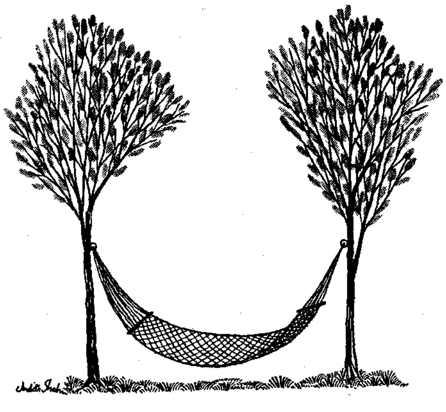
A FRIEND of ours writes:

I once spent an entire evening listening to a group of analytic philosophers discuss the question "What does it mean when one says that snow *looks* cold?" It is one of those questions that lie perfectly still in the mind until one tries to say something about them but, when one does, make one's ideas whirl and flutter like feathers in a pillow fight. Recently, I have been asking myself, "What does it mean when something *looks* silent?" I thought of this question after I saw the TV pictures taken from a helicopter of the damaged reactor at Chernobyl. This was a motion picture with sound, except that there was no motion and no impression of sound. The worst civilian nuclear disaster in history stared up at one in total silence. That did not completely surprise me. I spent part of the summer of 1957 in the desert in Nevada watching aboveground atomic-bomb tests. When there were no tests, the test grounds were enveloped in total, motionless silence. The tests had fused much of the sand. There were, as far as the eye could see, no birds and no animals. Just silence—and radioactivity, which is also silent. What an odd thing. When technology is permitted to run amok, the end result in this very noisy age is not cacophony but silence.

Mt. Everest looks both cold and silent. It *is* cold, but the noise of the wind on the mountain is deafening. No one who saw the British expedition's film of the first climb of Mt. Everest, by the Sherpa Tenzing Norgay and Edmund Hillary in 1953, will ever forget the sound of the wind—the whine and the snarl. Tenzing Norgay, who died early this month, did not talk much, either about the wind or about anything else. His smile said everything. He was born, in 1914, in the village of Thami, not far from Everest. He was originally named Namgyal Wangdi, but his name was changed by a lama to Tenzing Norgay, which means, in Sherpa, "wealthy-fortunate follower of religion." By Sherpa standards, Tenzing did become wealthy, but he did so by following the life of the high mountains. He began expeditionary climbing to Everest in 1935. When, on May 29, 1953, Tenzing buried on the summit the little red-and-blue pencil that his daughter Nima had given him, he was on his seventh Everest expedition. In recent years, he spent his time helping trekkers discover the beauty of the Himalaya. I met him in Kathmandu one afternoon a few years ago. We had tea with friends. And Tenzing conveyed a feeling of profound silence. But it was a silence of serenity, a warm, human silence, a silence that inspired.



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Mr. Long

AS we were driving along an Alabama road one Saturday this spring, we noticed a big white sign with black letters that said, "Re-Elect Huey P. Long County Commissioner." So we just had to call him and find out.

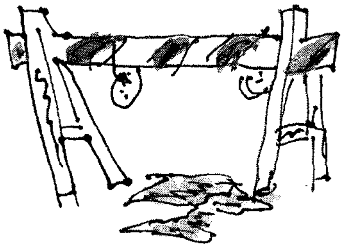
Our Mr. Long, it turned out, was born four years after the assassination of the colorful Louisiana senator. "My daddy named me after him," Mr. Long told us. "I feel like it's been a good name to run with. Auburn University is in the county, and sometimes when I'm over there they make jokes about it. They ask me, 'Was that your daddy in Louisiana?' And once I got into the Montgomery *Advertiser*, and the Associated Press picked it up. But I don't pattern myself after Huey—I don't pattern myself after anyone." He spoke with an Alabama accent so luxuriant that we several times got lost in the foliage and had to ask for directions.

Mr. Long (his "P." is for Phillip, and not Pierce) is currently seeking his third term as a Lee County Commissioner. He told us he had run one unsuccessful campaign and then, in 1974, challenged an opponent who (a) was cocky and (b) had "used county equipment to put roads costing thirty thousand dollars through his real property," and Mr. Long went on to say, "I raised this issue in our first forum, and he never did answer. So after about seven weeks I hired an aerial photographer and we took some pictures of those roads and I put one in an ad in the local paper. And I told the citizens, 'If you see fit to elect Huey P. Long County Commissioner, your tax money will be spent for the benefit of the taxpayers, and not for a road that leads noplace.' " He was unsuccessful that time, too, but less unsuccessful, making it as far as the runoff election. And the *next* time out he triumphed.

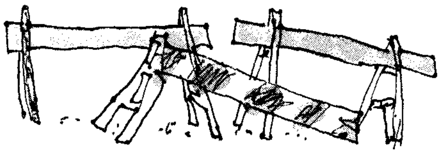
A lifelong Lee Countian, Mr. Long tubes treads for tires at a Uniroyal plant. He told us he may run for Congress sooner or later. "The thing that gets my attention on the federal level is the waste," he said, adding that Lee County had balanced its budget each of the last few years despite the construction of a hall of justice and an agricultural center and the resurfacing of some roads. "I'm a little moderate, a little liberal, and a little conservative all combined," he said. "I'm not running on the issues this time around. A person in office dwells on the past, talks about his record. Anyone who wants to beat me, he brings up the issues. It's like a bull—you don't buy him on the way he looks, you buy him on his progeny."

Indolence

SPRING fever was taking a heavy toll in midtown the other afternoon (sunny, light breeze, seventy-five degrees and climbing). Glassy-eyed pedestrians glided this way and that. Indolence was rampant. Among striped sawhorses and barricades, the absence of dedication was particularly noticeable. A sawhorse on Forty-sixth Street west of Sixth Avenue (*Illus. A*) was obviously not giving one hundred per cent, and another, near the Minskoff Theatre (*Illus. B*), was by no means entirely on the case, either.

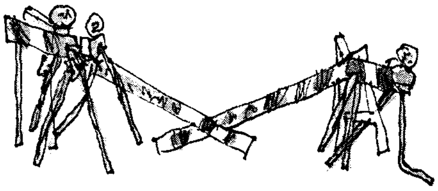


Illus. A.



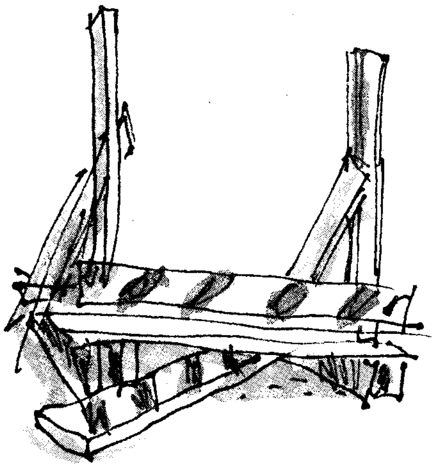
Illus. B.

A shared attitude of the-hell-with-it was displayed at Sixth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street (*Illus. C*).



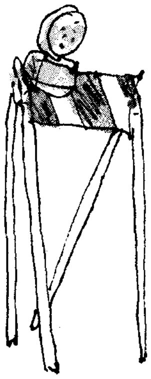
Illus. C.

A barrier nearby (*Illus. D*) had apparently lost interest earlier, or failed to get started in the first place.

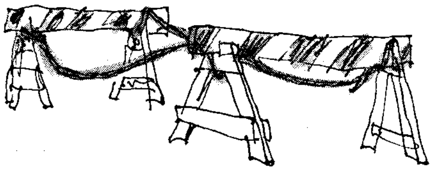


Illus. D.

A yellow flasher on a metal sawhorse at Seventh Avenue and Fifty-second Street (*Illus. E*) not only was not flashing but was barely standing up, while a couple of sawhorses near Broadway and Fifty-third were tied together with orange ribbon (*Illus. F*), probably to discourage defection.

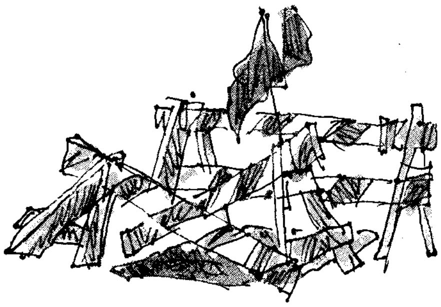


Illus. E.



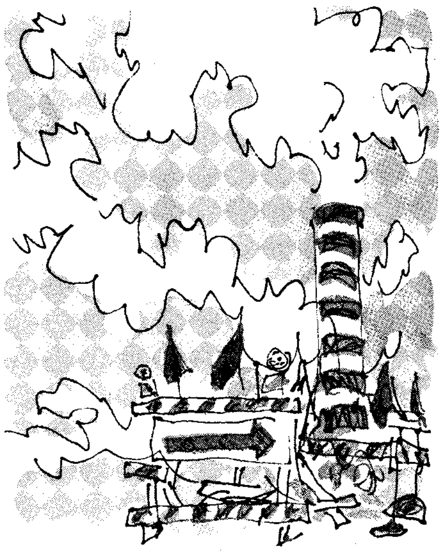
Illus. F.

Red flags marked a scene of utter demoralization at Sixth Avenue and Fiftieth Street (*Illus. G*), with planks practically falling into the very excavation they were assigned to protect.



Illus. G.

Only on Forty-fifth Street west of Sixth was there a vigorous demonstration of purpose and responsibility (*Illus. H*)—yellow lights blinking, orange flags flapping, clouds of steam tumbling from a striped smokestack, and every sawhorse doing its job.



Illus. H.

Osu!

THE karate-birthday-party concept occurred to Howard Frydman because Howard Frydman is an acutely aware person. To begin with, it was obvious to Howard and his partner, Tokey Hill, who run the Karate Center of Champions, a martial-arts academy that sits right next to the Long Island Rail Road station in Douglaston, Queens, that kids love karate. Then the mother of one of the many fine eight-year-old boys in Nassau County remarked to Howard that virtually every variety of kid's-birthday-party idea you could think of had been done to death. That was about three years ago. Since then, Howard and Tokey—Howard was the captain of the American karate team and a silver-medal winner at the 1981 Maccabiah Games, in Israel, and Tokey has won even more medals than Howard, and they both recently joined the Budweiser National Karate Team and appeared on the cover of the première issue of the magazine *American Karate*—have developed and refined the karate-birthday-party concept. By now, they've done hundreds of parties. For the basic fee—a hundred dollars—you get a thirty-minute karate class for the entire party, plus fifteen minutes of professional kicking, punching, blocking, and board-breaking. Maybe, for a little extra money, Howard and Tokey will arrange for a ninja to come out and terrify the guests with one of the magnificent steel-and-chrome ninja swords that you see advertised in all the martial-arts magazines. After the kicking, punching, blocking, and board-breaking (and the ninja appearance, if that's in the package) come the pizza and cake and ice cream and birthday presents. Howard and Tokey will stage a karate birthday party either way—at your home or at the Karate Center of Champions. They'll even do it in a restaurant; Howard has done a couple of karate birthday parties at Benihana. Another time, he went to New Jersey. For a karate birthday party in Jersey, though, he charges a pretty penny, because of all the travel.

The Karate Center of Champions has about two thousand square feet of classroom space, plywood floors, white walls, some broad mirrors along the walls, and, just inside the front door, a desk, plenty of framed and mounted photographs and martial-arts-magazine covers, and a Karate Master video game. Howard Frydman has dark hair, a trim, muscular build, a thin, bony face, and twenty years of seniority over this particular Saturday's birthday boy—Joshua Feldman, son of Geoff and Jill, of Great Neck. Joshua has the standard dimensions of an eight-year-old, curly blond hair, freckles, and pouchy cheeks. He wears a white karate robe with a blue belt. The blue belt signifies that Joshua knows how to execute fifteen basic karate movements—low block, chest block, head block, knife-hand block, several kicks, and some other stuff. If you are going to execute any of the fifteen basic karate movements, you first have to spit out your bubble gum. Then you line up and do whatever the sensei (that's an honorific term accorded a senior martial-arts instructor; Tokey Hill is out of town, so Howard is the principal sensei today) tells you to do.

Always—*always*—Sensei Frydman starts things off with a formal Oriental bow and the Japanese greeting "*Osu!*"—which sounds more like "Oos!" There are very few gestures in karate that do not seem nicer with a heartfelt "*Osu!*" tacked on at the end.

Sensei Frydman (bowing): *Osu!*

Joshua and Invited Guests (Adam, Jason, Jeremy, Michael, etc., in chorus, bowing): *Osu!*

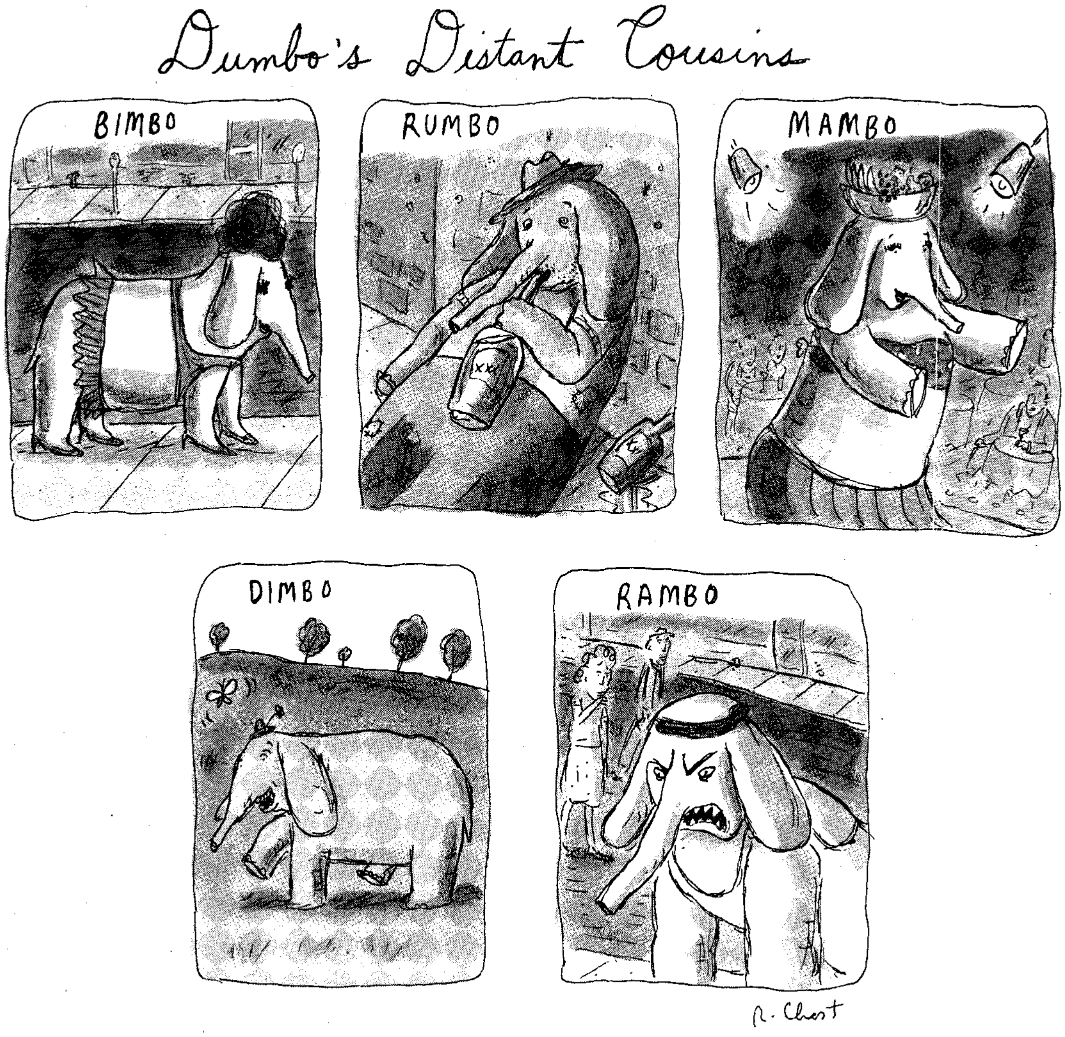
S.F.: O.K., spread the feet a little bit. Hands on the hips. Left ear to the left shoulder. Now right ear to the right shoulder. And rotate. Rotate. O.K., rotate the entire head. That's it. Roll it around. Anybody tired yet?

I.G.s (faint chorus): No, Sensei.

S.F. (loud enough to intimidate I.G.s): I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

I.G.s (loud enough to compete with passing train): NO, SENSEI!

S.F.: Good. O.K., shake it out. Now, as part of this demonstration, we demand that Josh cut Adam in half with the sword. Are you ready? Hmm. All right, we'll do that later, after we cut the cake. Now I need some hips. Let's loosen it up. Come on, Feld*man*. All right, every*body* sit down. Heels together, head to toes. Loosen up the back, hold your breath. O.K. Legs apart. Nose



to the knee. Come on, Blue Belts, lock those knees. Close it up, Silverman. Good. Shake it out. All right, who knows what "karate" means? (Silence.) The word "karate"—nobody knows what it means?

I.G. in back row: "Self-defense"?

S.F.: No, that's what karate *is*. What does it mean?

I.G. in front row (wearing white robe and blue belt): "Empty hand."

S.F.: Empty hand. Right. Now, what is the main purpose of karate?

A different Blue Belt: Self-defense.

S.F.: Good. So what does that mean? It means that after class there will be no running around punching and kicking each other. When you leave here and go home and are playing with your friends, there will be no punching and kicking. If you want to punch or kick the air, that's fine. But otherwise no punching or kicking. Does everybody understand?

I.G.s: Yes, Sensei.

S.F. (painful to eardrums): I CAN'T HEAR YOU!

I.G.s (loud enough to compete with passing train plus low-flying aircraft): YES, SENSEI!

S.F.: O.K., another thing. What is it you can't do if you can't stand up? Come on, Blue Belts—Feldman, Teppel, Stock—you know the answer.

A Blue Belt: Fight.

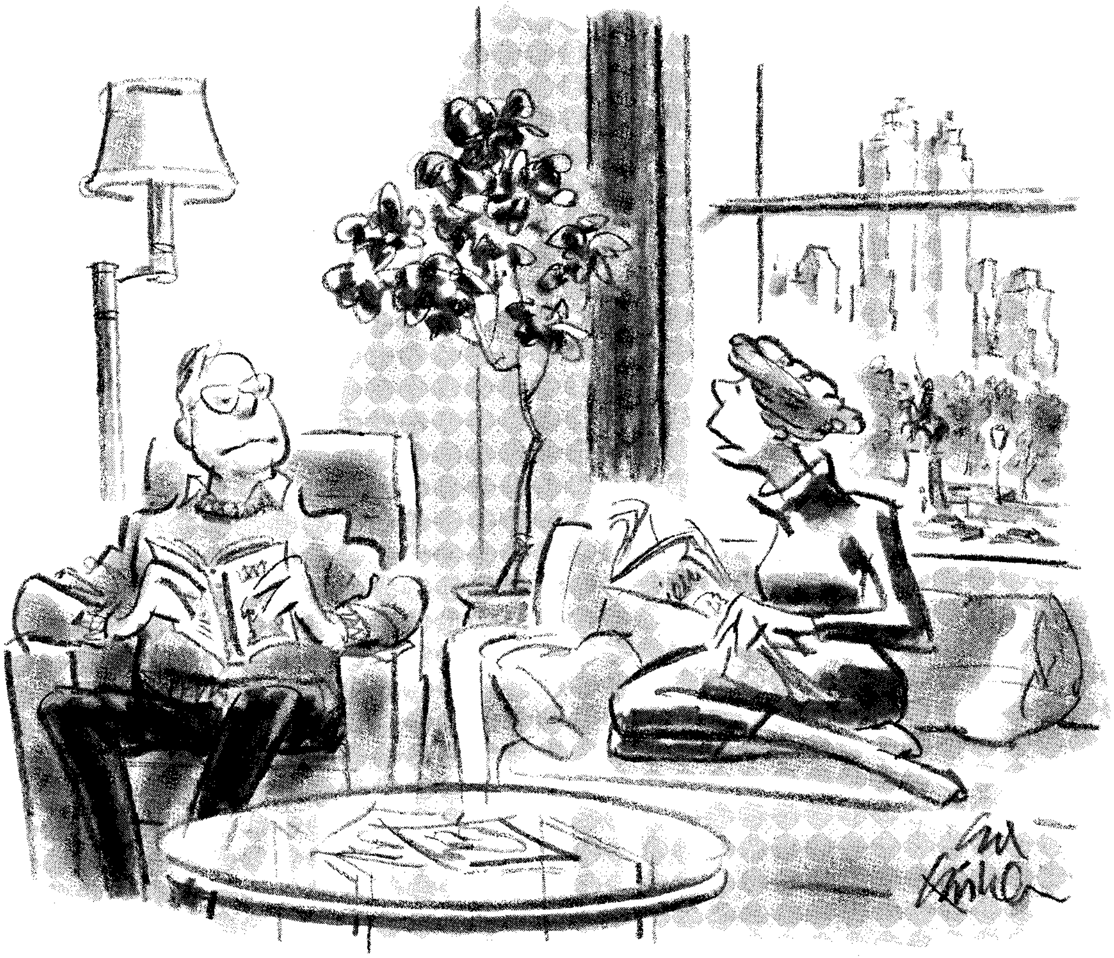
S.F.: Right. Because if you're down, your opponent can do *this* to you. (Demonstrates incapacitating maneuvers that opponent might, if provoked, consider doing.) O.K., stand up. Up! Too slow. Down again. Now up! Stand straight. Stand strong. Silverman, what happened to you? You're like chopped liver today. You— Stop smiling. You don't have any teeth. Your opponent sees that, you're open to attack. Nice suntan, Levy. O.K., punch-and-twist exercise. That's it, full speed, full power. We're all gonna count in Japanese. Count with me.

S.F. and I.G.s count together in Japanese.

S.F.: O.K. Anybody tired yet? Hey, Silverman, what you got there? A gun? Give me that gun. Oh, a toy gun. Control yourself, Silverman. Relax.

At the conclusion of one exercise, Sensei Frydman says, "What, no '*Osu*'? Down. Everyone. Ten pushups." Ten pushups ensue. Next, the sensei demonstrates a U-punch and an elbow strike. Then he announces that Joshua Feldman will demonstrate a flying front kick, whereupon he lifts Joshua by the lapels of his white robe and Joshua incapacitates the air with his bare feet.

Any minute now, thumping sounds will come from the stairway that leads to the basement, and then the door will burst open and one of the other Karate Center of Champions instructors, Sensei David Gonzalez, will appear wearing the sort of black ninja uniform that you see advertised in all the karate magazines: black jacket with hidden pocket, black pants with leg ties, black hood, black hand wraps, the magnificent sword—the works. After Sensei Frydman has vanquished the ninja, he will say, "All right, who wants to see the ninja break a board?" Then Sensei Frydman will hold an inch-thick board at eye level, and Sensei Gonzalez will try to break it with his left foot, using a spinning-jump-hook kick. On the fifth attempt, he will get it right. Everyone—the twenty birthday celebrators, Sensei Frydman, Sensei Gonzalez—will pose for a group picture, and then it will be time to go downstairs for pizza and soft drinks and cake and ice cream. During the pizza course, Joshua Feldman and some of the other Blue Belts will get tomato-sauce stains on their white robes. After the pizza and before the cake and ice cream (there's a drawing of Hulk Hogan on the cake), the invited guests will suffer a collective mental lapse and get up from the table and run around and kick and punch and scream—all in self-defense. There will be a crucial moment during which Joshua Feldman pauses to catch his breath and to contemplate what he might like to do at his ninth-birthday party: "Go bowling. *Osu!*"



"According to you, everything new is 'a variant of.'"

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DAUGHTERS

IT is the evening before a wedding in November, 1971. David, his son-in-law, Trelawny, and his son-in-law to be, Richard, are having brandy and cigars in the Drummer Boy lounge of the Hotel Fort Garry, in Winnipeg. They sit at a small, highly polished table. David is thinking he will have fifteen dollars left if they don't have another round of drinks. The brandy and cigars are Trelawny's idea. That is his name: Trelawny. His father taught a course in Byron.

David had arrived from Tepic in corduroy trousers and a baggy sports jacket. Teddy, his former mother-in-law, had given him a hundred dollars for a proper outfit. On his return to the hotel in his new powder-blue suit he shook hands with Prime Minister Trudeau, who was greeting people in a passageway. Later, he had lunch with the three daughters: Patricia; the bride, Bonnie; and Cindy.

Cindy is not talking to David.

A couple of years before, Bonnie had asked David to leave her house in Albuquerque. Bonnie's housemate, Vickie, had complained that having a father around, even one with a motorcycle, interfered with her social life.

David doesn't mind that he is not paying for Bonnie's wedding. On the other hand, he resents that no one has asked his permission. He has only met Richard that morning. Richard has red hair and is a lot bigger than David. Lucy, David's former wife and Bonnie's mother, does not like Richard, but she never approves of anything connected with Bonnie. Teddy likes Richard, but this is a way of shoring up Bonnie against Lucy.

David wishes Bonnie had asked him what he thought of Richard. He wishes Richard had asked him for Bonnie's hand. It would have been formality only. He could not ask Richard how he planned to support a wife any more than he had asked this of Trelawny before he married Patricia. David does not have the nerve to ask if another can do what he has never done himself.

At least Trelawny asked David if he could marry Patricia. That was in 1966, when Trelawny was on his way to Vietnam. David, too, had been in uniform when he proposed to Lucy. Because of the disguise, Lucy's father, Stanley, had swallowed David's assurance that a painter could make a living. David knows Trelawny will never make a living.

Stanley is not in Winnipeg for the wedding. He is in a rest home in Milford, Pennsylvania. For their anniversary in June, he bought Rolls-Royces for himself and Teddy. After Teddy returned them, he assaulted an elevator man in their building. Lucy, David, and Teddy share a suite in the Fort Garry. Teddy is in one bedroom. David and Lucy are in the other. No current flows between David and Lucy.

Trelawny is kidding Richard, telling him not to be nervous. Richard and Bonnie have been living together for a year.

"I was so surprised when Bonnie said she'd come to Canada," Richard says. "I was scared to tell her I was a deserter. I said goodbye and she said why—she'd come too."

"I wasn't nervous," David says.

"How old were you?" Trelawny asks.

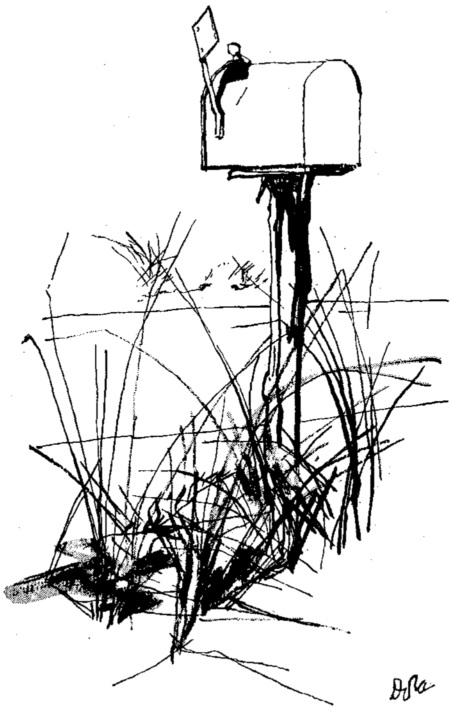
"Twenty-four."

"Why did you get married?" Richard asks.

"Because I was scared," David replies.

DAVID loved Teddy. She was willful and naïve, because she never had to earn a living, was either brave or stubborn, had a green thumb, and was talented in a baffled way David understood. Teddy died in Lucy's arms.

David is knocking down walls to convert the daughters' floor, three bedrooms and two baths, into a separate apartment. Patricia is living in the rubble, in the back room where Isabelle once slept. Isabelle Lopez is on Riverside Drive taking care of Lucy and her new husband, Arthur. Trelawny has left Patricia for an eighteen-year-old team swimmer.



When the telephone rings Patricia thinks it is Trelawny calling from Denver to ask her to come back. Sitting on David and Elizabeth's bed at 1 A.M., she tells them how Trelawny put a canoe and a twelve-hundred-dollar hi-fi on their Master Charge.

"Did he take the canoe when he left?" David asks.

"I made him send it back," Patricia replies.

"Sounds to me you're well rid of him," Elizabeth remarks. Elizabeth is David's new wife. This is her first comment on Trelawny. Elizabeth is British, and circumspect. She has met Trelawny once, when he came East to attend Stanley's funeral, the year before Teddy's. Trelawny and Patricia arrived early in the morning with two six-packs of Coors. Trelawny drank eight cans before lunch.

"What happened just before he left?" Elizabeth asks.

Patricia can't remember. She met Trelawny at the University of North Carolina when they performed in "Girl Crazy." She remembers her neglect of Trelawny after her promotion to branch manager, an art professor's praise of Trelawny, and Trelawny's mother's disappointment at the news that they had split. Patricia is going to use some of the money Stanley left her to take courses until she has pulled herself together.

While helping paint the new apartment's ceiling, Patricia remembers that just before Trelawny left she had criticized him for not doing the laundry.

"Was he doing the cooking?" David asks.

"I was too tired to do the laundry," Patricia says. "He wasn't working anyway."

"Sounds like *you* wanted to get rid of *him*," David says.

"You don't want Trelawny," Elizabeth says. "You want not to be alone."

THE next year, Cindy arrives from Portland, Oregon, with her dog, Hobart, a St. Bernard.

When she called, David had asked her about her Datsun pickup. Cindy said that her friend Clark had promised to sell it and send her the money.

"I think you ought to drive it East," David said.

The previous July, after leaving Patricia in Denver, David and Elizabeth had visited Cindy and Clark in their bungalow in Portland. One missing windowpane was stopped with cardboard. Cindy was paying the rent out of the money Stanley had left her. The basement was full of cartons of old 78 records and books for their secondhand store.

David, painting in a back room of his brownstone on West Seventy-fifth Street, thinks of Cindy in the motel room at the Mexico City airport, a fourteen-year-old kid all alone in a strange city. Over and over again, David sees their parting, Cindy smiling and telling him she will be fine. David left her alone in order to hurry back to Cuernavaca to see Fern, a twenty-five-year-old nurse who was driving him crazy. Cindy is fat, but David, painting leaves, remembers a small person on his lap in Bluebell Dr. Dentons. In this scene he is singing "Thumbelina."

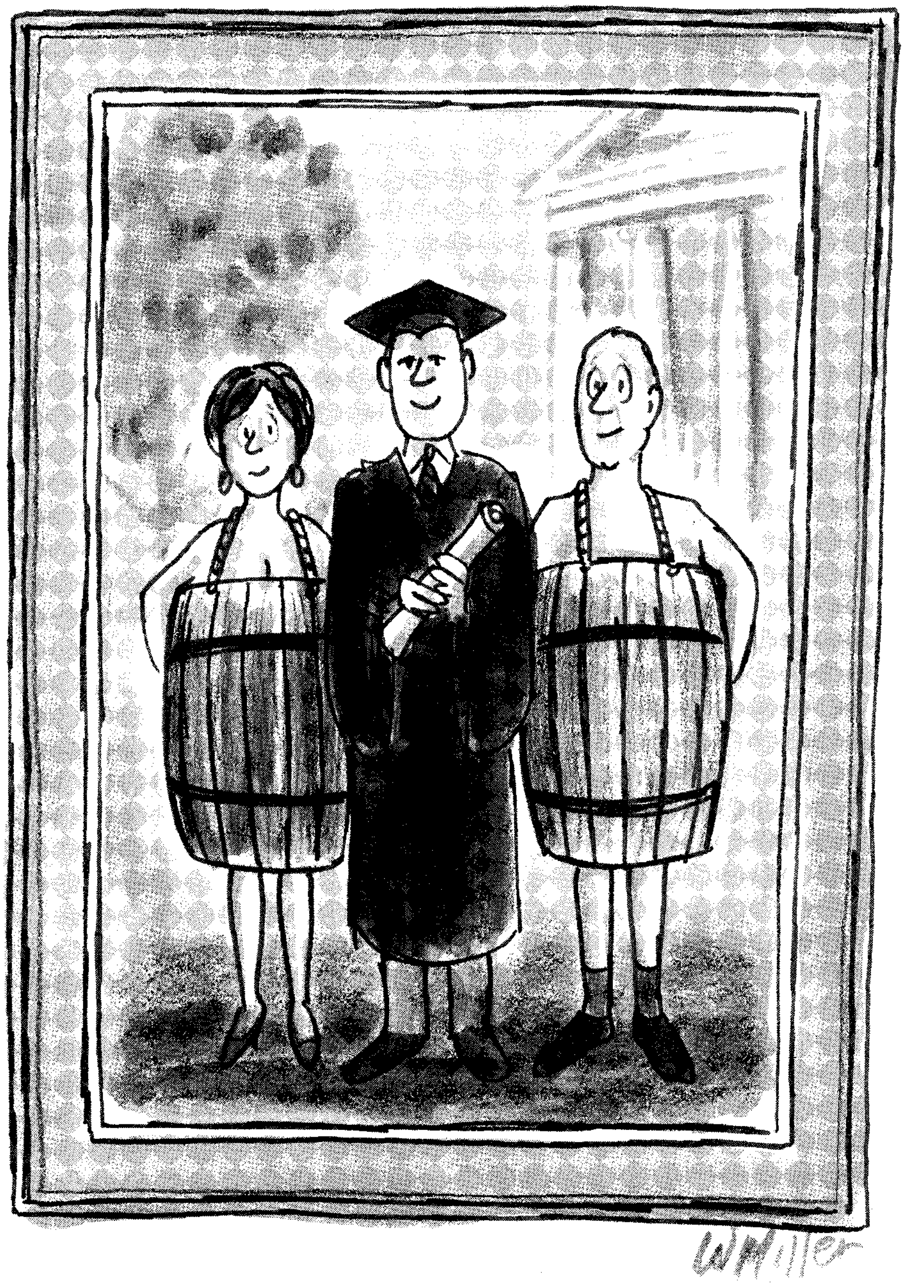
Cindy and Hobart live in the front room on the second floor. The third floor, severed, is rented for two hundred and fifty dollars a month to Gawaine, a former Benedictine monk who does publicity for a racetrack. Cindy dislikes David's leaves, hung on the walls of her room. They are done in the yellow of rheumy eyes, laced with red unravelled threads of besotted cheeks, and blotched with the purple of ancient thighs; a remorseless green —vascular, cellular—fills what remains of the canvas.

Elizabeth complains about the temp jobs she takes in order to feed David and Cindy, and about Gaines Meal crumbling underfoot.

Cindy moves in with Alex, an accountant she met in Riverside Park. She has lost twenty pounds.

IN the room on the second floor, overlooking the street, Hobart whines and beats the floor with his tail. He is jealous of Karen, Bonnie's baby. Cindy is babysitting while Bonnie visits her lawyer in Rockefeller Center. It is January, 1979. When Bonnie was in the hospital in Toronto with pelvic inflammatory disease Richard told her he did not love her. Richard, given amnesty by President Carter, is now back in Houston, Texas.

The paintings of leaves are gone. Some are hanging in a gallery on Madison Avenue. The rest have been sold, for almost enough to pay David's debts.



Bonnie and Patricia have long conversations on the telephone. Sometimes Bonnie talks to Kutsy, the wholesale cigar dealer Patricia married eight months after returning to Denver. Patricia says Richard is the same kind of bastard as Trelawny. Kutsy, who watches television in his bathrobe, says Richard married Bonnie because he didn't have any friends in Canada.

Trelawny is living with an older woman. Clark never sent Cindy the money for the Datsun.

ON the telephone, Elizabeth asks about the noise in the background. She is visiting her mother in Tunbridge Wells.

"That's Otis practicing," David explains.

"My mother would like a picture of Karen. She's always wanted a grandchild."

"Great-grandchild," David says.

"Who is Otis?"

"Bonnie's friend. He's a drummer."

"He isn't living there too?"

"I should have them upstairs soon," David replies. "Gawaine's lease is up in six weeks."

Elizabeth says she may be back by Easter.

—JAMES MUNVES

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From Time*]

As wiry as a mouth full of braces, three days shy of 19, Ellison instantly followed the shot into the basket and before long followed the basket to the foul line.

REACHING THE STARS: MY LIFE AS A FIFTIES GROUPIE

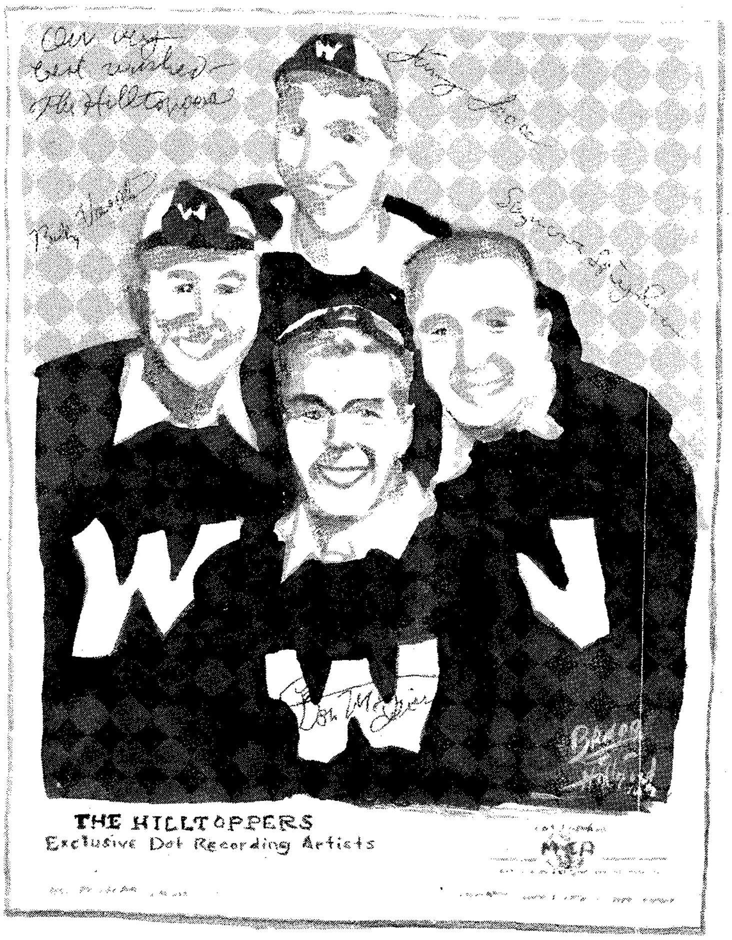
IN the late nineteen-fifties, when I was a teen-ager, I held a national office, published a journal, was interviewed on television and radio, and travelled widely to places like Cincinnati and Detroit and Blytheville, Arkansas. I was a shy, backward, antisocial country kid living on a farm near Mayfield, Kentucky, a hundred and fifty miles from the nearest city, Nashville, but I was ambitious and determined to *hit the big time—or at least meet somebody famous*. The first star I met was Gene Autry's dumpy sidekick in the floppy hat, Smiley Burnette. I was about thirteen when he came to town for a show at the Princess Theatre. You could buy a picture of him for a dollar or pay a dollar to have your picture taken with him. Smiley hooked his arm around my shoulders and posed me for the camera, but when I asked him to sign my autograph book he snarled, "I don't autograph nothing but the pictures for sale."

The second star on my life list was Tony Martin, the crooner who sang "There's No Tomorrow" and was married to Cyd Charisse. He came to town to publicize Tony Martin suits, which were manufactured by the Merit Clothing Company, the local factory where my mother worked. She and I went to the Hall Hotel and gawked at him as he got off the elevator. He was surprisingly short.

But from the time I was a child singers impressed me more than movie stars did. I listened to the radio constantly. Perry Como and Patti Page dominated the daytime airwaves in those days, but late on Saturday nights the radio blared out strange music: "John R here, way down South in Dixie, 1510 on the dial, fifty thousand watts of joy! WLAC, Nashville, Tennessee."

John R played raunchy, stomping-and-shouting blues numbers by black singers like Big Bill Broonzy and Memphis Slim and Little Junior Parker, Little Walter, T-Bone Walker, Elmore James, and Big Joe Turner. The theme song on John R's show was "Dig Those Blues," a slow, rolling piano blues. John R was white, but he sounded black. WLAC advertised mysterious products—Silky Strate, White Rose petroleum jelly, "lifetime" Bibles, and soul medallions. My parents and I stayed up late and turned the radio up loud, staring in amazement at our huge console, as big as a jukebox, as it blared out wild music. John R and another white disk jockey, Gene Nobles, who had a show earlier in the evening, played what they called "droopy-drawers songs" (the slow stuff) and "mean, low-down songs." The mean ones sounded dangerous. I could feel the power of big men stomping into their houses and dragging out their women when they'd been untrue. In the droopy-drawers songs, they cried their hearts out. John R talked through the songs: "Have mercy, baby! . . . Come on, honey. . . . Man, don't that tear you up?" Ruth Brown's "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean" tore me up bad.

Gene Nobles specialized in bland white imitations of these risqué rhythm-and-blues songs—especially "cover" versions from Dot Records, owned by his sponsor, Randy's Record Shop in Gallatin, Tennessee. Randy's artists included Pat Boone and the Fontane Sisters. His star group was the Hilltoppers.



The Hilltoppers, I decided, represented everything I had ever felt and dreamed about my life. As I picked blackberries or hoed vegetables in the scorching morning sun, I longed to travel and see the world. The turbulent music on WLAC expressed my frustration, and the Hilltoppers made me feel there was an answer—some release from the cycle of the seasons, the planting and harvesting. (I didn't see the glamour in farm life then.) The Hilltoppers' style wasn't exactly Big Bill Broonzy and it wasn't rock and roll yet either—it was sort of like what would happen if Perry Como got hold of some Big Bill Broonzy material—but it grabbed me and shook me up like a religious vision, a calling. This was mainly because the group was from Kentucky. The Hilltoppers were students at Western Kentucky State College, in Bowling Green, where the sports teams were called the Hilltoppers. A Kentucky singing quartet had achieved national fame! The only famous person from Kentucky I had ever heard of besides Abraham Lincoln was Arthur Lake, who played Dagwood in the Blondie-and-Dagwood movies.

The Hilltoppers' first hit was "Trying," a ballad written by one of the original members of the group, Billy Vaughn, and later on they were awarded a gold record for an old Johnny Mercer song, "P.S. I Love

You." With the arrival of rock and roll, they started recording livelier imitations of black tunes—"The Door Is Still Open," "Only You," and Ruth Brown's "Teardrops from My Eyes." On some of the songs you could hear a rock-and-roll saxophone or a boogie piano, and even a bass vocal "bum-bum-bum" against the "do-do-do-do-do-do-do" background harmony. But their style was born in an earlier time. Jimmy Sacca, the lead singer, had a strong, distinctive baritone that strained to be a tenor—a cross between matinée-idol crooning and big-band swing. He was a dreamboat.

I started a Hilltoppers fan club, and the day that the package of membership cards, autographed glossy eight-by-ten photographs, and buttons ("I AM A HILLTOPPERS FAN") arrived was the turning point of my life. I advertised for members in Betty Burr's fan-club column in a New York fan magazine, and for a time my whole life revolved around the mailbox and the radio. I corresponded with a Hilltoppers fan on Long Island who monitored all of New York's radio stations, flipping the dial ceaselessly after school. She constructed elaborate charts, on graph paper, of Hilltoppers airplay. Over the next year, I diligently worked my way up through the Hilltoppers' power structure, mostly by pestering the Hilltoppers' secretary in Gallatin and trying to impress her and the Hilltoppers with my devotion so I could get to meet them, and at last became National President of the Hilltoppers Fan Clubs. As National President, I wrote and mailed a newsletter to three hundred fan-club chapters on an addressographed list—mostly addresses in the exotic environs of New York City. One of my jobs as National President was to conduct request campaigns to d.j.s. I wrote to d.j.s in all the big cities:

MEMO FROM THE NATIONAL HILLTOPPERS FAN CLUB
TO: ED BONNER, KXOK, ST. LOUIS
Please play "Do the Bop," the new Hilltoppers record, on your show. It's a big hit! Thank you very much.
—"Till Then,"
BOBBIE MASON, National President

("Till Then" was one of the Hilltoppers' early recordings.)

I prayed for their records to be hits. After reading Norman Vincent Peale, I applied the power of positive thinking to a tune called "Searching," so that the Hilltoppers might earn another gold record.

My memories of the Hilltoppers are vague. I actually got to know them very well, and if they walked into my house today they would be thoroughly familiar to me. I'm sure Jimmy Sacca would give me one of his big bear hugs and we would fall easily into joking conversation. We were friends. But even though I spent a lot of time with the Hilltoppers during my high-school years I knew very little about them. I didn't ask about their backgrounds—their parents, brothers and sisters, schooling, and the rest. Background had no meaning to me, because I hadn't been anywhere; where I was going was what counted. The Hilltoppers were stars, brilliant presences, and my function was to promote their fame, so that their glow would rub off on me, like the luminescent stuff from lightning bugs.

In *Hilltoppers Highlights*, the fan-club journal that I wrote and published, I reported what I knew of the Hilltoppers:

"Jimmy Sacca stands six-two and

has black hair and brown eyes, loves steak, pizza, spaghetti (you can tell he's Italian!), and when time permits this ex-football player's hobby is miniature golf. He is also accomplished on the clarinet and saxophone. Jimmy comes from Lockport, N.Y.

"Blond, pug-nosed Don McGuire, the ladies' man of the Hilltoppers, surprises everybody with his deep bass voice. He went to Western Ky. on a basketball scholarship and became one of their star players. He planned to be a dentist until stardom beckoned. He hails from Hazard, Ky., is five-eleven, collects sports clothes, plays piano and drums.

"The clown of the Toppers, Seymour ('Sy') Spiegelman of Seneca Falls, N.Y., was Jimmy's roommate at college. He is five-eight, weighs 178, and has black hair and brown eyes. His hobbies are drawing and fishing, and he loves football, swimming, and tennis.

"Eddie Crowe, a friend of Jimmy's from Lockport, replaces Billy Vaughn, the original member of the group who penned their first hit, 'Trying.' Eddie lettered in four sports in high school. He's *single, girls! In the Hilltoppers'* show, he plays the trumpet and does comic impressions—James Cagney, James Stewart, Robert Mitchum."

IN time, my mother and I travelled to Cincinnati to see the Hilltoppers perform. It was my first trip anywhere. The ride took sixteen hours, overnight, on a bus that jolted miserably around the curves along the Ohio River. I remember waking up at each stop and checking the town on the map, so I could say I had been there. I was so excited I couldn't eat, even though the group performing was not entirely the original Hilltoppers. While Don and Sy were in the Army (they'd been drafted, and this was just after the Korean War), Jimmy hired a series of replacements. The Hilltoppers were appearing with Barney Rapp's orchestra at the Castle Farms Ballroom in Cincinnati. It was a huge suburban dance hall that was packed with glamorous couples who drank liquor. Women smuggled in whiskey bottles under their wraps: I saw them do it. The Hilltoppers bounded onstage, wearing their red sweaters and beanies with "W" on them—the football sweaters and freshman beanies from their college. (I had ordered a beanie for myself from Western and had considered wearing it that evening, but it didn't go with my taffeta dress and borrowed rhinestone jewelry.) Their act was sensational. They sang all their hits, including "P.S. I Love You," "From the Vine Came the Grape," "I'd Rather Die Young," and my favorite, "Poor Butterfly." Their sound was principally Jimmy Sacca's lead backed up with a simple "doo-wah" harmony. In their sweaters and baggy gray flannels, they swayed from side to side in unison, sort of like cheerleaders. I learned later that their moves had been choreographed. At intermission, I was allowed to go backstage to meet my idols, and during their second show they introduced me proudly to the audience. In the second show, they wore tuxedos.

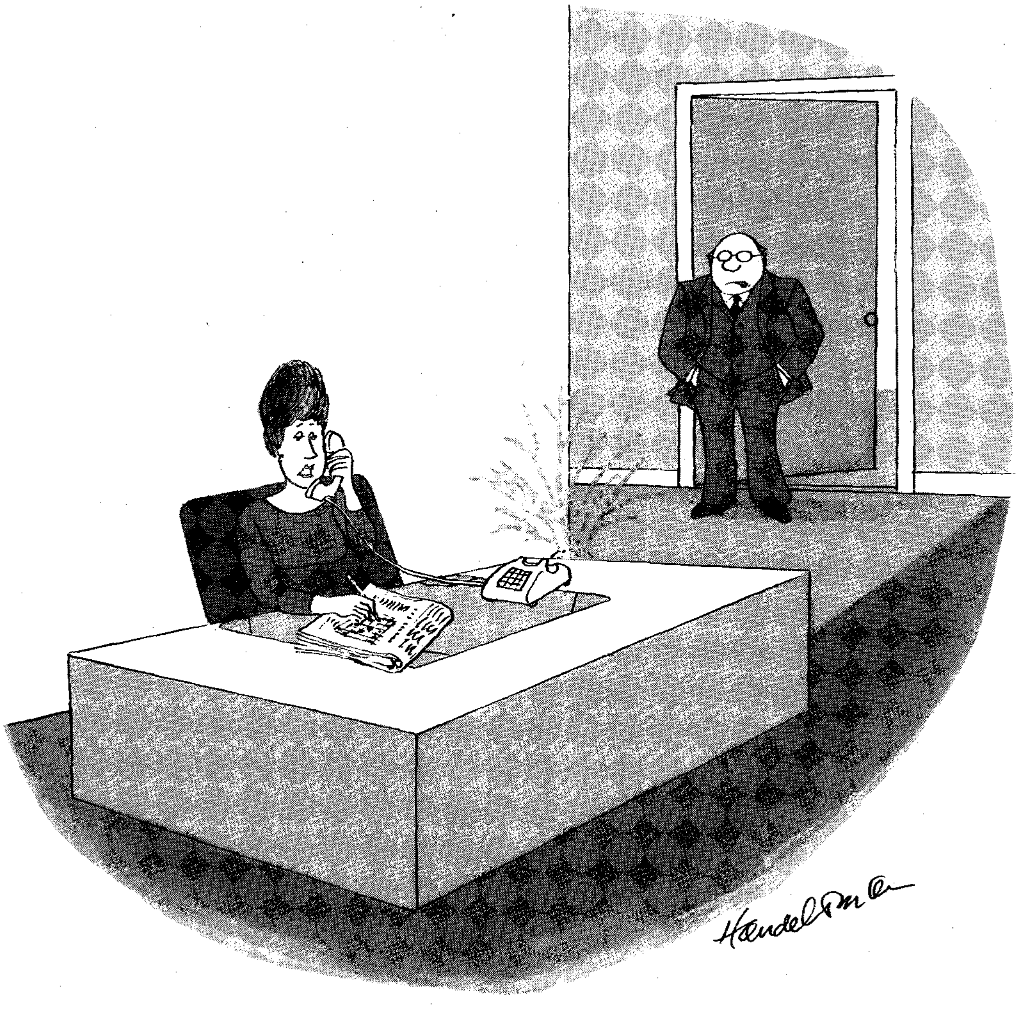
After the show, they bought my mother and me Cokes and potato chips. The Hilltoppers didn't drink, but they smoked and drove a Cadillac. They drove us back to the hotel in their sky-blue 1954 Fleetwood, and Jimmy Sacca gave me forty dollars to help operate the fan club.

AT school, the Hilltoppers were my secret. I had few friends, because I lived out in the country, and also because I was shy and not interested in suntans and pajama parties. I read a lot: "The Search for Bridey Murphy," "The Practical Way to a Better Memory," "The Report on Unidentified Flying Objects."

The next time we saw the Hilltoppers was in Vincennes, Indiana. Mama and I were walking down the main street from Woolworth's to our hotel there when we spotted the Cadillac. It was the Hilltoppers, arriving in town for their show. I waved at them, and the Cadillac pulled over. Jimmy was driving.

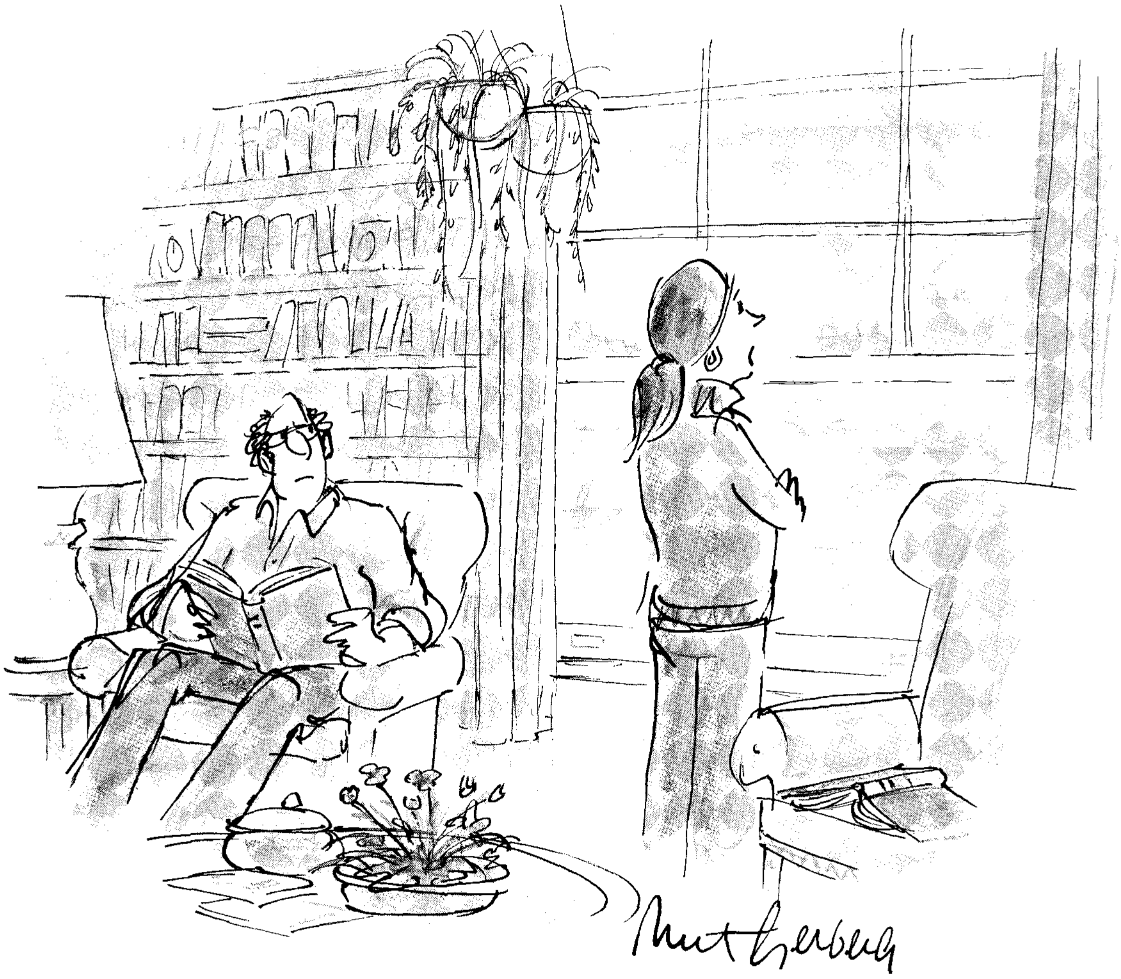
"It's us again!" Mama cried.

Jimmy hopped out and hugged us. While the other members of the group—more replacements—checked into the hotel, Jimmy took us to eat at a grill down the street. We sat in a booth and or-



"I'm afraid we have no Grand Panjandrum as such. What we have is a Mr. Kemnitzer."

dered pork chops with applesauce and French fries.



"I don't know why, but suddenly New Jersey looks very appealing."

• •

"Well, what did you think when you heard the news?" Jimmy asked us worriedly.

"I was shocked," I said lamely. I didn't know what to say. I had seen the newspaper: one of the various substitute Hilltoppers had been arrested for possession of marijuana. My mother and I had never heard of marijuana, so the news didn't really faze us.

"I was at the racetrack," Jimmy said. "And the P.A. system called my name. I had no idea he was using the stuff. I fired him so fast he didn't know what hit him."

"He wasn't one of the real Hilltoppers," I said loyally. I longed for the day when Sy and Don would rejoin the group. I knew I would like them, because they looked like such cutups in their pictures. Jimmy and Don and Seymour and Billy, the original group, were all family men, with wives and children.

After we finished eating, Jimmy lit up a Pall Mall, and Mama said, "If y'all come to Mayfield, I'll get you some free Tony Martin suits from the Merit."

"How will you do that?" I asked, surprised.

"Willie Foster will let me have them," Mama said confidently.

Willie Foster was the president of the Merit Clothing Company. We had been to his farm for the annual employees' picnic—fried chicken and roasting ears and washtubs of cold drinks. His farm was like a plantation—a magnificent place with acres of pasture and horses and a little lake with rowboats.

"We'd love to come to Mayfield," Jimmy said. "But you don't have to get us any suits."

"Well, you come, and I'll cook you up a big supper and get you some suits," Mama said. "I used to sew labels in coats, but the foreman told me to slow down because I was making more than the men. So I quit. I could make a dollar an hour, I was so fast." She laughed. "But with all the farm work I didn't have time to sew labels anyway."

"Well, since you quit, they won't let you have any free suits," I argued.

"Oh, Willie wasn't mad at me," Mama said. "Willie's good to his workers. And if the Hilltoppers wore his suits, that would be good publicity."

"Well, gee, Mrs. Mason," Jimmy said. "That would be swell."

He bought us strawberry sundaes and then we went to the show.

AFTER that, Mama and I travelled many places to see the Hilltoppers. We went to Centralia, Illinois; Princeton, Indiana; Herrin, Illinois; Blytheville, Arkansas; and Cape Girardeau, Missouri, as well as St. Louis and Detroit. Daddy had to milk the cows and couldn't go. The Hilltoppers always welcomed us. Don and Sy got out of the Army and took their rightful places in the group. They were boyish, modest, and funny. I adored them. Being a groupie in the fifties was as innocent as the Girl Scouts. The Hilltoppers never even swore around me, except once—the day Jimmy forgot the words to "My Cabin of Dreams," which they lip-synced on Johnny Slagle's "Dance Matinée" on WXYZ in Detroit. They took a protective attitude toward me, and they were crazy about my mother, who didn't put on any airs just because she knew some stars. "I think it's nice they've got that Cadillac and ain't stuckup," Mama said. She still talked about those Tony Martin suits and how good the Hilltoppers would look in them.

During my years with the Hilltoppers, I met lots of stars: Buddy Morrow, Bill Haley and the Comets, Billy Ward and the Dominoes, the Fontane Sisters, the Four Lads, Ted Weems, Wink Martindale, Jaye P. Morgan, even Paul Hornung (the Green Bay Packer), and many others. In Memphis, I visited Vicki Woodall, the National President of Pat Boone's fan club, and a photo of me with Pat and Vicki appeared later in *16 Magazine*. (After she graduated, Vicki went to

THE CLAIM

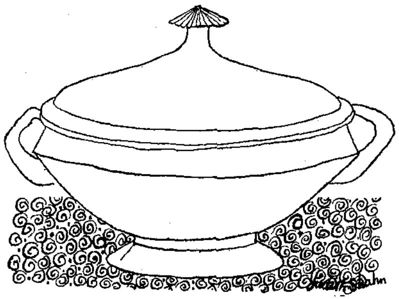
Since you agreed to live in my house
And sleep like a chloroformed rock through a hundred
Fifty nights six yards from my hand
(No balks between us), I took this liberty
Throughout your drowned nights, and while I'm still
Unbowed by guilt, I nonetheless feel
At the rim of my mind—like a child's fist tapping
In awe or thirst—this present duty
To full confession, months too late.
I covered you, every cell of your hide,
With my potent name.
Potent, I say,
Since from age five or six I'd seek lone stretches,
Stare at blank sky, and rattle those thirteen
Letters (three syllables) high and fast
Till they stopped being me and fused into one
Selfless, senseless mantra on which I skimmed
More gulfs and peaks in planing light
Than on any other wing—right into pubescence:
That burning air-net, feverish toy.
You look and see nothing?—follicles, hair,
Moles familiar as dreams of falling
Or maps of home. The sun's too strong.
Stand there in shade by the cleanest mirror.
Gently press the thinnest skin
North of your left eye, bone of your brow.
Step quickly back and focus fine.
See the blood flush in and, for this red instant,
My whole name. Only there on that frail
Supraorbital scrim will it yield to force;
And only there is it boldly legible
As letters, words.
Elsewhere, from absolute
Crown to sole, you are calligraphed
Invisibly in an endless trail
That is both my name and the framing outline
Of ten thousand pictures, perfect memories
(In universal code of human mime)
Of those two thousand two hundred fifty minutes
When—merged in mutual angelic maintenance,
Consuming each other like buttered carp—
We earned our vast, short, seamless luck.
There are scenes in the strongest light on earth
By the deepest sea, scenes in absolute night
By God's home town, black walls of his house—
You in thrift-shop rags and lion head,
Me gimp-kneed, silver, game as you
For the million figures joy can twine
When fearless, fed, and bound to end:
No single mean or ugly turn,
No public sight. You're a shut museum,
No eyes but ours.
Caution though—
My lips are sealed; but there's one hard fact
You must bear in mind. My inks are invisible
In normal use—normal pain, daily love.
They'll even hide through quick convulsions
To purge the wells or a conflagration
To clear the scrub. Foxfire, however—
Cool constant gleam (blanked by day
But patient to eat whole woods and cliffs)—
Will print you plain as a satellite photo
Of Russian tank maneuvers toward Texas,
Every tread and finger, thicket and stream.
Any second burn approaching ours
In radiance, stamina, silent roar,
And you'll stand manifest, claimed for life—
Indelible track of the first real name
To vow you all and keep the vow,
Your true best days beneath this hand.

—REYNOLDS PRICE

• •

Hollywood to be Pat's secretary. Something like that was my ambition; the only alternative I could see was working at the Merit.) When the Hilltoppers played the Michigan State Fair, in Detroit, I appeared with the Hilltoppers on Soupy Sales' original TV show, and I was also interviewed by Robin Seymour and Don McLeod, major d.j.s on my request list. Johnnie Ray, whose big hits were "Cry" and "The Little White Cloud That Cried," stopped by the Hilltoppers' trailer at the fair one day. He flirted with me and seemed a little reckless, but his show was terrific. On the same bill was Eydie Gormé—before she married Steve Lawrence and they became Steve and Eydie. Eydie told me she admired my pixie haircut. Some weeks later, I saw her on TV and she had had her hair pixied. And at the Cotton Ball in Blytheville, Arkansas, I met Narvel Felts, a guy with a slick pompadour who said he was a singer in the style of Elvis. He asked for my autograph because I was a National President. More than twenty years later, I heard his name again, on the radio. He had finally made it. He had a hit record.

THE day my mother and I drove to Blytheville and met Narvel Felts was the day the Russians sent up Sputnik. After the Hilltoppers' show, Don McGuire drove back to Mayfield with us in our Nash Rambler and then caught a bus to his home in Owensboro. As we rode through the night, listening to Chuck Berry and Little Richard and Elvis Presley on an after-hours show from New Orleans, we were aware of Sputnik spying on us. I noted the Sputnik launch in my diary:



October 4. Blytheville, Ark. Cotton Ball. Hilltoppers and Jimmy Featherstone Ork. Russian sattelite, Sputnik, launched.

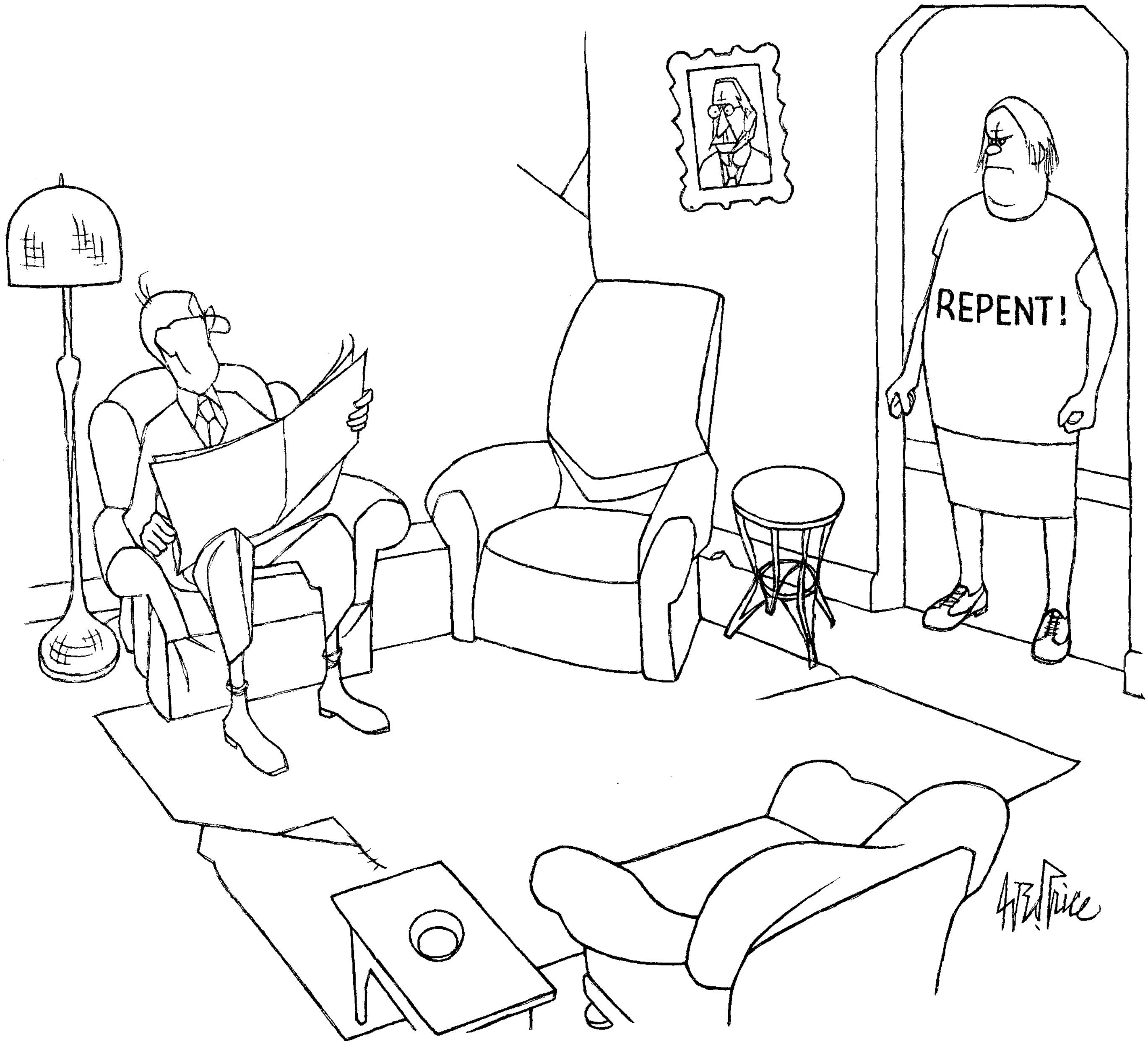
November 3. Sputnik II.

November 7. 40th anniversary of Russian Revolution. President Eisenhower's address to the nation. Senior rings.

November 15. UFO sightings increase.

December 11. English theme, "National Security," A+.

That fall, when I was a senior, a girl named Janine Williams went with my mother and me to see the Hilltoppers at a ballroom in a little town in Tennessee. Janine was popular at school, and she made a great impression on the Hilltoppers with her teas-



ing, flirtatious personality. All the crinolines she wore under her dress made her look ready for flight, for a trip into outer space. "My brother went to Louisville to the basketball tournament last year," she told the Hilltoppers. "He won the tickets, and he flew up there in an airplane. And he stayed in the same hotel as the teams."

This was an outright lie—I didn't know why she told it—but the Hilltoppers didn't know the difference, so I didn't know what to say. I was happy, though, showing off the Hilltoppers to my friend. Jimmy introduced both of us to the audience at a special moment in the show before they sang "To Be Alone," in which Don did an Ink Spots-style monologue in his surprising bass voice and caused girls to squeal. (He had cherubic looks.) The Hilltoppers had a new record, "Starry Eyes," backed with "You Sure Look Good to Me," but they didn't sing it. I was disappointed. I was afraid it wasn't going to be a hit, and I was getting frustrated with the power of positive thinking. I hadn't told the Hilltoppers about the ESP experiments I had been trying (they involved sending telepathic messages to d.j.s to play Hilltoppers tunes). I was afraid the Hilltoppers would laugh. I wanted them to think I was normal. One of the fan-club presidents I had visited in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, had a deformed back and didn't even go to school. Another one I knew weighed about three hundred pounds, and her ambition was to be an actress. It was depressing.

"What do you think of Elvis?" Janine asked the Hilltoppers later. Elvis was singing "All Shook Up" on the radio of the Cadillac as Jimmy drove us out to a café for hamburgers.

"He's great," said Sy. "He has a fine voice."

"If I could wiggle like that, we'd make a million dollars," Jimmy said.

Don laughed. "Our manager had a chance once to manage Elvis, but he turned it down. He said nobody with a name like 'Elvis' would get anywhere."

"I like Elvis," Mama said. "He can really carry a tune."

For me, there was something as familiar about Elvis as our farm, with the oak trees and the cows and the chickens. It was as though Elvis were me, listening to WLAC and then coming up with his own songs about the way he felt about the world. I tried not to think too hard about Elvis. Janine had said to me, "If I got Elvis in a dark corner, I'd tear his clothes off."

Janine grew impatient with me and my obsession, and we didn't stay friends. She was going steady with a basketball player I had once had a crush on, and she had no interest in things like flying saucers and reincarnation. I had read "Reincarnation: A Hope of the World," and it impressed me. I was filled with philosophical questions and I wrote a paper for English class on agnosticism. My teacher, Miss Florence, summoned me to her office and accused me of plagiarism. "Young lady, you have no business entertaining ideas like this," she said. "Where did you get such an idea?"

I quaked. "I read about it. I read lots of philosophy," I said, which was only partly a lie. Reincarnation was philosophy, sort of. I told her I had read John Locke, which *was* a lie. But I hadn't plagiarized. I really believed it was possible that God did not exist, and furthermore it seemed likely that there was no way to know whether he did or not.

Miss Florence had lavender hair, and she kept a handkerchief tucked in her sleeve. Now and then she daintily plucked it out and snuffled into it. She was a terrifying woman, much admired by the whole town. Everyone since the thirties had been in her English class.

"Take my advice," she said, growing softer. "Give up these strange ideas of yours. Your field is mathematics. That's what you're good at. Stay away from these peculiar questions, because they're destructive. And stick with the Bible. That's all the philosophy you'll ever need."

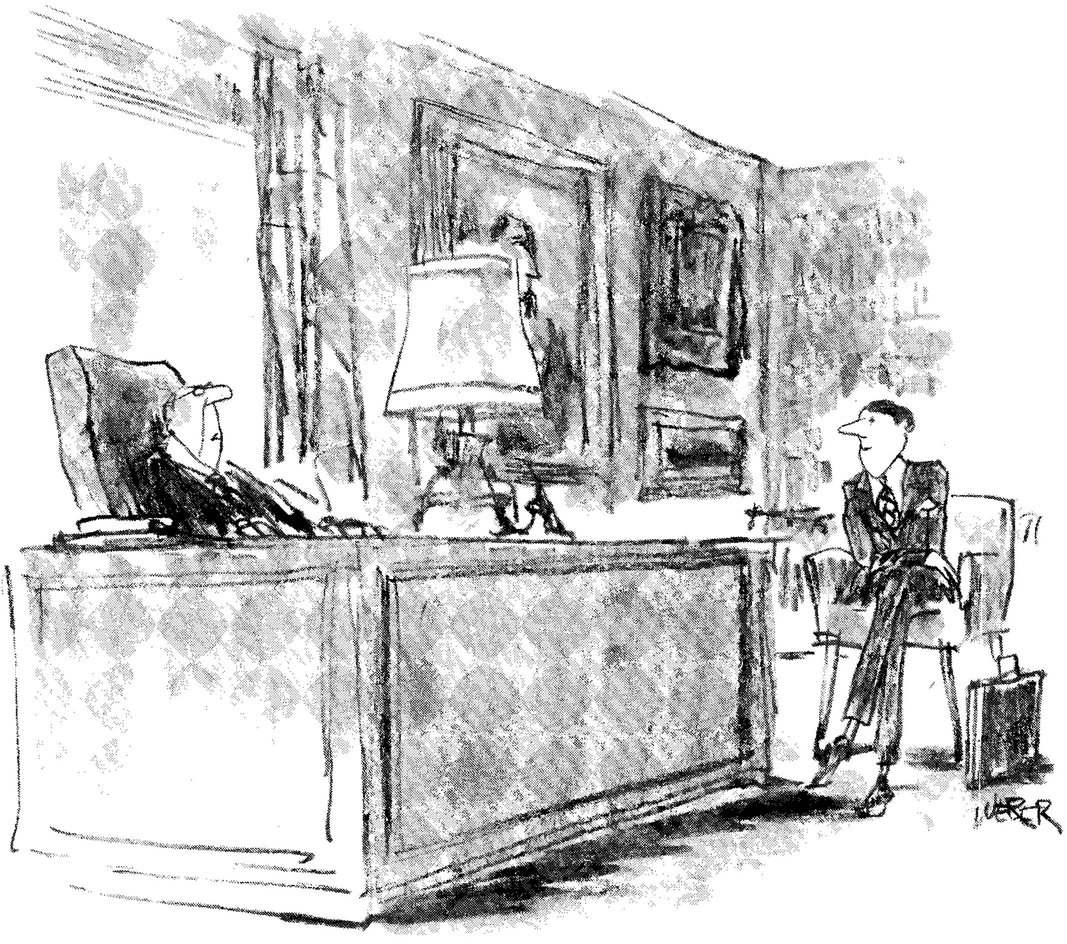
I was silent, rigid with fury—too intimidated to speak.

"You have a lot of big ideas, but they will lead you astray," Miss Florence said in dismissal.

I immersed myself in my presidential duties, publishing my bimonthly newsletter, *Hilltoppers Topics*. In Mayfield, I was an outcast, but in the greater world I was suave and self-important. When d.j.s interviewed me, I spoke glibly in *Billboard* lingo. "Well, Ed, this new platter is slated to be a chart-buster," I said to Ed Bonner on KXOK. I had my own stationery, with a Hilltoppers logo. Running a fan club was expensive, but the Hilltoppers sent me ten dollars a week for expenses and fifteen dollars a week for myself. I saved all my money for college. I started hating math.

My mother had been serious about those Tony Martin suits. Shortly before my graduation, the Hilltoppers came to Mayfield, and Mama whisked them off to the Merit and got them measured for the suits. They picked out an off-white material with a subtle gray stripe in it. (Later, when the suits were finished, Mama went to the Merit and personally sewed in the labels.) That spring, I was a soda jerk at the Rexall drugstore in Mayfield, making fifty cents an hour, and after school that day I was drawing a Coke from the fountain for one of the regulars when all four of the Hilltoppers strolled into the drugstore. It was my big moment: I could show them off. A classmate of mine, one of those popular cheerleaders—an uptown girl who had made me feel like a shabby bumpkin—was testing nail polish at the cosmetics counter. I rushed over and told her I would introduce her to the Hilltoppers. "They're here," I said, pointing to the end of the counter, where I had served them Cokes.

"Oh, I don't think so," she said, flashing her cheerleader smile. "I wouldn't know what to say." With two fingernails painted Persian Melon, she hurried out the back door of the drugstore. The Hilltoppers scared her.



"You have a certain kind of charm, haven't you, Mr. Beadle? Well, that's all right. I'm not totally opposed to charm."

FELSON, DONNE, PETERS
&
FREE MARKET FORCES
MEMBER N.Y. STOCK EXCHANGE
O. Fradon

It was a triumph, sort of. I got off work early, and the Hilltoppers drove me home in the Cadillac. Mama made a huge catfish supper, with hush puppies and slaw and blackberry pie, and that evening my family and I all went to Paducah and saw the Hilltoppers sing at the National Guard Armory with Blue Barron's orchestra. It was a perfect day. "Your mother is an amazing woman," Don said to me.

The Hilltoppers were so conventional, such nice guys. I didn't know how to talk to them about the crazy thoughts in my head. I had just received a reply to my letter to George Adamski, the man who claimed in his book about UFOs to have been on a spaceship to Venus. He thanked me for writing and assured me that he had indeed been to Venus, but he failed to answer my questions about the spacecraft's interior and the landscape of Venus.

That summer, I picked blackberries in the early-morning dew with rock-and-roll songs like "Get a Job" by the Silhouettes and Eddie Cochran's "Summertime Blues" blasting in my mind, and in the afternoons I trudged down the dusty lanes through the fields with the dog to round up the herd of cows. In the evenings, I worked at the Rexall. I went out with boys—boys who wanted to settle down and work in the new factories—but I wasn't impressed. I was always dreaming. Our house was close to Highway 45, which ran straight south to Tupelo, Mississippi, where Elvis was born. I knew he had dreamed the same dreams.

Miss Florence refused to write me a recommendation to Duke University, where I wanted to study parapsychology with the famous Dr. J. B. Rhine, so in the fall I went away to the University of Kentucky, in Lexington, where I fell in love with a boy who was interested in UFOs and mind expansion. He wrote a column for the college newspaper and had a sense of humor that reminded me of Max Shulman's "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" I neglected my fan-club duties and failed to get *Hilltoppers Topics* out on schedule. All the mysteries of the universe lay before me, and I couldn't learn fast enough. I read "Brave New World" and "1984" and "On the Beach" and "Mandingo" and "Elmer Gantry." I studied French and psychology and philosophy and volleyball. After hours, I still listened to John R jive-talking along with Ruth Brown and Little Walter and Jimmy Reed. Buddy Holly died that winter. Elvis was in the Army.

EARLIER in the school year, before I fell in love, the Hilltoppers played at homecoming, and I went to the dance without a date—an unheard-of thing for a girl to do in those days. But I wouldn't have missed their show. I never tired of seeing it—even the old comic bit when the guys rolled up Don's pantlegs without his knowledge while he was singing the solo of "Ka-Ding-Dong." They always opened with something fast-paced, like "I Can't Give You Anything but Love" or "I've Got the World on a String," and sometimes they followed up with "Toot Toot Tootsie (Goo' Bye)"—which Jimmy sang as "Toot Toot *Tootie*"—before launching into their own numbers. Jimmy was noted for his clumsy introductions: "Ladies and gentlemen, and now we want to do the song that you made possible our being here with by buying those . . ." That night, as he always did when I was at their show, Jimmy introduced me to the audience, and the spotlight hit my face, momentarily blinding me. This time, I was embarrassed, because I thought everyone there would know I didn't have a date and would think I was peculiar. I felt as though I had just arrived from the moon.

The curfew was extended to 2 A.M.

that night, because the Hilltoppers' show was late, and Sy walked me to my dorm. We sat in the parlor, surrounded by sorority pledges and their anxious dates. Some of them stared at us. Sy was the only one in the room in a tuxedo. I was the only one in the room who seemed to have a date with a member of the famous singing group that had just performed at the big dance. The lights in the parlor were bright, and the elderly housemother patrolled nervously. I got a fit of giggles when she looked at Sy suspiciously, as though he might be secretly organizing a panty raid. She had drilled the dorm residents in the horrors of panty raids, making them seem something like acts of terrorism.

A year later, I saw the Hilltoppers for the last time, at a night club in Louisville, where they were performing with Mel Tormé. I had driven over with some girls from U.K. The Hilltoppers' popularity had declined drastically. It wasn't my fault, though. They were being eclipsed by rock and roll. In their tuxedos or in their Tony Martin suits, they never really got the hang of it. That night in Louisville, I remember Don and Sy sitting at a table in a corner with me. They were as kind as ever—funny and generous, the way I always remember them. I had on a black cocktail dress with a taffeta balloon hem. "Those U.K. boys better watch out," Don said, teasing me.

Shyly, I told them about my boyfriend. By then, he was going with some other girl and my life was in ruins, but I didn't go into detail. I apologized for letting my club work slip. The newsletter was two months late.

Don smiled. "It's about time you forgot about the fan club," he said.

"No, it's not," I said loyally.

"You'll have other interests," he said. "You'll get married, and have your own family."

"I don't know." I knew I could never love anyone but that boy with the sense of humor. I would never get married.

"People change and go on to something else," Don said. "We won't stay with this forever. It's no way to live—one dinky ballroom after another. Travelling around all the time isn't what it's cracked up to be."

Anniversary Portrait

"Even in a Cadillac?" I asked.

"Even in a Cadillac," Don said, smiling again. "By the way, we'll drop you off in Lexington tomorrow."

"Thank you," I said. It was my last chance to travel in their Cadillac, I thought—a good way to end my national presidency. They had traded in the blue Cadillac for a newer, black model. I imagine it even now, rushing through the night, unrestrained in its flight, charging across America.

It was after midnight that night when Mel Tormé finished his set, but the band wouldn't quit. The crowd was wild. Jimmy took the microphone again. He sang "I Can't Get Started," a droopy-drawers sort of song. He had had a couple of drinks, and he was in mellow spirits. Then he eased into "St. James Infirmary." As the deep sadness of the song emerged, he suddenly became real to me, not a star. "St. James Infirmary" was slow and bluesy, but it wasn't a droopy-drawers song. It was the meanest, lowdownest, saddest song I ever heard. I thought I would die. It was after hours, way down South in Dixie. It was 1959.

The Hilltoppers rode their behemoth Cadillac and played one-night stands only a while longer. Sy worked in a tobacco warehouse for a time, and then he and Jimmy became sales representatives for Dot Records. Don settled in Lexington. I lost touch with them. In the seventies, during the nostalgia rage, I heard that Jimmy Sacca was on the road again with a new Hilltoppers group. After college, in the sixties, I went to New York and got a job writing for a fan magazine—the same magazine that had once listed my fan club in its Betty Burr column. I found out that Betty Burr, who had once been an honorary member of my club, was only a name, like Miss Lonelyhearts. Part of my job at the fan mag was to write Betty Burr columns about fan clubs. I did that for about a year, and after that I left New York.

—Bobbie Ann Mason

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UH-HUH DEPARTMENT

[*TV listing in the Seattle Times*]

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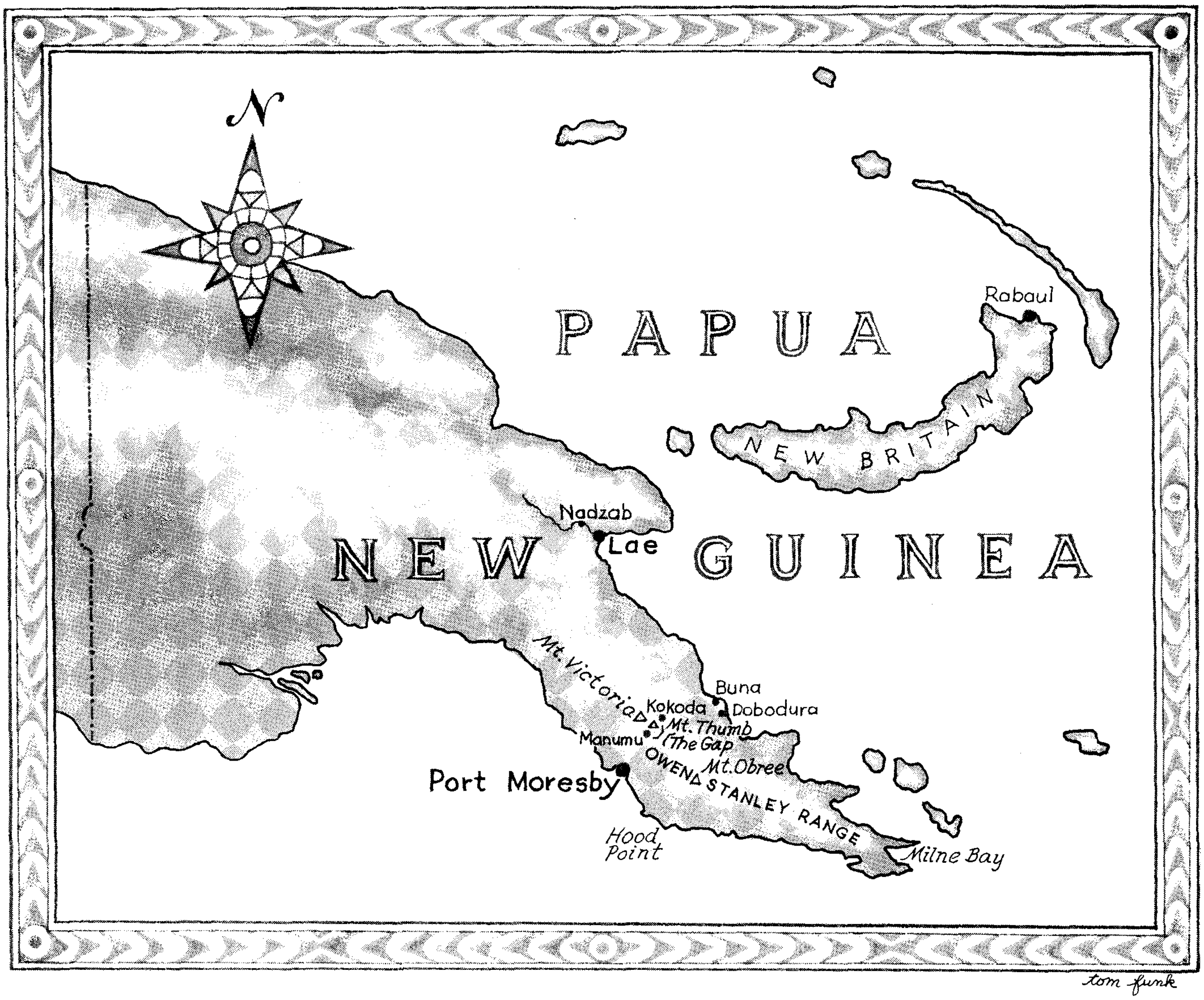
A REPORTER AT LARGE

A MISSING PLANE

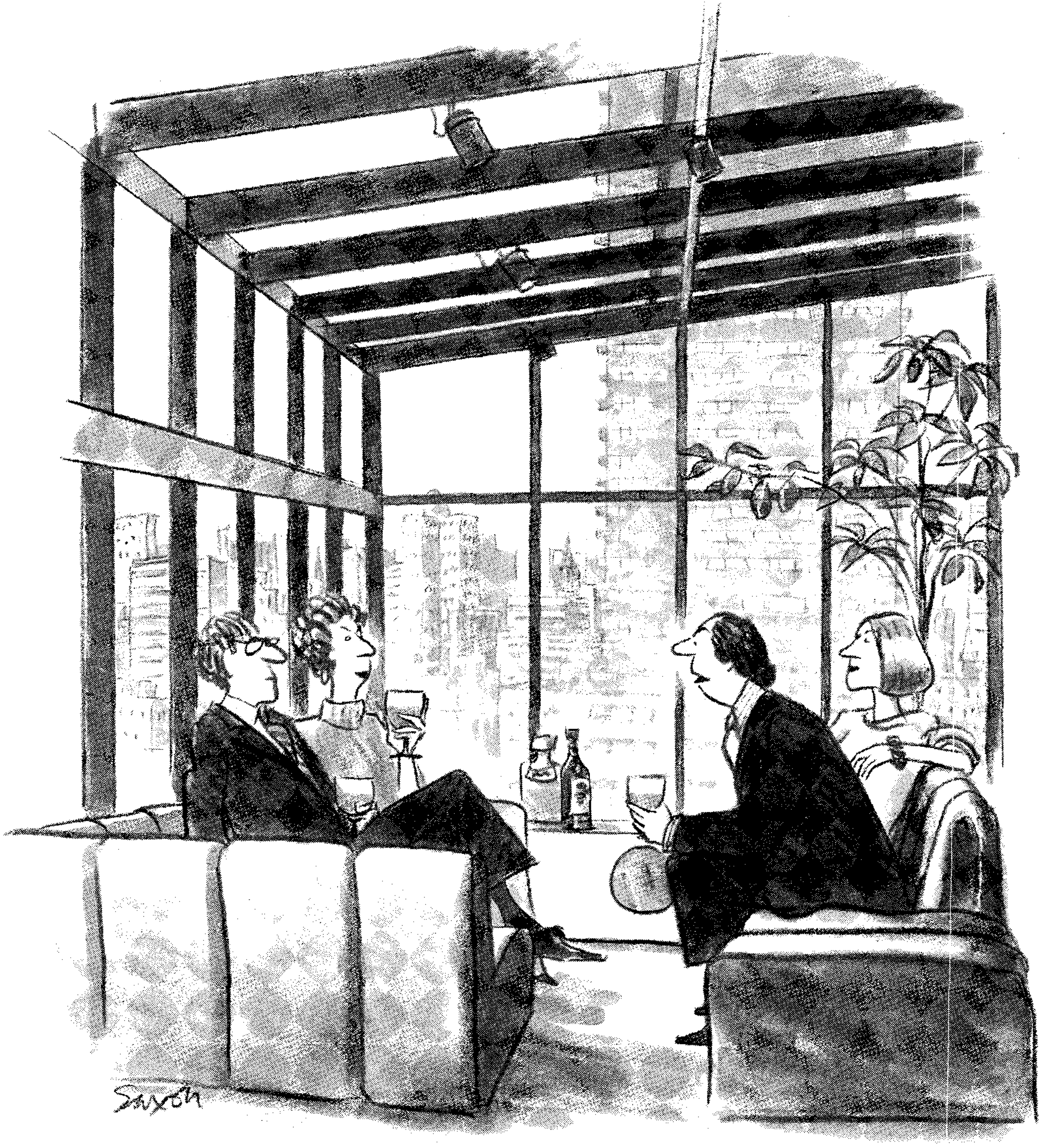
III—PILOT



ROBERT E. ALLRED's Army Air Forces record says that he was born on October 27, 1915. The Army chaplain who conducted a brief funeral for Second Lieutenant Allred on March 3, 1983, almost thirty-nine years after his death in a plane crash in New Guinea, mentioned the same date of birth as he spoke in general terms about a man who had been killed when the chaplain was only four years old. By March 3rd, the date was already on Robert Allred's tombstone, in the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, in Honolulu, because the former Mrs. Robert Allred believed that it might cause too much confusion to set the record straight. She was afraid that the process might delay the chiselling of the stone, which she wanted to see in place at the graveside ceremony. Then, too, after so many years, the date didn't really seem to make any difference.

Back in March, 1937, it had made a difference to Bob Allred, whose actual date of birth was October 27, 1916. In the spring of 1937, he had just dropped out of the State University of Iowa, in Iowa City, where he had spent two and a half years collecting C's, and had returned to his home in Des Moines, where he had an opportunity to get a job driving a truck for the Railway Express Company. He had to be twenty-one to get the job, so on March 22, 1937, he went with his father, Henry Allred, to the Bureau of Vital Statistics in Des Moines, the state capital and the seat of Polk County. In those years, a new birth certificate could be obtained on the affidavit of a relative. Mr. Allred was willing to fill out a form stating that Bob was born on October 27, 1915, in Corydon, Iowa, a small town in Wayne County: in 1937, a good job was hard to find.

Robert Edward Allred was the youngest of Mary Corbett Jennison Allred's six children. Mary Corbett was born on a farm near Corydon in 1876. When she was twenty, she married Merton Jennison, a farmer. The Jennisons had three daughters: Emily, born in 1899; Hazel, born in 1901; and Margaret, born in August, 1903, four months after Merton died of Bright's disease. At the time of Merton's death, the Jennisons were living on a farm in Confidence, Iowa, not far from Corydon. By then, the Corbetts had moved into Corydon, and Mary went to live with her parents for a while. She had fifteen steers in a



"That's just our opinion, but I believe the public feels the same way."

• •

Confidence feedlot, sold them not long after Margaret's birth, and bought a small house in Corydon with the proceeds. She supported herself and her daughters by housecleaning and washing and ironing for the more affluent Corydonians for fifteen cents an hour. In 1904, she met Henry Allred, who lived across the street with his parents.

Henry took a fancy to Mary Jennison. William and Louisa Allred didn't consider a widow with three children a suitable match for their son and let him know it. In 1906, Henry Allred left Corydon—some believed he wanted to escape his father's criticism—and went to Oklahoma. While he was visiting relatives there, he picked up a trade: he became a housepainter. In March, 1908, Mary Jennison moved to Des Moines; household jobs there seemed to pay better and to be more plentiful. Henry had gone farther west. He wrote Mary a letter from the state of Washington proposing marriage. Mary and Henry were married in Des Moines in August, 1908. Henry worked in Des Moines for a year as a painter before setting off to do some farming. His father had been a farmer until he moved to Corydon, around the turn of the century, and went into Republican politics.

Merton Jennison, who called Mary Marie, had taken her to northern Iowa (where Emily was born) and to Wisconsin (Hazel's birthplace). Henry called Mary Mollie, and took her and the three girls to Kansas and Missouri. Their son Howard was born in 1911, on the second of two Kansas farms they couldn't make a go of (droughts caused crops to fail two years in a row), and their daughter Louise was born, in 1913, in the Ozark Mountains of southern Missouri. Some forty years later, Henry showed Howard the Missouri farm. "I don't know why anyone bothered to call that small, rocky place a farm," Howard Allred said recently. "When I saw it, a guy was harboring goats on it, and the goats weren't faring too well."

Henry and Mollie returned to Corydon in 1914 and rented a hotel. "The water system for the hotel was on the roof," Emily Allred recalls. "The system was fed by a well, so the water had to be pumped to fill the tank each day. If a tramp who could do the pumping didn't come around to the back door for food from the kitchen, Margaret, Hazel, and I had to pump." Howard simply remembers the small-town hotel as being "in the same category as the Ozark farm: no star." In 1932, when Bob Allred was an eleventh grader, he submitted an autobiography to his high-school English teacher. It stated that after a year or two of running the hotel, which Bob described as "strenious" work, his parents moved to a small house. "And it was in a small but pretty home on October 27, 1916 their son Robert Edward came to bless them," he wrote. Mollie, who had only a grade-school education, had won spelling bees and prizes in public speaking. Her youngest blessing inherited her talent as a debater but not her ability to spell: "strenious" is in good misspelled company in Bob Allred's youthful autobiography.

WHEN Bob was a year old, Henry, Mollie, and their six children moved back to Des Moines, and Henry went to work painting Army barracks outside the city. The

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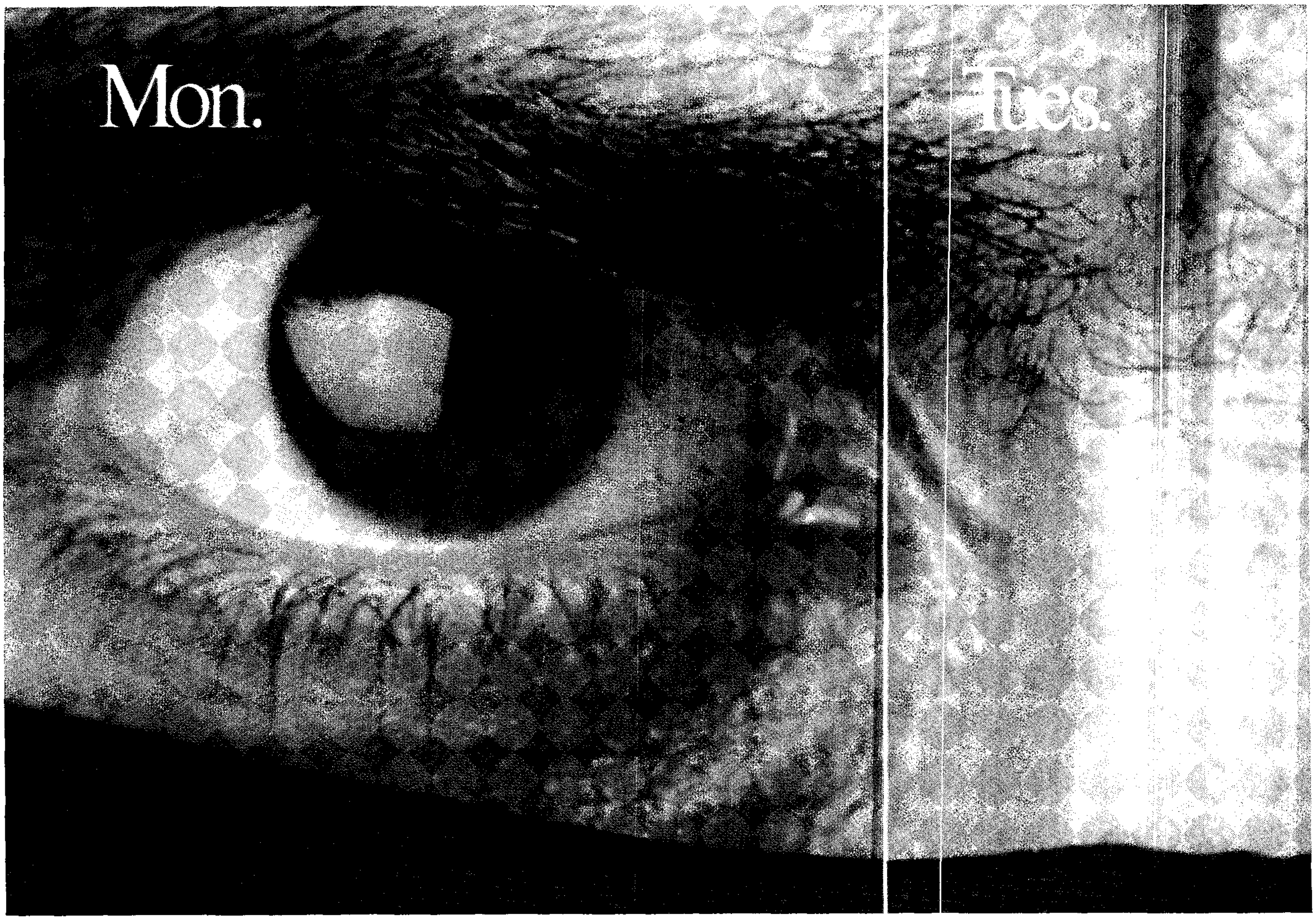

Thurs.

Fri.

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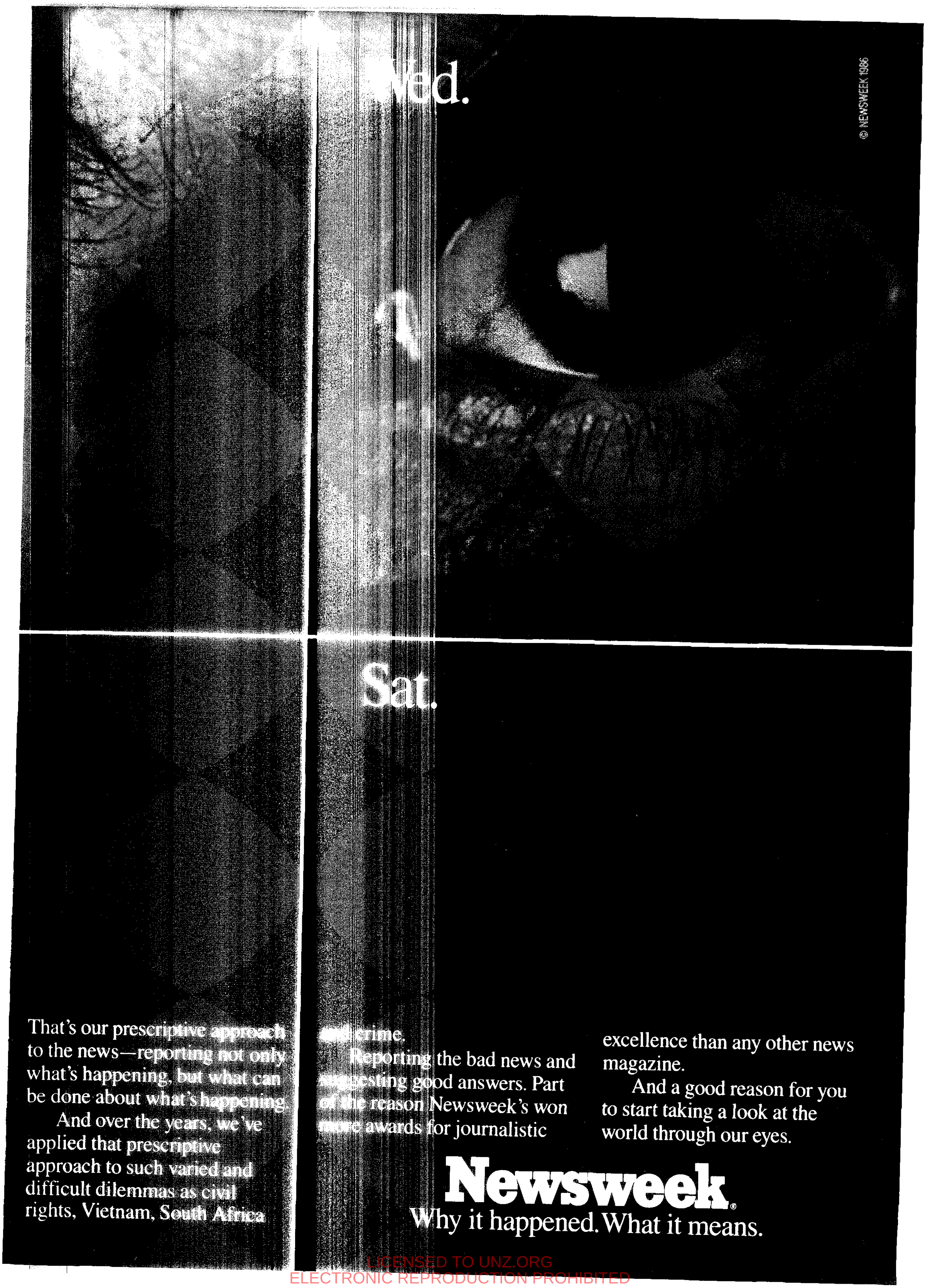

Wed.

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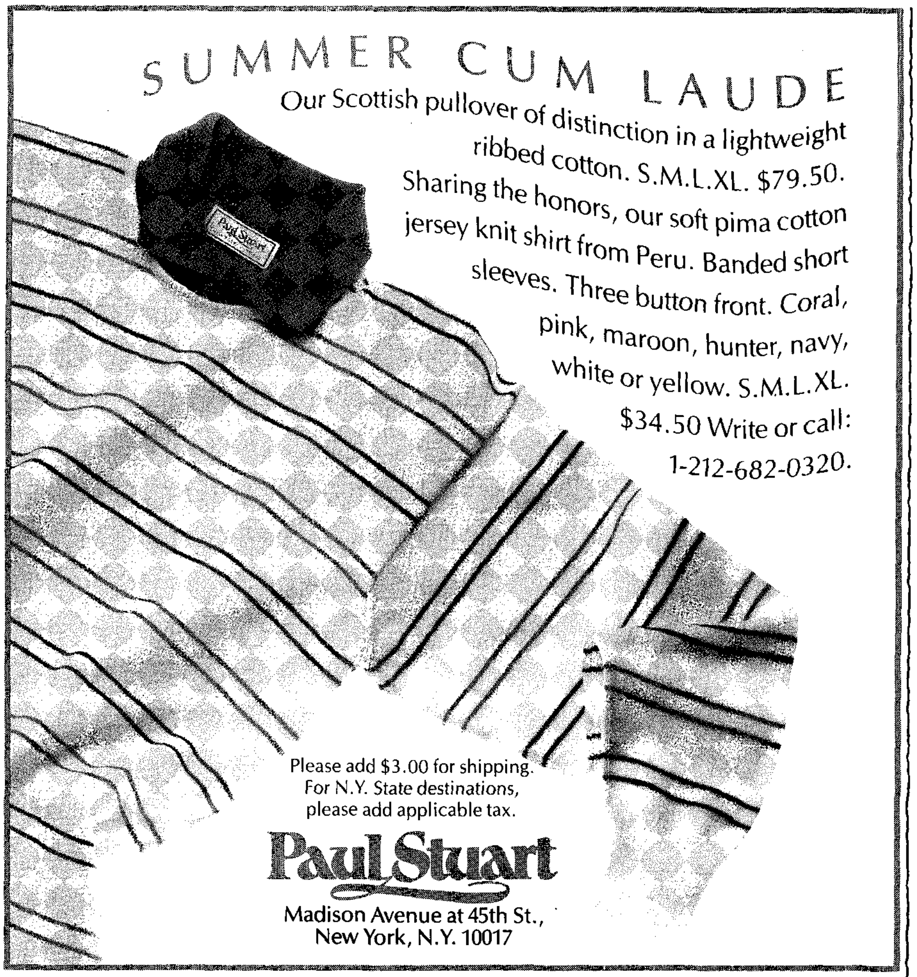

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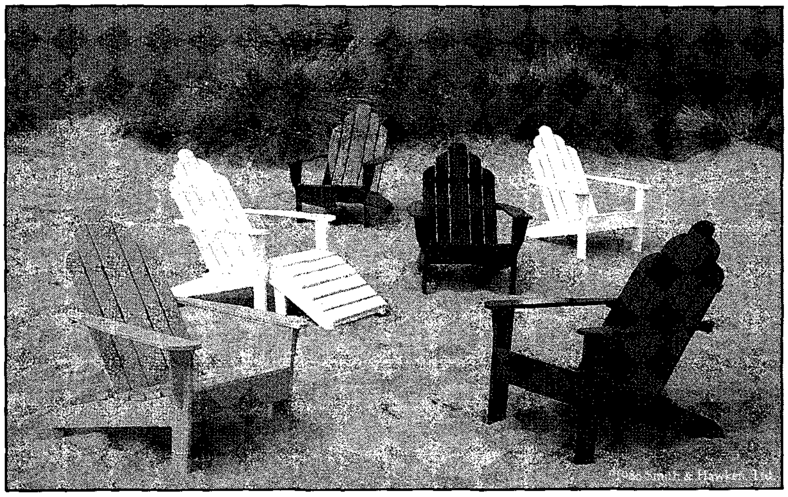

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job didn't last long, and for the next ten years he worked on and off—mostly off—as a painter for a contractor. In 1930, he became a painter at the Equitable Building. Henry was paid a dollar an hour—a fairly lofty sum during the Depression—but painting was seasonal and part time, and he hardly ever worked forty hours a week. The largest sum of money he earned in a year was eighteen hundred dollars, and that was after 1945, when he had retired from the Equitable Building and moved to California, and was working as a free-lance painter.

Henry Allred is remembered with affection by his children as a quiet, easygoing man, who asserted himself only when necessary. A few months after his marriage to Mollie, one of the Jennison girls informed Henry that he wasn't her father and so she didn't have to obey him. He gave her a licking, to let her know who was boss. From then on, Henry was her father, too. He treated all six children equally, and they became a family in which the terms "half sister" and "half brother" were not used. From then on, he was content to let his wife resume her role as family disciplinarian.

Whereas Henry wasn't a hard worker—he rarely sought supplementary employment when painting was slow—Mollie is remembered with respect as a woman who could outwork most men. There was never a year in which she canned fewer than four hundred quarts of fruits and vegetables. Whatever she didn't grow in her garden or on a vacant lot she bought from hucksters who drove their wagons around every summer peddling tomatoes, beans, peas, and corn. She was a good haggler, always getting thirteen ears of corn for the price of twelve. At various times, Mollie worked as a cook at a country club and as an unlicensed practical nurse caring for patients in their homes. She took in male boarders and at election time she solicited votes for local Republican politicians, who paid her by the telephone call. Her in-laws came to like her—especially William Allred, who, Howard has said, lived to be ninety-two without learning that "damn Democrats" was two words. She was also paid by Polk County's Juvenile Court to care for babies up for adoption until their adoption papers were complete. She became so attached to the babies that she found it difficult to give them up, and instead gave up that job after a couple of years.

"There was never any extra money

in the house," Howard recalls. "I once asked my father for a few dollars to go to a prom. 'Son, I just don't have it,' he said." Louise remembers a year shortly after the end of the First World War when the family couldn't afford a Christmas tree. That December, Mollie made what looked like a pie. The gifts she could afford were put inside the pie. Each gift had a string on it and the recipient's name, so that the recipient could pull out his or her present. Howard didn't know that the pie was an inexpensive substitute for a tree; he just thought that it was a "nifty idea." Until they were grown, the children never realized how poor they had been—partly because so many people were in straitened circumstances in those years, partly because Mollie made a dollar do the work of four or five, and partly because there was always enough food on the table for them, and an extra plate for any friends they invited. Mollie was a strong advocate of Prohibition, belonged to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and didn't want any of her children to use alcohol in her house. Henry did make home brew. One evening, he got sick when it was time to bottle the home brew. Mollie's Scots heritage got the better of her hatred of liquor, and she bottled it for him. She then quit the W.C.T.U., but she kept a dry house long after Prohibition was repealed.

Mollie, a stern, domineering woman, had a clear sense of right and wrong, which she was determined to impart to her children. She believed in living by a set of rules. Children who broke those rules got punished—not in the hereafter but swiftly, and often quite forcefully. She kept a supply of yardsticks in the four houses the Allreds occupied in Des Moines while Howard, Louise, and Bob were growing up, and used them on the three younger children as liberally as she had on the three older girls until they were twelve or thirteen. The second of the four houses had no furnace; it was heated by a large coal-burning stove in the living room. One morning, young Bob had done something especially naughty. Mollie looked for a yardstick and couldn't find any. Spring was coming, and the stove wasn't in use every day. A few days later, when she opened the stove door, there lay all the yardsticks, broken into small pieces. Her youngest son was regarded by his sisters and brother as Mollie's favorite child and also as her most defiant. All the older children addressed their parents as Mother and Dad. In high school, Bob started to call them Mollie and Henry, and got away with it.

In his autobiography, Bob Allred bragged about his youthful pranks. He had launched his business career at the age of three by taking his sisters' love letters out of their dresser drawers and selling them to some high-school boys. When a boy from up the street wouldn't lend him a tricycle, he had knocked him off the tricycle seat and climbed on. ("From then on Jack and I were the best of friends although we had our childish arguements.") He had slid down the poles of a nearby firehouse when the firemen were out on calls. One day when a special-delivery boy left a motorcycle in front of the house, Bob had decided to see what made it go. In the course of his explorations, he wrote, "I pulled the thing over and caught my leg between it and the curbing. The results were one broken leg. At first I did not mind lying in bed, because all the neighbors brought me little delicasies and my sisters were continually buying toys and story books." Four decades after Bob Allred's death, his contemporaries recall, with a certain awe, that he was the only child they had ever known who was suspended from the first grade—for giving his teacher a bad time.

Once Bob started school, there were yardsticks he couldn't break and conceal, but there were always rules to be broken. "When I was in third grade my teacher Miss McPherin and I were constantly crossing each other and of course I received the punishment consisting of the weekly sessions with the yard-stick," he wrote in his autobiography. "I don't believe anyone got more spankings than I did." In fourth grade, he continued, "again my evil spirits got the best of me, and I was deprived of my recesses for fighting."

Bob Allred remembered his graduation from elementary school as "a grand affair: parties, picnics, and all the glory of a sixth grade student about to go to Lincoln." (In 1928, Abraham Lincoln was a new combined junior high and high school on the south side of Des Moines, a working-class section in which, according to Howard, only one man earned enough money to pay income taxes.) An intelligence test given by the school board to all sixth graders gave him an "opportunity to shine in studies," he wrote. "I had always been rather low in report card ratings, but in this test, I placed third." In junior high school, Bob Allred participated in sports, held minor class offices, and developed interests in football, oratory, and dramatics, all of which he pursued in high school.

IN the nineteen-thirties, Lincoln had two graduating classes a year, two plays, and two junior-senior proms. Lincoln's winter production in January, 1933, was a play called "The Family Upstairs." Bob Allred, a junior, was cast in the role of the father; the part of his daughter was played by Juanita St.John, a senior. Juanita took a liking to Bob during rehearsals. One afternoon, she overheard two girls talking in a corridor. "I'm going to get Bob Allred to take me to the prom," one said to the other. "We'll see about that," Juanita remembers saying to herself. She later ran into Bob Allred and a group of his friends standing near the school's front entrance. "Hi, Daddy," she said, waving as she walked by. She started to date Bob Allred, went to the January prom with him, appeared with him in the spring play, and went to her last prom at Lincoln with him. Juanita was only two days older than Bob—she had skipped a grade. Her mother, Jessie St.John, had allowed her to go out in coed groups when she was fifteen, but she wasn't allowed to go out on single dates until she turned sixteen, during the fall of her senior year. Bob Allred was the first boy she dated seriously.

Juanita's father, Fremont (Monte) St.John, was a contractor who had specialized in custom-built houses until 1930, when the crash brought residential building in Des Moines to a virtual standstill. In 1933, he found work as a deputy county auditor in the Polk County Courthouse, and kept the job until 1948, when the postwar building recovery

was under way. The St. Johns struggled during Juanita's high-school years: her mother went back to work; her maternal grandparents and two aunts came to live in their small house; Juanita wore adult hand-me-down black and green satin dresses that were remade for her; and she worked at Woolworth's after school and on Saturdays. She didn't know until she arrived at the store which department she would be assigned to, but she has never forgotten that she was in kitchen utensils and pots and pans the day Bob showed up at Woolworth's to ask her for their first prom date. After graduation, she took a job as a secretary to an attorney. Juanita continued to date Bob Allred steadily during his senior year. Her six-day-a-week job prevented her from seeing him play football on Saturday afternoons, but she went to his two senior proms and watched him star in his two senior-year plays. When he graduated, he received the certificate for drama, which she had won the previous year.

After high school, Emily, Hazel, Margaret, and Louise also had to go to work, and they were expected to pay room and board to Mollie and Henry until they married. Girls of slender means had virtually no opportunity to go to college, and in the twenties and thirties usually only one or two boys went directly to college from Lincoln. Mollie made it clear to Howard from the time he was four that he was going to go to college. Her attitude toward a college education was pragmatic. It was desirable not so that Howard could appreciate Plato and Shakespeare but so that he could earn more money than a housepainter.

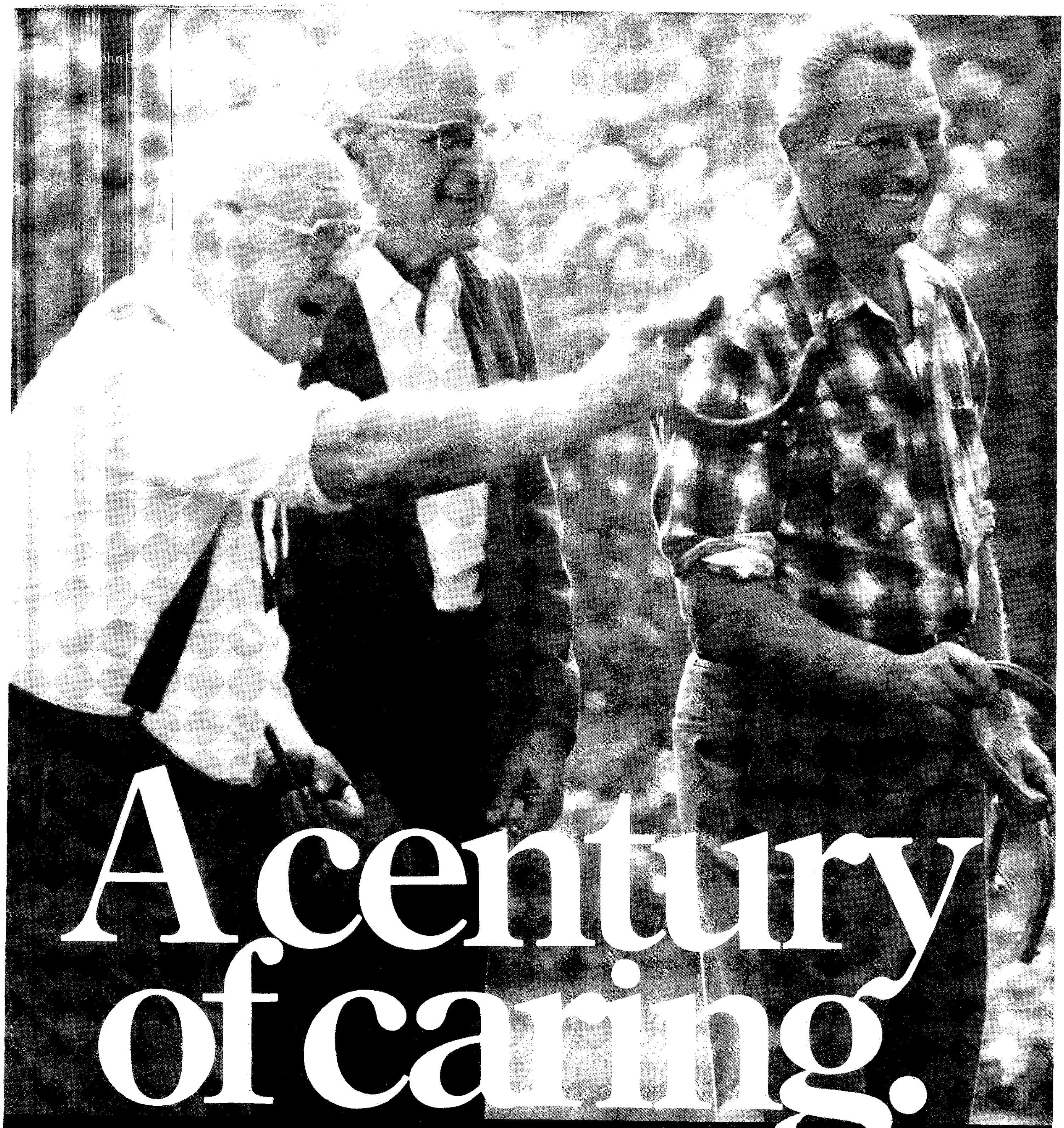
Howard made up his mind to be a lawyer, and studied hard. When he graduated from Lincoln, in January, 1928, he was president of his class and also first in his class; he won the certificate for scholarship. Since the age of twelve, he had sold newspapers, caddied, and worked as an office boy both during the school year and during the summer to pay for his own clothes. In February, 1928, he got a job as an office boy and, after asking his mother to waive room-and-board charges, he began to save some money. He went to the State University of Iowa in September, 1928, with a hundred and ten dollars. In the twenties and thirties, it was possible to complete college and law school in six years. After three years as an undergraduate, Howard entered the State University of Iowa law school; he received his B.A. after his first year of law school and his J.D. two years later. Mollie and Henry were unable to assist him; in 1930, the Des Moines bank in which they kept their money went broke, and they lost two hundred dollars. It was a lot of money for them. All that they had. Howard was able to graduate from law school in 1934 as a result of a combination of hard work, good jobs, and a seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar loan from two insurance men whom Margaret had once worked for—a loan he couldn't pay off until 1940.

Mollie was equally ambitious for Bob. Her ambitions are revealed in the last section of his eleventh-grade autobiography, entitled "Future," which reads, "My plans for the future are not very definite. My Mother wants me to accept an opportunity to enter the United States Navel Academy at Annapolis which she has secured for me through her friend Congressman C. C. Dowell. I would like to do this, but there is no opportunity to take up law, the profession which my brother has chosen and which I would like to take. But at Annapolis all expenses are paid and a salary of $700.00 a year while six years at the State University of Iowa would be quite expensive. However, I have another year or two to think this over and in the meantime I am preparing myself for Annapolis."

Bob Allred's preparations for Annapolis were invisible to others. They did not include studying. His classmates, who remember him as a popular, outgoing cutup, with a sense of humor that made him the center of attention at many a party, also remember that he ranked twenty-third in his graduating class of ninety-three, and attribute this to his high intelligence and low diligence. In September, 1934, he enrolled at the State University of Iowa. One contemporary, who says that Bob had never contemplated going to Annapolis, no matter what his mother wished, recently looked back on his friend's choice of colleges and observed, "Bob Allred always followed his own flight plan."

THERE were a few prosperous students at the State University of Iowa in the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties—students whose parents paid their school bills, gave them allowances, and provided them with cars—but most were as poor as Howard Allred had been and as his younger brother was about to be. They lacked train and bus fare, and hitchhiked to and from school. They sent their laundry home in cardboard boxes with canvas tops, for twenty-seven cents postage. They paid for their lodgings, tuition, books, and lab fees out of their savings and their earnings from summer jobs. (Like Howard, Bob had worked since he was twelve and had bought most of his clothes.) They paid for their food by taking "board jobs"—jobs for which they were paid one meal for every hour they worked—and they found additional jobs to pay for incidental expenses. Howard had worked at the Hawk's Nest, a restaurant on one of Iowa City's main streets, and Bob's first college job was washing dishes there three hours a day. He eventually improved his lot by getting a three-meal-per-day job loading food carts in the dietary department of the State of Iowa's University Hospitals.

During his freshman year, Bob roomed with Ralph Harper; they had answered the same "Room for Rent" sign posted in the window of a house in Iowa City. During his sophomore year, Bob shared a room with Noble Irving, Lincoln High '33, who had appeared with him in school plays. Their room was near campus, in the home of a Mrs. Weber. They paid her a dollar-fifty a week each—less than it cost to live in a regular college dormitory. Bob Allred and Noble Irving, a premed student who went on to become a physician, had one of two small bedrooms on the second floor of the Weber house; two other boys from Des Moines had the other bedroom, and the four shared a bathroom. (Mr. and Mrs. Weber and their daughter lived downstairs.) Irving remembers that his roommate thought that board jobs should include fringe benefits, and acted accordingly. One cold evening, he brought a gallon of Neapolitan ice cream home from the Hawk's Nest;



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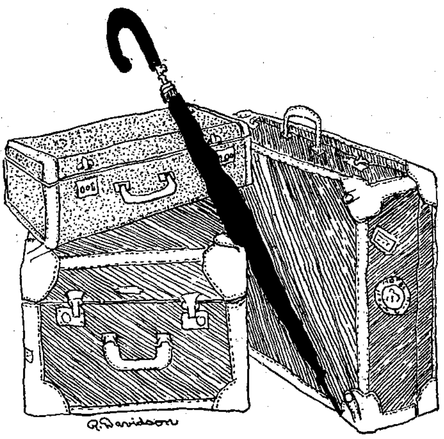
the boys ate some and set the rest out on a window ledge. The next day was warm, and when they returned from classes they saw chocolate dribbling down one of the white walls of Mrs. Weber's frame house, got a bucket, and washed the wall.

Another evening, Bob, who had a capacious jacket, used it to conceal two heavy blue wool blankets with "UNIVERSITY HOSPITALS" woven in them in large white letters. A room at Mrs. Weber's included linens but only light blankets; Bob gave Irving a blanket and put one on his own bed. The next day, Mrs. Weber asked Allred where he had got the blankets. He told her that Mr. Pangborn, the man in charge of hospital supplies, had lent them to him for the year. "She believed him," Irving recalls. "He was lucky she never checked out his story with Mr. Pangborn, who happened to be one of her close friends. But if she had Bob would have talked his way out of that, too. He was a great con artist. If he had survived the war, I think he would have gone into politics or sold the Brooklyn Bridge. He led me to believe he was going to return the blankets, but at the end of the school year he sold both blankets to a young married couple at the university. We took our belongings home each summer, and he must have known Mollie wouldn't be as easy to con as Mrs. Weber."

Bob's sister Louise remembers another of her brother's freshman-year con jobs. In 1934, a man named James Allred was elected governor of Texas. He was only distantly related to the Iowa Allreds, but Bob developed a Texas drawl and claimed to his new acquaintances at college that he was Governor Allred's son. He boasted of getting away with this to Louise, who held herself to Mollie's high standards of truth and disapproved of Bob's lies. When she asked Bob why he told lies—they were usually lies to make himself seem more important rather than lies to harm others—he answered, "It keeps me on my toes. I have to remember what I've told people, so that I won't get caught." Louise prefers to look back on her younger brother's good side. In the summer of 1935, when he was at home working to pay for his sophomore-year tuition, a boy he knew tried to wade across the Skunk River south of Des Moines; the water was too high, the boy was swept downstream, and he drowned. Bob and some of his friends spent most of the night diving for the body. Bob caught typhoid fever, had to stay in bed for several weeks, and temporarily lost some of his hair, but was soon none the worse for wear. Several years later, Louise's infant daughter caught scarlet fever. For five days, she ran a temperature of a hundred and five degrees. It was before penicillin, and the doctors were unable to treat her. Bob came over to Louise's house, sat and held the baby for hours, and cried. Louise and her husband didn't get scarlet fever; Bob did.

There were times during the 1935-1936 academic year when Irving didn't have three cents to mail a letter, but in May, 1936, he had about six dollars from laboratory-fee refunds, and Bob had somehow saved up six dollars, too. They decided that as soon as final exams were over they would hitchhike to Indianapolis to watch the five-hundred-mile car race over Memorial Day weekend. Bob's last exam—accounting—was a day or two before Irving's. While Irving was taking his last exam, Allred went to the Commerce Building, where the grades in accounting had been posted. He saw he had flunked the exam and the semester course. He left Irving a note in their room at Mrs. Weber's: "Dear Nobe, I flunked Accounting, I'm no good. I'm going to make it somewhere else. Would you mind calling my mother and Juanita to tell them I'm running away. Bob." When Irving found the note, he called Louise and read it to her. She wasn't upset, nor was Juanita, although she considered it uncharacteristic of Bob to run away from a problem. He hadn't been unduly concerned about flunking French the previous semester, and, like Irving, Louise and Juanita knew that Bob tended to talk his way out of trouble.

That evening, Irving and a friend went to a soda fountain-poolroom near campus. When Irving glanced up from the pool table, there was Bob. "What the hell did you come back for?" Irving asked. "I had it all arranged for you to be away." Bob sheepishly explained that he had hitched a ride with a truck driver, who had listened to his troubles, helped him put them in perspective, and persuaded him to go back to college. Irving was glad to see him: he had been looking forward to the race. The boys left for Indianapolis the next morning, had a splendid time, returned to the university with fifty cents apiece, and then headed home for the summer.



During the first semester of his junior year, Bob Allred got six C's. He then left the State University of Iowa for good. There was no way he could earn or borrow enough money to pursue a law degree at Iowa for three and a half more years. And there was the prospect of a decent job at home: the opening at Railway Express, where Emily had once worked. She recommended him for the position, Henry helped him acquire the birth certificate that made him twenty-one, and he became an expressman. Bob planned to work for a year and a half and then enter the Des Moines College of Law, a night law school, for four years. It would take longer, but the Des Moines College of Law charged lower tuition than Iowa, it admitted students with only two years of college, granting them an LL.B. after four years, and he could continue to work days while studying law at night. In 1934, he had been keen on going away to college and receiving his J.D. degree from the State University of Iowa (a more distinguished school and degree), but he was more fun-loving and less studious than Howard. After being a big fish in a small high-school pond and getting B's without really trying, he never quite adjusted to being a small fish in a big state-university pond. He also missed home, and Juanita.

BEFORE Bob left for college, Juanita had told him she would no longer go steady with him. She knew he would date girls at the university—he had gone steady with seven girls at one time before she met him, and was reputed to be a ladies' man—and she had no intention of sitting home alone while he was out amusing himself with a blue-eyed blond co-worker in the dietary department. Bob and Juanita saw each other when he came home for weekends and vacations. One weekend early in his sophomore year, Bob returned home unexpectedly. Juanita had a date. Bob asked her to break it, and she refused. They didn't speak for several months, and saw each other infrequently over the next year and a half.

In the spring of 1937, Bob Allred telephoned Juanita at the Atlas Finance Company, where she had been working for a year as a cashier, and invited her out for lunch. She was paying her parents room and board but was able to afford some new clothes on the layaway plan on her eighteen-dollar-a-week salary. (The black and green satin party dresses she had had to wear during her high-school years were not what a teen-ager would have chosen.) She was pleased that she was dressed up in a new red coat with a fur collar the day Bob happened to call. They ate sandwiches and drank malts in his parents' car—she had a strict sixty-minute lunch hour—and although they had scarcely seen each other since the fall of 1935 he asked her to marry him.

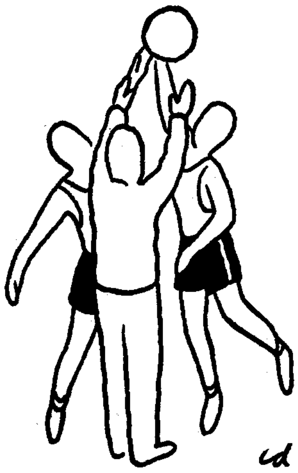
"Isn't this a little sudden?" she inquired.

"After all these years?" he replied.

She accepted his proposal, he bought her a diamond engagement ring, and they set their wedding date: they would be married in August, 1938, a month before he started law school.

During their long engagement, Juanita worked steadily at Atlas and saved for the wedding. Bob, except when he was laid off for brief periods, drove a truck for Railway Express and saved for law school.

The St.Johns had lived in Fort Des Moines, then an unincorporated town outside the city limits, since 1914, and attended the Fort Des Moines Presbyterian Church. Juanita Alice St.John and Robert Edward Allred were married there in a double-ring ceremony on Friday, August 5, 1938, at eight in the evening. At seven-thirty, a thunderstorm had caused a power failure. Candles were lit, but the lights came back on just as Juanita started to walk down the aisle on her father's arm. The wedding photograph shows a pretty, dark-haired, slender bride, who looked younger than her twenty-one years, wearing a white georgette wedding gown with a train, and a tall, dark, and handsome bridegroom in a white summer suit. (At five feet eleven inches, Bob was by far the tallest member of the Allred family. Mollie and Henry were plain-looking and of average height.) The church was small and simple, but Monte St.John, who was a carpenter by trade, had decorated it by building a wooden arch, which he painted white and covered with wisteria. The wedding party posed in front of it. Juanita and Bob had eight attendants. Howard, who was on his way to becoming a successful insurance-company lawyer, was his brother's best man. Ralph Harper and Noble Irving were ushers. Juanita's only sister, Marilyn, who was twelve, was the junior bridesmaid. A traditional tiered wedding cake, unspiked punch, coffee, nuts, and mints were served to two hundred guests at a reception in the church basement immediately following the ceremony. Howard drove the bride and groom, still in their wedding finery, from the church, by way of a hospital, to a furnished apartment they had rented. One of Juanita's aunts, who was supposed to have been her matron of honor, had fallen ill at the last minute, and Juanita had promised to visit her before the evening was over.



Juanita and Bob took their annual two-week vacations and spent their honeymoon at home. There were many wedding presents to open, many thank-you notes to write, and no money for a wedding trip. In September, Bob would have to pay eighty-five dollars for his first semester of law school. Just before her two-week vacation was over, Juanita received a letter from the office manager at Atlas Finance Company informing her that she had been fired and should come in to clean out her desk. Years later, the owner of Atlas asked Juanita why she had quit, and told her she could have become a topnotch loan officer; the office manager's letter seemed even more mysterious then than it had in 1938. Getting fired proved to be a stroke of luck. With Mollie's help, Juanita found a job as a clerk in the Polk County Juvenile Court, under Judge Joseph E. Meyer. The pay was better, and the work more to her liking. "Putting an occasional kid on the right track was more worthwhile than figuring out the interest on someone's loan," she said recently. Judge Meyer was a kind man—after Bob went into the service he gave Juanita a leave of absence whenever she had an opportunity to be with him—and she worked at the Juvenile Court for more than ten years.

Bob put in long hours—behind the wheel of his truck, attending law classes, and studying in the law library or at the dining-room table. He had learned that he couldn't coast through law school, and worked hard to earn B's. Juanita worked at the court and kept busy with household chores. Although she remembers the four law-school years as "a struggle," she also remembers that she and Bob had their share of inexpensive good times. A neighbor might bake a cake and ask them over for coffee, cake, and a game of cards. They went on picnics, and invited friends for Sunday dinner. Sunday evenings, they took their leftovers to Mollie and Henry's, where all the children who still lived in Des Moines were expected to gather for a potluck supper. Bob and Juanita never owned a car, but they went on an occasional long drive with the St.Johns or the Allreds, most often to visit relatives. In 1939, they moved from the furnished apartment to an unfurnished house—they wanted more space—and started to acquire some furniture, borrowing a piece here, buying a piece there. They also bought an English bulldog, which they named Lord Jeeves.

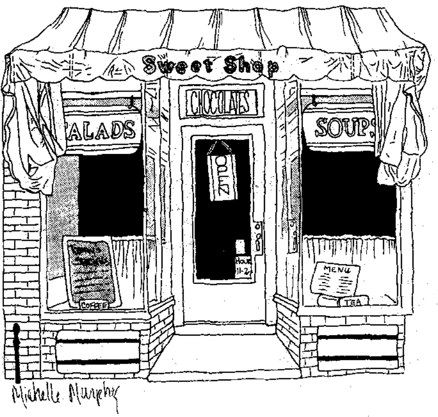
The dog enjoyed a friendly round of wrestling on the floor with Juanita and Bob, chewed up all four legs of their wedding-gift card table, looked ferocious (in appearance, he was a perfect watchdog), but was always gentle with children. When Bob's young nieces came to visit and played too rough, Jeeves, though he weighed seventy-five pounds, disappeared, and returned after their departure; Juanita never discovered his hiding place. In 1940, the Allreds borrowed money from a savings-and-loan association and started to build a house of their own on Diehl Avenue, in Fort Des Moines, three blocks from the St.Johns' home. Monte St.John and Bob Allred did most of the planning and labor but had considerable help from Bob's four brothers-in-law and from Henry Allred, who painted the house outside and in. Juanita and Bob moved into their new house, which had two bedrooms, in the summer of 1941. That September, the Des Moines College of Law closed; its president was planning to enlist in the military. Drake, the only other law school in Des Moines, agreed to accept its students, to continue night classes for them, and to award them their law degrees.

In March, 1942, three months after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Bob Allred sought recommendations from his boss at Railway Express, from an assistant Polk County attorney who was a family friend, and from Polk County's deputy auditor, Monte St.John. He attached these three recommendations to his application to join the Army Air Forces. The Army Air Corps had come into existence in 1926 as a result of the effort of Army airmen to establish a separate air service. In June, 1941, nine months before Bob Allred sought admission to this élite outfit, the Army Air Corps became the Army Air Forces, acquiring greater autonomy from the rest of the Army, but the term Army Air Corps continued to be used even in some official correspondence until an independent Air Force was established, in 1947.

As a student and a married man, Bob Allred could have waited for the draft to catch up with him—if he had been willing to take a chance on his military destiny. He was disinclined to wind up in the infantry. Infantrymen walked. He was an adventurous, socially ambitious, cocky young man. He preferred to fly. To become an aviation cadet, you had to be between the ages of eighteen and twenty-six. According to his revised birth certificate, Bob Allred was twenty-six and a half in the spring of 1942 and had no time to waste. In April, when he first approached an Army Air Forces recruiter, Bob Allred flunked the eye test. He went to an optometrist, did a great many eye exercises, drank gallons of carrot juice, and passed the eye test on his second try. On May 2, 1942, right after finishing his last law-school exam, he walked from his house to the recruiting station at Fort Des Moines. He took a stiff written examination, which tested his vocabulary, his reading comprehension, his math, and his ability to reason. One of his future acquaintances recalled a typical question: If you had to make a six-hundred-mile flight and you flew one-third of it at a hundred and fifty miles per hour, one-third at a hundred and and eighty miles per hour, and one-third at two hundred miles per hour, how long would the flight take? Bob Allred passed the written exam, was given another physical, and enlisted in the Army Air Forces.

IN 1942, the United States had to transform the small Army Air Corps into the mighty Army Air Forces. Hundreds of thousands of young men were as eager as Robert Allred to go off "into the wild blue yonder." Although only a small percentage of the multitude of applicants passed the aviation-cadet exam, the country lacked sufficient schools, instructors, and facilities to accommodate those who did; prospective cadets usually faced a wait of quite a few months. In late May, Private Robert E. Allred, 17067422, was sent to radio school at Scott Field, Illinois. He did his basic training there and began to acquire a Military Occupation Specialty as a radio operator while marking time for his orders to report for cadet training. On August 15th, his wait was over. Robert Allred, LL.B. (Drake had granted him his law degree on June 6th in absentia, and he had been admitted to the Iowa bar without taking the bar exam, a courtesy extended to all law-school graduates who entered the service at the time), was sent to the San Antonio Army Air Corps Center, a large base with a newly opened cadet section, and was officially appointed a cadet. He and the thousands of other cadets were at San Antonio for two purposes. The first was Classification. During their first two weeks at San Antonio, they were given physical examinations for flying and a series of tests to determine whether they would be classified and trained as pilots, bombardiers, or navigators—or eliminated from the program.

There were many tests for manual dexterity. One entailed rolling five BBs into five shallow holes within a prescribed period of time. Once the first was in place, the trick was to keep it there while getting the others into holes. There were also tests for depth perception. The cadets had to look at two posts through the narrower end of a long, lighted box. Two strings coming out of the box were attached to the posts. The objective was to manipulate the strings until the two posts were lined up. Pilots naturally required the greatest degree of physical coördination and dexterity; bombardiers also required a considerable amount, especially in depth perception; navigators needed the least. Henry Webster, a future acquaintance of Bob Allred's, hoped to become a pilot when he went to a Classification Center at Santa Ana, California, in December, 1942; he couldn't get the posts closer together than six or eight inches and was classified as a navigator. Like Allred, ninety per cent of the cadets wanted to become pilots, but there were a few—some former math instructors, for instance—with a definite preference for navigation. Some of these got their first choice; others were classified as pilots. "The bottom line was always what the Army Air Corps needed on any particular day in any particular place," a mathematician who was classified as a pilot recently recalled.



Classification took between two and three weeks. Allred was classified a pilot and moved from his tent in the Classification Center to a barracks for five or six weeks of Pre-Flight training, the second purpose of his presence at San Antonio.

Allred's contemporaries recall Pre-Flight as a mixture of basic training—there was a daily dose of calisthenics, close-order rifle drill, marching (to and from the mess hall, among other places), running, polishing belt buckles, and dusting footlockers—and an abridged version of plebe year at West Point. Cadets in Pre-Flight were made to respond instantly to orders and were disciplined for any failure to carry them out. In some Pre-Flight centers, "upperclassmen" (cadets who had started Pre-Flight a few weeks earlier) hazed the new cadets. Officers conducted Saturday-morning inspection wearing white gloves. Sometimes an officer ran a clean white glove he was wearing on his right hand over ledges and footlockers and then, at the end of the inspection, held up the dirty white glove he had been wearing on his left hand. "Cadets could be assigned to march up and down on a tour with or without a parachute strapped to their backs for any infraction," Robert Dent recalled. Dent and

William Bauder were two cadets who went through Pre-Flight training at San Antonio at the same time as Allred. Bill Bauder remembers being scheduled from reveille (6 A.M.) to taps (10 P.M.) seven days a week. If he wasn't outdoors, he was in a classroom being taught subjects like aircraft-and-ship identification. "Cadets could go to church for two hours on Sunday if they wanted to," Bill Bauder says, "but if they chose not to go they didn't stay idle. They studied." They didn't get off the base, either. Many Second World War pilots still look back on their weeks in Pre-Flight as a period of quarantine. There was a reason for the testing of nerves and discipline: those who made it through cadet flight training would be commissioned second lieutenants.

In September of 1942, Juanita asked Judge Meyer for time off and took a train from Des Moines to San Antonio to be near Bob. It was her first train ride, and she remembers feeling frightened as well as naïve because she didn't know how to find the bathroom on a train. In San Antonio, Juanita stayed at the house of a childhood friend whose father, a career Army officer, was stationed there. She found work typing tax statements in a San Antonio courthouse—a boring job—just to make a little money and have something to do. "I occasionally got on a bus and rode out to the base, but that didn't mean I'd see Bob," Juanita says. "Most of my contact with Bob in San Antonio was by telephone. During the weeks I was in San Antonio, Bob got off the base just once." The wives of other cadets were in a similar predicament. Bill Bauder's wife, Helen, worked for a dentist in San Antonio and saw her husband three times in two months.

PRIOR to 1942, Primary, Basic, and Advanced Flying Training—the three principal phases in pilot training—had taken a year. Once the country was at war, the tempo of pilot training was accelerated. Each phase was cut to nine weeks, with nine weeks added for Classification/Pre-Flight. When Robert Allred's Pre-Flight course at San Antonio ended, on October 10, 1942, he and his fellow cadet-pilots were dispersed to numerous Primary Training Schools. Bob Allred and Bill Bauder were among the cadets transferred to Hicks Field, fifteen miles north of Fort Worth. One reason was alphabetical. The great majority of men from various Pre-Flight schools who were sent to Hicks had surnames beginning with the letters "A," "B," "S," "T," and "W;" there were virtually no men whose last names began with "C," "D," "P," or "R" at Hicks that October. (Bob Dent was sent to Primary School at Grider Field, in Pine Bluff, Arkansas.) When Allred, Bauder, and Dent entered Pre-Flight, they had become members of Class 43-D, because if they completed their pilot training on schedule they would receive their wings in April, 1943. The alphabet was also imposed on the calendar: "A" designated January, the first month of the year. April, the fourth month, was "D."

Primary was where most cadets—including Robert Allred, who had never flown before he went into the service—were introduced to an airplane. The plane was most likely to be a Primary Trainer 19, or PT-19, a slow, single-engine two-seater with dual controls, which one of Allred's contemporaries has described as "a nice plane to learn on—it was very forgiving." In Primary, each cadet was usually given a brief ride in a PT-19 (or a similar plane), just to get him used to being off the ground. The instructor told him to tighten his safety belt and pull his goggles down, and to "hold on" as the instructor taxied, took off, climbed to three hundred feet, made a left turn, made another left turn, and then made two more left turns (this was called "the pattern"), descended, landed, and taxied back to the edge of the field. The next day, the instructor would take the cadet up for half an hour and let him handle the controls on level flying and making gentle turns; he would show him some stalls, spins, and rolls. If the cadet reacted favorably (some, during the first or second demonstration, got airsick), the instructor would begin to teach him how to do takeoffs and how to "shoot" landings. After eight or ten hours of instruction, the cadet was expected to be ready to solo. Some men who found themselves up in the air alone for the first time lost their nerve. Just before they were to touch down, they would give the plane the throttle, go around again, come in for a landing, "give it the gun," and repeat the pattern several times before they found the courage to land; once they finally got back on the ground, they were through with flying. Many men couldn't get the feel of flying or were slow learners; in 1942, if a cadet wasn't soloing after ten hours of instruction the Air Corps couldn't afford to keep him and washed him out. Allred loved flying from the first day, took to it easily, and soloed after seven hours and forty-six minutes. Once a cadet had soloed, the instructor started him doing a lot of spins and stalls and taught him more advanced maneuvers—chandelles, loops, and lazy-eights.

During Primary, whenever the cadets weren't airborne they were attending ground school. Again, they were shown silhouettes of Japanese, German, British, and American airplanes and ships. They undertook studies of aircraft engines and airframes, weather, communication in code, and aerial navigation, and they were drilled, inspected, disciplined, and kept occupied for between fourteen and sixteen hours a day, six or seven days a week. Some recall a couple of Sundays when they were free to go off base.

When Bob Allred completed Primary Training School at Hicks Field, on December 10, 1942, he had a total of sixty hours' flying time—about twenty-six and a half hours' dual time, logged with an instructor, and about thirty-three and a half hours' solo time—enough to put him approximately on a par with a civilian pilot able to pass a private-pilot's-license test and a written exam. Two hundred and twenty men started Primary at Hicks in October, 1942. A booklet called "The Men of Hicks, Class of 43-D" includes photographs of the cadets who made it through Primary. It has head-and-shoulder shots of only a hundred and thirty-nine young men, wearing leather jackets and helmets, their goggles resting on their foreheads. Between July, 1939, and August, 1945, 193,444 pilots graduated from flying school and about a hundred and twenty-four thousand trainees washed out, mostly during Primary, among them the eighty-one at Hicks Field in the fall of 1942.

Juanita followed Bob from San Antonio to Fort Worth in October. In December, she returned to Des Moines. She had been away more than two months and couldn't afford to lose her job. Bob Allred had a shorter journey. On December 16, 1942, he began Basic Flying Training at Perrin Field, in Sherman, Texas, a country town about eighty miles north of Fort Worth.

Basic was essentially a continuation of Primary in a larger, faster, more powerful, and more sophisticated two-seater—generally a Basic Trainer 13, or BT-13. In Primary, the instructors were civilians. From Basic on, they were Army Air Forces officers. In Primary, the cadet-pilots flew visually; in Basic, they started to learn flying with no visual reference to the ground—instrument flying. They spent hours in a Link Trainer, a small, boxlike ground-training device that enclosed a simulated aircraft cockpit, with flight controls, a radio, and full blind-flying instrumentation. The cockpit interior was filled with an eerie purple haze, produced by ultraviolet lighting, which also caused the instrument markings to give off a luminescent, greenish-yellow glow. A Link Trainer was no place for someone with claustrophobia. The cadet-pilot was locked away in a solitary violet-and-yellow world, his only contact with the outside coming through his headset—a gentle intoning of radio signals or, occasionally, the voice of the instructor issuing directions for practice maneuvers. An hour of this was considered a good workout for a beginner. At the close of the session, the cadet would alight from his box to view the results of his efforts: a tiny tracing pen, called "the bug," had recorded his many turnings on a roll of paper. The instructor would point out errors and make suggestions for more precision in instrument flying. For training in the air, a hood installed over the student's portion of the cockpit limited his vision to the aircraft interior. The fledgling pilot could then practice instrument flying while the instructor, in the rear seat, served as lookout and safety pilot.

During Basic, the cadets were introduced to formation flying and were also allowed to fly short cross-country hops, both day and night, instead of simply flying in the vicinity of the home airfield. They would make up a flight plan to get from Point A to Point B, select an alternative airport, at C, in the event that B was socked in, and figure out how much fuel they would need to get from A to B, on to C, and back to A, with thirty minutes' fuel to spare. Ground school continued, and so did limited time off base, but Allred's contemporaries remember receiving slightly better treatment in Basic, because, as Bob Dent puts it, "the brass figured we'd be around longer."

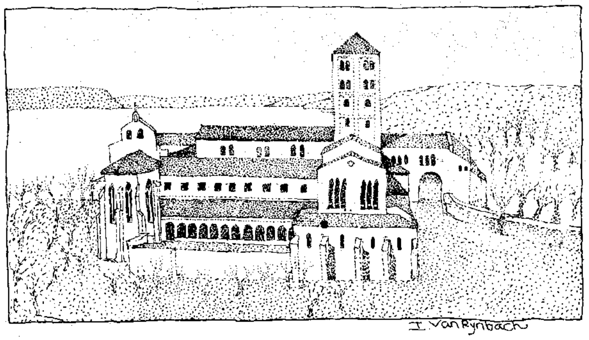
Shortly before Bob Allred successfully completed Basic Flying School at Perrin, where he had flown a total of eighty hours and forty minutes, he was asked to express a preference for Single-Engine Advanced Flying School (where half the class would be sent) or Multi-Engine Advanced (where the other half would go). Most Second World War fighters had one engine; most transports and fighter-bombers had two engines; and heavy bombers had four. Allred and Bauder wanted to fly bombers, and got their wish: on February 18, 1943, they reported to the Army Air Forces Advanced Flying School at Altus, Oklahoma. A majority of the airbases in the country were in the Southeast or in Texas or California, where the weather permitted year-round flying.

At Altus, Allred and Bauder flew two types of two-engine advanced trainers—the AT-9 (which Bauder considered "a very difficult craft to fly and a real test for student pilots") and the AT-17 ("easy to fly and reliable"). Their cross-country flights were longer; a higher percentage of their flying was done at night; they continued to do their own radio communicating and to perfect their formation flying. The instrument-flight "check rides" they were required to pass grew more difficult. The demand for increasing precision in proper radio procedures and in navigation, and for strict adherence to prescribed altitudes and compass headings, continued to weed out the less competent cadets. By the time Bob Allred passed his last test at Altus, on April 15th, he had flown more than a hundred and nineteen hours in Advanced, about sixty-nine of them as pilot, the rest as co-pilot. During the following week, he was discharged from the Army, commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Forces, assigned an officer's serial number, 0-679012, to replace his enlisted man's serial number, and given a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar clothing allowance. He gave himself an extra inch when reporting his height on his new records. A week later, his new uniforms gleamed with a second lieutenant's gold-plated bars and a pilot's sterling-silver wings.

Several weeks earlier, Juanita had joined Bob at Altus, a small town with little to offer in the way of housing and less in the way of employment. She lived in an attic bedroom in the house of an elderly couple, wrote letters home, often ate alone at a café in the town square, and did some cooking (the room had kitchen privileges) when Bob was able to get off base. Juanita was there for a dinner dance held in the Armory at Altus on Wednesday evening, April 21st, and she and also Mollie and Henry, who had driven out from Des Moines, were in the Post Theatre at nine o'clock the following morning to see Bob graduate from the Army Air Forces Advanced Flying School of Altus, Oklahoma, with the Class of 43-D.

The men were prouder of the silver wings than of the gold bars. Bob bought a pair of wings for his wife and a pair for his mother. Mollie wore hers until her death, eleven years later. Some of the men had been lured from the infantry, from field-artillery units, and from low-paying civilian jobs into the Army Air Forces by money as well as glamour: in 1942, privates were paid fifty dollars a month, aviation cadets seventy-five dollars a month. As the Army Air Forces recruitment posters advertised—posters that featured pretty girls smiling at cadets—second lieutenants were paid a hundred and fifty dollars a month plus seventy-five dollars a month in flight pay for every month they flew at least four hours. Bob Allred began to earn two hundred and twenty-five dollars a month in May.

On April 22nd, the graduates were given ten-day leaves. Juanita and Bob drove home to Des Moines, where they were entertained at a round of parties. Before leaving Altus, the second lieutenants had been handed their next assignments. Some would be going to a troop-carrier group in Del Valle, Texas; some were bound for Pyote, Texas, to train in B-17s; Allred and Bauder were two of thirty men from Altus



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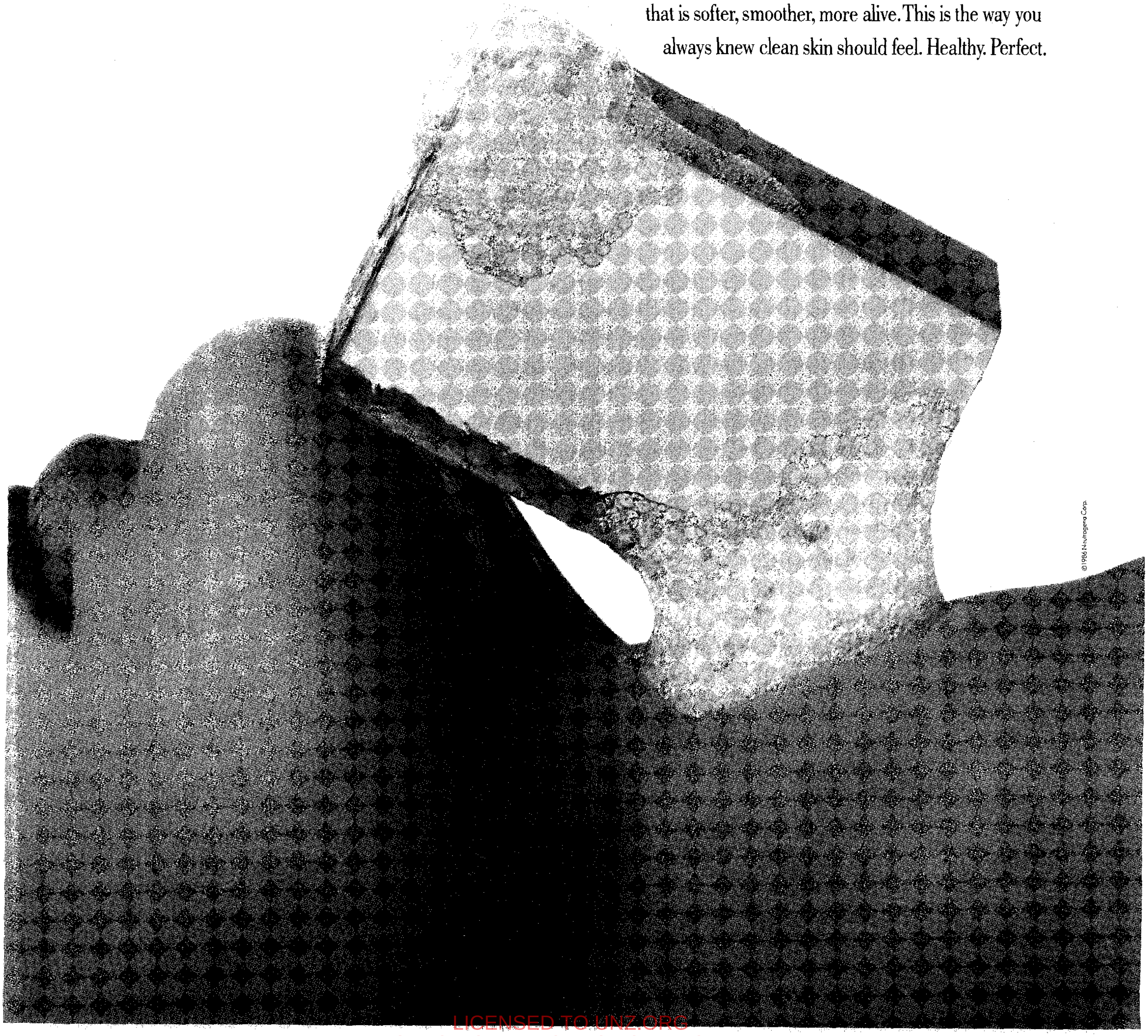

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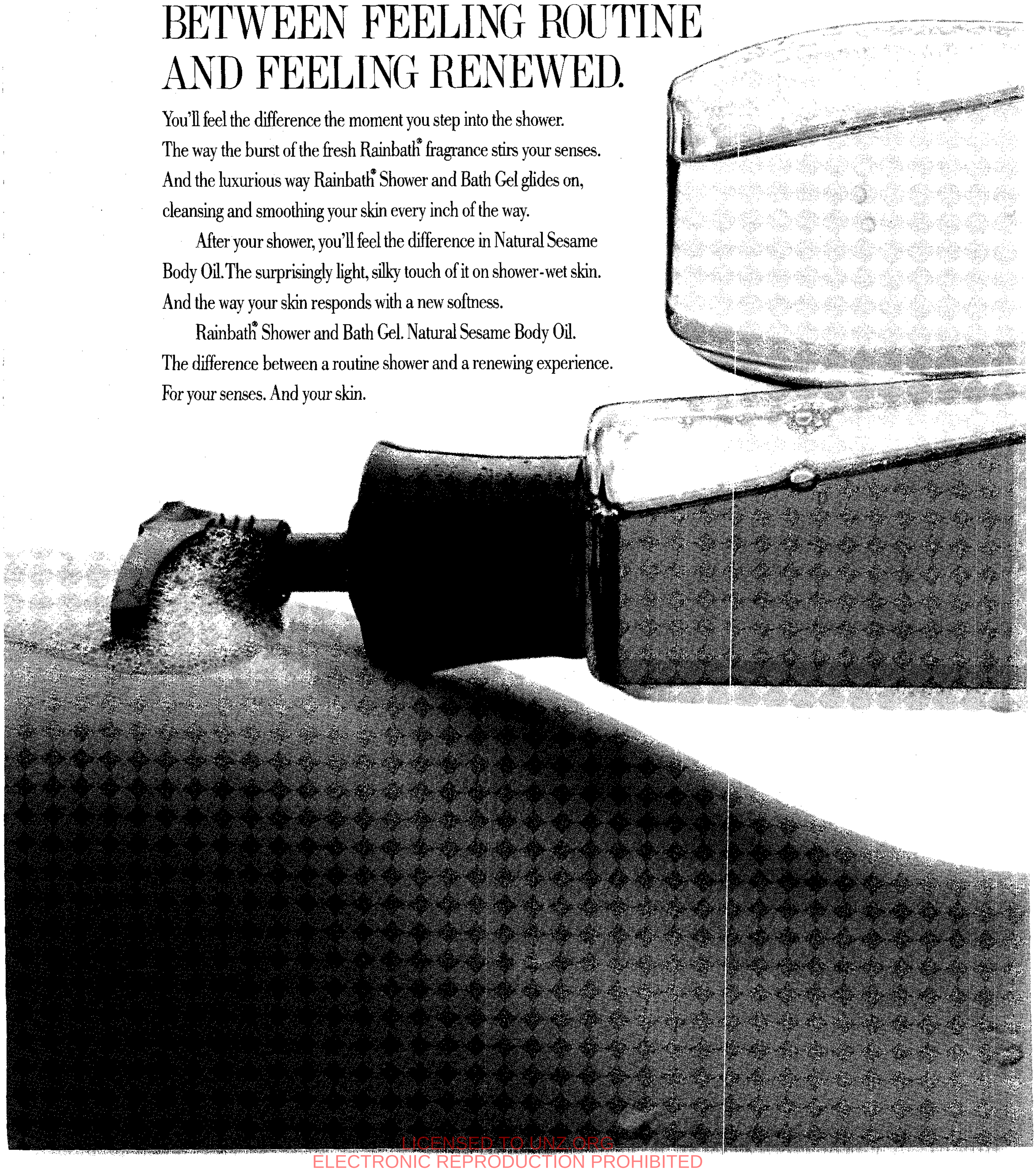

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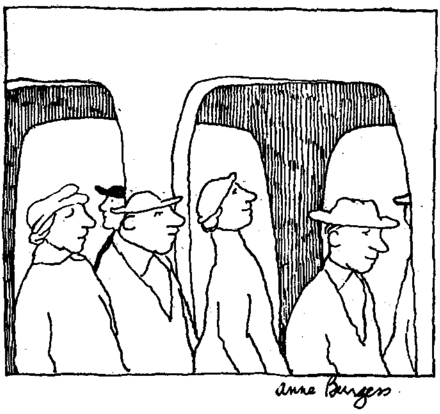
43-D assigned to Four-Engine-Transition School at Tarrant Field, a new field on the outskirts of Fort Worth, where they would learn to fly B-24s.

IN 1969, David Becker, a pilot who had flown a B-24 across the Pacific the same week as Bob Allred, wrote a letter in the form of a memoir to his son. Becker, a jeweller in Terre Haute, was then nearing the age of fifty. "Looking back, I cannot say that to me my life has been dull, but I must admit that it has been quite routine and undistinguished," he wrote. "However, there was one four-year period in my life that was neither routine or uneventful. Those were the years that I spent in the service in World War II during 1942, 1943, 1944, and 1945."

It was those four years that Becker dwelt on in his letter-memoir. He recalled that he got his first glimpse of a B-24 in the spring of 1943, at an airfield near Houston where he was taking Multi-Engine Advanced Training. "Honest to God, it was the biggest damn plane I had ever seen," he wrote. "The lieutenant who had flown it in said we could enter through the forward bomb bay, walk along the catwalk, go through the hatch, get up into the flight deck, and look around. I had never seen so many instruments, dials, radios, knobs, and buttons in my life. I was sure then that I wanted to fly a B-24, but I remember thinking, How in the devil could a guy learn to fly a monster like that? Don't forget, at that time it was the biggest bomber in the United States. The B-29, our first super-bomber, was only being tested in early '43. The B-24D was 66 feet 4 inches long and had a wingspan of 110 feet. It had four Pratt & Whitney 1,200-horsepower engines. The propaganda put out about it said it would fly easily at 25,000 feet, carry a bomb load of 8,800 pounds, go 2,850 miles without refueling, and travel at a maximum speed of 300 miles per hour. Several months later, when I started flying B-24s, I learned that some of those numbers were misleading. The plane went up to 25,000 feet if its engines were new and it carried a minimum crew and a minimum amount of gas, but in training I was flying ancient clunkers and the highest I ever got in one was 19,000 feet and so help me we couldn't have gone an inch higher if I had thrown out the crew to lighten the ship. It would carry four tons of bombs if it carried a minimum of gas. It would fly 2,850 miles without refueling if it carried *no* bombs (for long flights extra gas tanks were installed in the forward bomb bay), and it would go 300 miles per hour if you put the nose straight down in a full power dive. But all in all it was one helluva airplane for its time."

On May 1, 1943, Bob Allred reported to Tarrant Field. On May 2nd, a year to the day after he had enlisted in the Army Air Forces, he went up in a B-24 for the first time. The B-24 was a far different plane from the AT-17, the last plane he had flown at Altus. The cloth-covered AT-17 was made primarily of wood, held five passengers, was powered by a pair of two-hundred-and-forty-five-horsepower engines, and cruised at a hundred and thirty miles per hour. "Some men just couldn't cut it in four engines and were reassigned to troop-carrier squadrons," Bob Dent recalls. (Dent had been assigned to Tarrant after completing Basic and Advanced at bases near Waco, Texas.) Allred, however, took a liking to the B-24 and found it surprisingly easy to fly, and fly it he did—for sixteen days in May and twenty-three days in June. In May, an instructor was usually aboard with three students, who took turns in the pilot's left-hand seat, the co-pilot's right-hand seat, and sitting between them on the flight deck and watching. By June, two B-24 pilot trainees with an engineer but no instructor were usually on their own, occasionally taking the plane up at night and flying longer cross-country flights.

At Tarrant, Allred added 114.2 hours of pilot time to the two hundred and sixty he had when he got his wings. He also put in more hours on instruments and did a good amount of reading. On June 15th, he signed a paper certifying that he had read and understood ninety-two subjects newly listed in the table of contents of the "Pilots' Information File," such as "Flying Over Populous Areas and Crowds," "Flying Multi-Engined Airplanes with One or More Engines Inoperative," "Flight Status After Taking Sulfa Drugs," "Psychology and Flying," and "To Bail or Not to Bail." On June 30th, he was rated a first pilot. Four days later, he received his next orders. After a fifteen-day leave, he was to report to Clovis, New Mexico, a hot, dusty town that one of his acquaintances later described as "about as close to nothing as I had ever seen in the service." Allred spent his leave partly in Des Moines and partly hitching plane rides there and back, and got to Clovis on July 19th, about a week after David Becker did. Becker, a member of the Class of 43-F, had been sent to Clovis to learn to fly B-24s without the benefit of two months of Four-Engine Transition School. He put in almost twice as many hours in B-24s at Clovis as Allred did, and was checked out as a first pilot in two weeks. "Everyone's career in the Army Air Corps was like everyone else's, only different," Becker explains.



SPECIAL ORDER No. 225 was posted on a bulletin board at Clovis on August 13, 1943. Partial crews for fifty heavy bombers were directed to proceed to El Paso, Texas. Each was composed of a pilot and five enlisted men. Second Lieutenant Robert E. Allred, 0-679012, and Second Lieutenants Bauder, Becker, and Dent were among the fifty pilots. After a week's leave (Allred was becoming a commuter to Des Moines), the three hundred men reported to Biggs Field, near El Paso, where, on August 22nd, a bombardier and a sixth enlisted man were added to each crew. Six days later, the crews were again expanded, each acquiring a co-pilot and a navigator.

The customary crew of a B-24 in combat was ten men—four officers and six enlisted men. The three officers assigned to Allred's crew were Second Lieutenant Laverne Nusbaum, the co-pilot; Second Lieutenant Oliver E. Clark, who had received his bombardier's wings and his second lieutenant's commission after completing Bombardiers' School at Albuquerque, New Mexico, on July 31st; and Second Lieutenant Keith T. Holm, who had won his navigator's wings and gold bars at Mather Field, in Mills, California, on July 31, 1943, and had been married four days later. The six enlisted men who were to go overseas with Bob Allred were Sergeant James H. Pitts, his engineer; Sergeant

Horace D. James, radio operator; Sergeant John R. Campbell, a gunner; and three other gunners, who had come together from gunnery schools around the United States.

Combat-crew training at Biggs consisted of teaching each of the ten men his exact job as it related to a B-24 and then teaching the ten to perform as a crew. Of the ten men in Allred's crew, only Allred himself had ever flown in a B-24 before Clovis, and before Biggs none of Allred's 174.5 B-24 hours had been devoted to mock bombing or gunnery missions. Much of the flying done at Biggs was for the benefit of the bombardiers. The controls that opened the bomb racks and the bomb bays were different on a B-24 from those on the AT-11 that Clark had trained on at Albuquerque. Many days when Allred and Nusbaum took off from Biggs, they headed for New Mexico, where they had to hold the plane steady so that Clark could drop hundred-pound sand-filled blue practice bombs on one of the bombing ranges near towns like Alamogordo. Other days were spent on gunnery missions. Sometimes the gunners aimed at targets on the ground—billboards with bull's-eyes painted on them or a heap of cars that had been junked in the desert. Sometimes aerial gunnery was part of the day's agenda, with the gunners firing at quarter-mile-long sleeves towed on cables by small planes. Lengthy day and night missions were flown, so that the navigators could practice keeping the plane on course, while the engineers mastered the art of transferring fuel from one tank to another. Instructor-pilots, instructor-navigators, and instructor-bombardiers sometimes went along to check the performances of individual crew members. Many of Becker's friends had no trouble getting their B-24s up to twenty-five thousand feet, but they seldom pushed them beyond their cruising speed of two hundred miles per hour.

On October 16th, about midway through his stay at Biggs, Bob Allred sent a letter to his brother Howard. "Things here, as you might expect, are in the continued uproar that seems to go with combat training," he wrote. "The weather is still perfect so flying is going on at a helluva pace, fly 8 hours at a stretch—that means take off at 8 A.M. & land at 4 P.M.—or, take off at 5:30 P.M. & land at 1:30 A.M., which gets rather tiresome. Lots of .45 cal. pistol, .50 cal. machine gun & skeet shooting with 12 gauge pump guns too, along with Ground School, Intelligence lectures, etc. to keep up the pilots interests & not let him sleep." In his letter, Allred described a recent B-24 crash at Biggs, which he blamed on a fuel-transfer error made by the crew's engineer. He went on to praise his own crew, calling Clark "the best damn bombardier on earth" and Nusbaum and Holm "a perfect co-pilot and navigator." After stating that the enlisted men were "all swell," he continued, "All in all, I've got a good bunch of boys. All work hard, fight hard, drink hard & are wolves on their nights off. Thank God *I* go to church whenever I'm off duty. I wouldn't want to have people think I've found the cutest little blue-eyed brown haired lovely 5-ft. nurse (Lt.) in the Army. No sir, not me!"

Bob Allred was not a man to let his days on duty keep him from having a good time. One fall day after completing a training mission, he decided to buzz the Rio Grande. Ollie Clark, who was at his position in the nose next to the bombsight, thought Allred was going to fly under a bridge that spanned the Rio Grande, but he pulled up at the last minute and followed the meandering river at an altitude of about thirty feet. Clark could see ducks on the water. The birds would rise a bit and then settle back down. Suddenly, Clark spotted a flock of ducks flying in to land. The ducks became confused and couldn't get out of the plane's way in time. Clark saw that it was too late for Allred to pull up and miss them. Clark had a clipboard with him and held it up to protect his face. One duck hit a Plexiglas nose panel, broke it, and wound up on the floor of the nose. Other ducks hit the steel rim around one of the engines.

Allred knew he was in trouble. The ground crew responsible for maintaining the plane would see the damage and would have to repair it. Work orders had to be issued for all repairs. He told the crew that if they were asked about the incident they should say he was flying at thirty-five hundred feet when he hit the ducks. When the colonel in command of his group at Biggs saw the broken panel and the feathery mess around the engine rim and questioned him, Bob Allred failed for once to talk himself out of a predicament. The colonel knew something about Allred's flying habits and something about ducks' flying habits, too. Ducks of that species didn't fly at high altitudes, the colonel informed the pilot. Word of Allred's skirmish with the ducks got around Biggs, and for weeks to come Allred was asked, "Hey, Bob, seen any more ducks with superchargers lately?"

Lee Shelton, another pilot at Biggs, remembers the time Allred struck the ducks while buzzing the Rio Grande. Shelton, who made the Air Force his career, retiring as a colonel in 1969, disapproves of buzzing. "Unless the training or tactical situation demands that airplanes be flown at low altitudes, I do not think the pilot has the right to endanger the lives of the nine other men aboard," he says. "It shows poor judgment." He acknowledges that probably a third of the pilots he flew with in training in the United States and, later, in the Southwest Pacific during the Second World War were called "hot pilots," who indulged in buzz jobs. Shelton remembers one pilot who flew a B-24 so low in New Guinea that he inadvertently bounced it off a beach, returning to base with crumpled rear-bomb-bay doors and sand in the back of the aircraft. Another pilot landed with shreds of palm fronds lodged inside the engine housing from a close encounter with a coconut tree.

It is Bob Dent's recollection that some hot pilots were luckier than Allred, inasmuch as they didn't get caught with the goods, and that even those who did get caught, like Allred, weren't kicked out of combat-crew training, because by then the Air Corps had too much invested in them. "I never flew with Bob Allred, but we flew with many of the same instructors at Biggs," Bill Bauder says. "They all said he could make an airplane do what it was supposed to do. He was a capable pilot."

Crews had been assigned at random at Clovis and Biggs. Hy Webster, a 43-G Mather alumnus, could have been made Allred's navigator instead of his classmate Keith Holm. Crews also kept changing. Bauder's original navigator and radio operator had to be replaced, because they couldn't withstand high-altitude flying. On November 10, 1943, Laverne Nusbaum was transferred to the crew of a pilot named Andrew Sheerin; Paul Harvey, who had been Sheerin's co-pilot, became Allred's.

Paul Harvey was born in 1921. Five years younger than Allred, he was his physical opposite: short (five feet seven) and pudgy (a hundred and fifty-nine pounds in 1943), with reddish-brown hair, blue eyes, and a ruddy complexion. He had had a year of junior college and had received a license to fly small single-engine planes before he enlisted in the Army Air Forces, in the spring of 1942. He got his wings and bars in February, 1943, and spent the next four months flying B-25s in Kentucky and South Carolina. He expected to be sent to Europe as first pilot on a B-25, a two-engine bomber. Instead, in July he was sent to Ohio and given training in B-17s—four-engine bombers—and then, in August, was ordered from Ohio to Clovis and taught to fly B-24s.

Harvey, Class of 43-B, was more than a little miffed to find himself assigned as a co-pilot to Allred, Class of 43-D, but he was one of many former B-25, B-17, and A-20 first pilots who ended up at Biggs sitting in the right seat next to men who had been commissioned later than they had. There are countless toggle switches in the cockpit of a B-24. Harvey and the others resented being told to toggle the switches that opened and closed the cowl flaps on each engine, and those that synchronized the propellers, while the pilots flew the plane. They formed an organization called the Toggle Joes and wore on their flight jackets a cloth patch designed by one of their members which expressed their resentment: it depicted a six-armed creature wearing a pilot's helmet. "You needed almost as many arms as an octopus to toggle all those switches," Paul Harvey says. There were only two flying weeks left at Biggs after Harvey was put on Allred's crew in November—time enough for Harvey to take a dislike to his new pilot. "Allred ordered me around just because he was boss," Harvey says. "I didn't socialize with him and the rest of the crew at Biggs. I went around with the other Toggle Joes."

Doris Holm had joined her husband a few weeks after their marriage. In mid-November, Juanita took a second long leave of absence from Juvenile Court and went to El Paso, where the Allreds and the Holms shared a two-bedroom apartment. To many of the pilots, El Paso was "just another Texas town," but it did have a redeeming feature: Juárez, right across the Mexican border, where mixed drinks at the bars that lined the main street cost fifteen or twenty cents, there was no shortage of bottled liquor, and many items that were rationed in the United States were readily available. Juanita and Bob went to Juárez to see a bullfight and to do their Christmas shopping. In December, the Allreds and the Holms also went on a sixteen-hour (7 A.M. to 11 P.M.) bus excursion to Carlsbad Caverns, where they met up with Ollie Clark, who had gone there the previous day. In a photograph of Juanita and Bob Allred and Doris and Keith Holm taken at Carlsbad on December 7, 1943, the two men are in uniform, and the two women are turned out as elegantly as if they were going to church instead of a series of caves. Juanita is wearing pumps, a hat, and the red coat with the fur collar she had worn the day Bob proposed, six and a half years before that day at Carlsbad.

Forty-odd years later, Doris remembers that outing with pleasure—especially the descent into the Big Room, with its majestic formations and its stalactites and stalagmites. She sat with Keith on a bench in silence and darkness while the hymn "Rock of Ages" was played and electric lights slowly illuminated the main chamber. Doris has a few other happy memories of Biggs—it was there that she was introduced to bacon-lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches and iced tea, for which she has retained a lifelong fondness. Her mother-in-law mailed her and Keith chocolate angel-food cakes packed in popcorn to keep them from being crushed, and her mother sent the home-town paper, but it was Doris's first time away from her family; she was lonesome and never felt like a carefree young bride. "We knew the men would soon be going overseas," she says.

In October, when Bob had written to Howard, he believed he would be going to the Southwest Pacific, and had sounded pleased; at Clovis, when he was asked to state an overseas preference it was his first choice. On the evening of December 6th, Bob wrote to Emily to thank her for some Christmas presents she had sent. Training at Biggs was over, and he knew he would be on his way to Topeka, Kansas, in ten days. "The general doesn't think it wise to turn us loose for 10 days so close to our sailing date for several reasons, mainly venereal disease and boys going over the hill for extended time—so we have to report every day for a lecture, a movie (sex, Art of War, etc.) and P.T.," he wrote. "It's looking more & more like we will go to either England or the Mediterranean theatre & that will be by boat." He did not look forward to the prospect of going to Europe, of getting there by boat, or of moving to Topeka. He reported that he had seen snow only once since the spring of 1942: three atypical inches had fallen on El Paso the previous week and had melted in haste. "The southern climate agrees with my lazy disposition," he wrote.

ON December 17, 1943, the Biggs crews went by troop train to Topeka, which Hy Webster was to remember as "the land of ice and snow," saying, "We never saw the ground the whole time we were there." They were given a briefing about their forthcoming voyage to Europe, but when they were issued sheepskin-lined pants, jackets, and boots—standard issue for high-altitude flying in Europe—some of them joked that they were actually bound for Greenland, which the United States had occupied in April, 1941, to help protect American and British shipping from German submarines. The wives shivered in their spring and fall coats and wished they had been issued winter clothes to wear in Topeka's six-degree cold.

Allred and his crew had their photographs taken in their Arctic gear in front of an early-model B-24 named Lil' De Icer, which had been chosen as an artistic backdrop because of a scantily clad lady painted on its fuselage. Rank had its privileges: the officers' names were capitalized on orders; the four officers stood in front of Lil' De Icer while the six enlisted men crouched in front of them in deep snow. As the year was ending, the men were called out one night and told they wouldn't be going to Europe after all—they would be going to the Pacific. The men didn't fly in Topeka—it was the first month since Allred got his wings that he hadn't collected his seventy-five-dollar-a-month flight pay—and they had little to do there except sit around the Officers' Club and play cards. Some took unofficial leaves at New Year's. The Allreds returned to Des Moines, borrowed Mollie and Henry's car, and drove it back to Topeka.

Early in January, 1944, the pilots learned they would be getting brand-new B-24s, and on January 7th they were told to report to a specific office to sign the papers for their B-24Js and engines. "There were about 35 or 40 of us in line," David Becker wrote in his letter-memoir to his son. "About the third or fourth man got up to the desk and we heard him say, 'I don't sign unless I see what I sign for.' We all had to wait until they took him over to the flight line so that he could make sure 'his' plane was really there, and so that he could count the engines. The brass was not amused, but the other pilots thought it was funny."

In the eyes of most beholders, the B-17 was a beautiful plane but the B-24, with its boxcar-shaped fuselage, was homely. Officially designated the Liberator, it was more generally known as "the flying boxcar." Allred's boxcar was an olive-drab B-24J, with the serial number 42-100210. The plane had all four engines, but the gas tanks were leaking fuel, and on January 8th it went into the depot for repair. Three days later, the men tested 210. (Planes were commonly referred to by the last three digits of their serial numbers.) Allred flew the plane to Des Moines and took it low over Abraham Lincoln High School and some of the city's other substantial buildings. Forty years later, Jim Pitts remembered hearing him say that from the day he had become a pilot it had been his ambition to buzz his home town. Pitts also remembered Harvey's displeasure. "Watch those smokestacks, Bob, watch those smokestacks," he had cautioned.

Within a few days of signing for their new planes, the crews got orders to proceed to Fairfield-Suisun Army Air Forces Base, in Fairfield, California. A few planes left Topeka each morning. No. 210 departed on January 13th. The men got up at five o'clock. Juanita and Bob said their goodbyes at the rented room in Topeka where they had been staying, but some of the wives went to the airfield to watch the flyaway. Doris recalls that the plane dipped its wings after takeoff, and that it was a pretty sight in the early-morning sun. The planes all stopped in Tucson to have extra gas tanks added in the forward bomb bay. A day or two before they left Topeka, the crews had been issued, and required to wear, side arms—.45 Colt semi-automatics. In Tucson, Pitts removed the protective Cosmoline (a thick grease) that the factory had put on the pistol. He and two other enlisted men stayed at the plane on the thirteenth and fourteenth to keep objects stored on it from being stolen. On the second night, he, James, and Campbell felt bored and amused themselves by riding around the hangar on some three-wheel scooters parked there. Allred often heard about his enlisted men's escapades but rarely chewed them out, perhaps because of his own youthful larking, and they were fond of him.

No. 210 left Tucson for Fairfield-Suisun on the morning of the fifteenth and arrived there that evening in a cold, driving rain. The weather at Fairfield stayed bad, and for the next several days Allred and his crew did little except sleep, play poker, and watch the rain. By the nineteenth, it had cleared, and Allred's crew and five others received orders to proceed to Amberley Field, near Brisbane, Australia. Their orders said they were to

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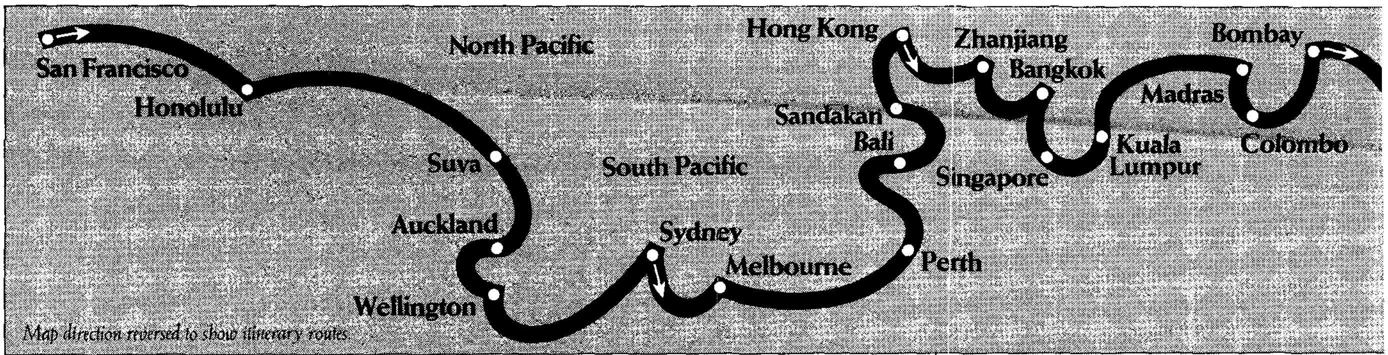

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report to "Commander, Fifth Air Force Replacement Center, Amberley Field, Brisbane, Australia for assignment to the Fifth Air Force." On the morning of the twentieth, they took the plane up for an hour and fifteen minutes to make sure that the fuel would transfer properly out of the new bomb-bay tanks. At 11:30 P.M., Allred set off for Hawaii. There were dozens of planes leaving Fairfield-Suisun that night, but when Harvey called the tower to say that Boxcar 210 was ready for takeoff the tower responded, "Roger, Boxcar 210—and good luck." Allred flew south over the Golden Gate Bridge and down the coast before turning west to the sea.

THE flight to Hawaii—almost twenty-four hundred miles southwest of Fairfield—was the longest leg of the transpacific journey. It took Allred's boxcar fifteen hours to reach Hickam Field, on the outskirts of Honolulu; all but three of the hours were flown at night. Although it was the crew's first flight over water, all the enlisted men except James, the radio operator, slept a good deal of the way. The officers could also trade off, and for most of the way the plane was set on autopilot, but Holm stayed up all night. He later wrote to his aunt that he had used quite a bit of celestial navigation between California and Australia but more radio, because it was "a lot easier for position reports." After landing at Hickam, on January 21st, the men cleaned up and went sightseeing. The next day, some of them went swimming at Waikiki Beach. The crews had been briefed on the flight to Australia before they left the United States. They were always rebriefed by Air Transport Command personnel, however, before embarking for the next island on their itinerary.

On the twenty-third, Allred took off for Canton Island, sixteen hundred and fifty miles southwest of Hawaii. Canton Island is a coral atoll about four miles wide and eight miles long which rises only a few feet above the ocean. In the fall of 1942, it had become a renowned speck in the Pacific, which is a sheet of water of seventy million square miles and covers a third of the globe. In October, 1942, Edward Vernon Rickenbacker, America's No. 1 ace of the First World War, left Hickam for Canton Island on a B-17. He was carrying a secret message from President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, to General Douglas MacArthur, commander-in-chief of the Southwest Pacific area, who was then in Brisbane. The B-17, with a crew of five and three passengers, missed Canton Island. The pilot ran out of fuel before he could find it by "boxing the compass" (going west for forty-five minutes, then north, east, and south). He managed to land the heavy plane safely in the water. The eight men climbed into two life rafts. Seven of the eight, including Rickenbacker, survived a three-week ordeal before they were rescued.

Rickenbacker's experience placed a psychological burden on pilots and navigators headed for Canton Island in 1943 and 1944. Holm had no trouble finding it—210 touched down on Canton Island eleven hours and forty minutes after taking off from Hickam—but Becker's navigator got slightly lost, and the plane had to fly a square search until the men sighted it. In the nineteen-eighties, with jumbo jets flying from Hawaii to Australia in ten hours, the island that Rickenbacker's plane missed is once again obscure. Can-

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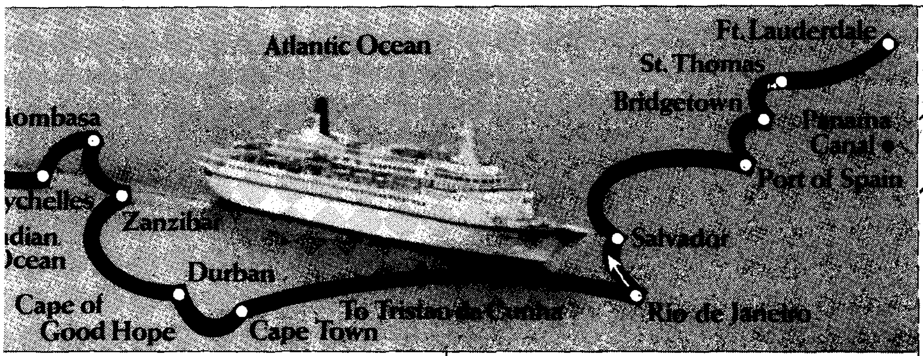

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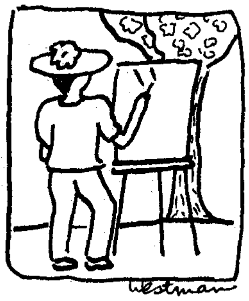
ton Island lingers in the memories of Allred's contemporaries as a rim of coral around a lagoon, an island so desolate that the only thing they saw growing there was one palm tree.

Allred and his crew left Canton Island on the morning of the twenty-fourth, crossed the International Date Line, and arrived eight hours later—mid-afternoon on the twenty-fifth—at their next port of call. This was Nandi, a landing strip on Viti Levu, which is the largest of the Fiji Islands and was a British colony in 1944. On Canton Island, Allred and the other pilots had been warned about the runway at Nandi. The strip was an optical illusion. After you landed, you would be going uphill, and it would appear that the crest of the hill was the end of the runway. It wasn't. You still had about three thousand feet of runway left, going down the hill, so there was no need to try to screech to a stop on the hilltop and blow out your tires, as many pilots before you had done.



On their way from Nandi to the town of Lautoka, where B-24 crews often went window-shopping in stores owned by Indians, they passed thriving fields of pineapple and sugarcane. It was customary for enlisted men to raid pineapple patches, but one crew's sergeants, who also reached Viti Levu on the twenty-fifth, got their hands on two watermelons. Allred's crew was the first to leave Viti Levu on the morning of the twenty-sixth. The watermelon raiders were still asleep, so their watermelons left Nandi on 210. Allred's enlisted men ate them on the flight from the Fijis to Plaines des Gaïacs, in New Caledonia, a French possession. Lack of rank devised its own privileges.

There were military personnel stationed on all the islands on the way to Australia. On the twenty-sixth, some of the officers based at Plaines des Gaïacs invited Allred and his officers to go swimming in a clear stream halfway across the island. The enlisted men ate and watched a movie. John Campbell, Allred's nose gunner, kept a terse diary of his wartime years. Campbell was given to grousing about food. His comments on what he ate in Honolulu and on Canton Island are unprintable. In his judgment, Viti Levu was "better than Canton but it wasn't like home." New Caledonia met with his approval. "Good chow here" was his verdict.

David Becker was a diarist with a specific complaint. After watching "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a film he had first seen back home in 1935, he told the G.I. running the projector at Plaines des Gaïacs that he had just seen the same film on Canton Island and on Viti Levu. "Hell, you're the one carrying it," the projectionist explained. The G.I.s were grateful that the B-24s flew in different movies every day, although they would have preferred a supply of Wacs or nurses. One soldier told Becker he hadn't seen a woman in ten months.

The legs of the journey became shorter. It had taken Allred five hours and forty-five minutes to fly from Nandi to Plaines des Gaïacs. On January 27th, he flew from New Caledonia to Amberley Field in four hours and forty-five minutes. The men were glad that their island-hopping was temporarily over. "When I saw Australia's east coast come into view, it was nice to know there was a whole continent behind it," Lee Shelton says.

It was raining when Allred landed at Amberley Field. The rain didn't let up, so the crew members were stranded for a couple of days, as they had been a continent ago, at Fairfield. They were paid for the first time in a week. Their January 12th orders from Topeka to "Overseas Destination" had specified that they would receive a flat per-diem rate for travel—but no payment for mileage. They went into the nearby town of Ipswich and spent some of their pay on steak and beer. Ipswich struck them as an anachronism. The clothes were the style that had been worn back home fifteen years earlier, the cars were of similar vintage, and by six-thirty everyone had turned out the lights and gone to bed. The residents of Ipswich were unfriendly to Americans; the B-24 crew suspected that too many G.I.s had already passed through, so they tended to stay out at Amberley Field until there was a break in the weather.

On January 30th, Allred flew to Townsville, a seaport north of Brisbane, in four and a half hours. Since he first flew, at Hicks Field, in October, 1942, he had flown a grand total of 638.25 hours—more than most of the men with whom he had crossed the Pacific. Between Fairfield-Suisun and Townsville, he had logged forty-nine hours and forty minutes of flying time. Bauder covered the same route in the same number of days in forty-seven hours and fifty minutes, but it took many other B-24 pilots more time, and some were delayed along the way. Becker's engineer neglected to tighten the caps on the plane's gas tanks at Hickam, so Becker missed the 11 A.M. takeoff deadline for Canton Island and was ordered to fly to Christmas Island, which was closer to Hawaii. The men stationed on Christmas had the unforeseen pleasure of watching "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." One pilot hit a guy wire on Canton Island as he was taxiing to a revetment, clipped part of a wingtip, and had to lay over while it was fixed. The crew to which Larry Wulf, another Toggle Joe, had been assigned had a magneto go out on an engine as the plane was about to leave Canton, and spent half a day working on it. Bob Dent came down with flu on Viti Levu. A doctor who examined him there would not permit him to fly for twenty-four hours.

The B-24s that the pilots had signed for at the depot in Topeka had to be left at the depot in Townsville, and the pilots were sorry; some had hoped to fly their missions in those planes. Upon arriving in the Pacific theatre, Allred and his crew were assigned to the Fifth Air Force's 22nd Bombardment Group and were ordered to proceed to the Fifth Bomber Command's Replacement Center, near Charters Towers, sixty miles southwest of Townsville. They and the crews of two other B-24s left Townsville for Charters Towers by train on the afternoon of January 31st. The train was the most notable anachronism they saw in Australia. It wasn't like something remembered from their childhoods; it was like something they had seen in Hollywood movies of the Old West. The seats were wooden benches in separate coaches; to go from one coach to the next, one had to get off the train, which chugged along a narrow-gauge track, making frequent stops. The scenery was scrubby. To break the ride's monotony, a few men fired their .45s at termite hills. Others got off and walked, for exercise. When they thought they had had enough exercise, they waited for the train to catch up and climbed back on. As the train pulled into Charters Towers, five hours after leaving Townsville, night was falling. The men drew cots and slept in an open-air hangar. The next day, Allred and his crew were assigned to one of the 22nd Bombardment Group's four squadrons, the 19th, and moved into tents.

January, 1944, was a turning point in the history of the 22nd Bombardment Group: it was the month when the 22nd began converting from a medium to a heavy bombardment group. On January 11th, men from its 19th Squadron (who had been flying two-engine B-26s) and men from its 33rd Squadron (who had been flying B-25s) were taken out of combat and sent to Charters Towers to train in B-24s. One man who trained in B-24s in Charters Towers was Adolph Leirer, of whom David Becker might have said that his career in the Army Air Corps was like everyone else's—only more different.

Leirer, Class of 43-E, had graduated from Multi-Engine Advanced Flying School in Colorado on May 20, 1943. On May 23rd, he flew a B-25 for three hours. Those hundred and eighty minutes aloft transformed him into "a qualified B-25 co-pilot." On May 27th, he was given a ten-day leave; on the sixth day of the leave, he was recalled to Colorado and ordered to proceed by rail to Hamilton Field, California, "for further movement by air transportation to overseas destination (temperate climate)." To Leirer, a resident of Alaska, "temperate" eliminated Alaska and the Aleutians and the need for winter uniforms (he shipped his woollies to his brother), and California eliminated Europe, because European-theatre replacements were sent east or southeast for transatlantic transportation.

In late June, Leirer and twenty-four other instant B-25 co-pilots were put on an LB-30, a cargo version of a B-24. One fellow-passenger had been given sealed orders for all twenty-five, which were not to be opened until an hour after takeoff. The destination orders were less precise than the ones Allred received seven months later: they read simply "Amberley Field." One man went forward to the flight deck to ask the crew where Amberley Field was. Leirer was pleased to find out that he was going to Australia. He had read about Brisbane in grade school, and its year-round balmy temperature sounded appealing. He had no idea what he would be doing there. In June, 1943, he had never heard of New Guinea. Second World War dispatches were purposely vague, with datelines that read "Somewhere in the South Pacific." There were no seats in the plane, and the men sat or lay down on mail sacks and on the plywood floor covering the bomb bay. Whether the plane was flown by night or by day, they travelled in darkness; there were no windows in the passenger section of the bomb bay—just a knothole in the plywood floor, which the men took turns looking out of. The bomb-bay doors had been left open a bit to allow gas fumes to escape if there should be leakage from the wing tanks or from the fuel lines that snaked through the bomb bay.

The 22nd Bombardment Group was proud of its string of "firsts." In March, 1942, it had been the first fully equipped group to fly as a unit from Hawaii to Australia, and two weeks later it had become the first to use B-26s in combat. Like all the early bomb groups in the Southwest Pacific, the 22nd entered combat against overwhelming odds. Its B-26s gave a good account of themselves, but the group lost so many planes in action in the second half of 1942 and received so few replacements and spare parts that in January, 1943, it had to be removed from action—part of the group for six months, the rest of it for nine.

In March, 1943, while the 22nd was out of commission, General George C. Kenney flew to Washington to plead for more planes for the fledgling Fifth Air Force he commanded. In early 1943, he had a total of five hundred and thirty-seven aircraft, including bombers, fighters, and transports; the number kept going downhill, and on any given day about two hundred planes were grounded, getting bullet holes patched or shot-up engines replaced. The Army and the Army Air Forces gave priority to Europe. Even when Kenney suggested that the Southwest Pacific be allotted ten per cent of the aircraft production, and the rest of the war the remainder, the answer was no. He did leave Washington with a pledge from General Henry H. (Hap) Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, that he would get five hundred more aircraft by the end of 1943, including a considerable number of B-25 Mitchells.

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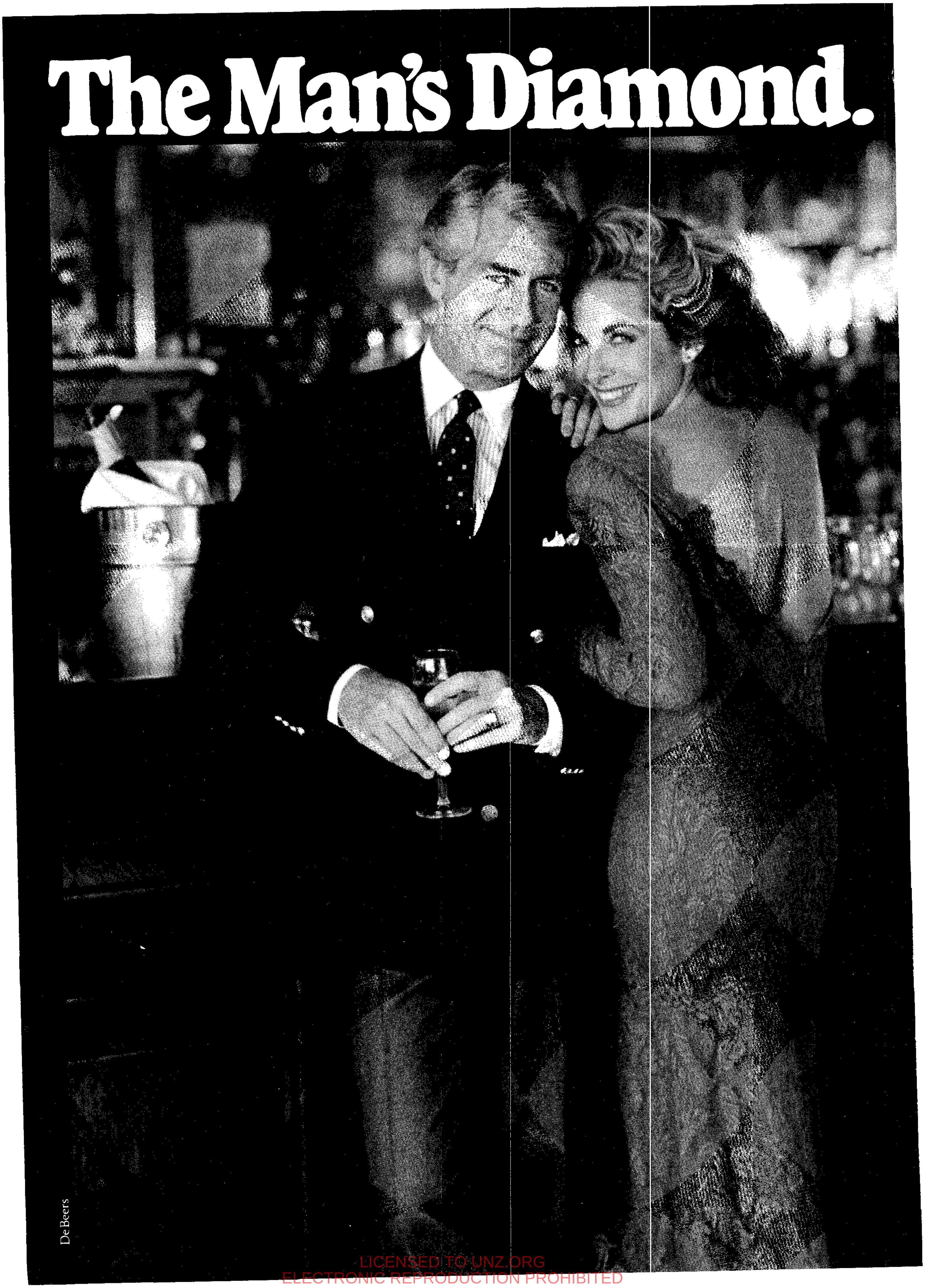
When the 22nd Bombardment Group's battle-scarred B-26s were sent to Townsville in January, 1943, word came from the depot that only enough of them could be reconditioned to equip one squadron. The B-26, which was officially named the Marauder, had stubby wings and was often called the Flying Prostitute (because it seemed to have no visible means of support). The crews of the 19th Squadron liked the B-26—the Marauder was a "hot" plane, with exceptionally powerful engines to give it swift takeoff and landing speeds—and voted unanimously to stick with the depot rehabilitations. The three other squadrons of the 22nd—the 2nd, the 33rd, and the 408th—were outfitted with some of the B-25 Mitchells that Kenney had gained from Arnold, and were taught to fly them with the help of some of the B-25-combat-crew replacements.

Shortly after Adolph Leirer's aerial odyssey to Australia, he was assigned to the 19th Squadron and was taught to fly B-26s. The 19th had been allowed to strip away the olive-drab paint from its B-26s and take them down to their natural metal finish. This not only made them hundreds of pounds lighter, and thus about fifteen miles an hour faster, but also gave the 22nd, in the words of one of its historians, another distinction: "First squadron with all silver planes . . . the original 'Silver Fleet.' " After a few lessons in the Marauder, Leirer started flying combat missions in July, 1943, as a B-26 co-pilot. "I'm thankful I learned to fly B-26s overseas rather than stateside," Leirer says. "MacDill Field, near Tampa, Florida, was a B-26 training field. Back in '43, there was a saying 'One a day in Tampa Bay.' Our maintenance overseas started out as a baling-wire-and-pair-of-pliers operation, but as spare parts and the equipment to install them became available and the mechanics became experienced it was superior to maintenance at home. Between July, 1943, and January, 1944, the Silver Fleet lost only three planes, and just one of these was a casualty of enemy action."

On January 2, 1944, Kenney was back in General Arnold's office, begging for more airplanes. Again, he was told that the war in Europe had first priority, but he was also told that, as good luck would have it, the European theatre preferred the B-17 Flying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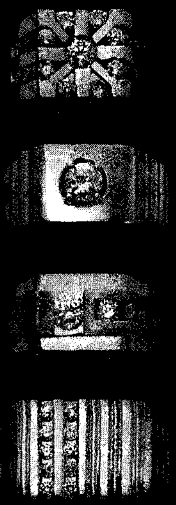

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Fortress to the B-24 Liberator, and that B-24 production was in excess of European requirements. Arnold agreed to let Kenney turn his 22nd Bombardment Group into a heavy one: its B-26s were to be honorably discharged, its B-25s would be transferred to other medium groups that were short of planes. Within a few days of Kenney's conversation with Arnold, B-24Js were on their way to Australia. Some of the planes went to the three heavy bombardment groups already in the Southwest Pacific—the 90th, the 43rd, and the 380th—which needed replacements for their war-weary B-24Ds. The rest of the planes were assigned to the 22nd, which soon achieved another "first"—it became the first group in the United States Army Air Forces ever to fly B-26s, B-25s, and B-24s successively in combat.

Europe's preference for the B-17 was understandable. The B-17 flew higher than the B-24 (German anti-aircraft fire was far more formidable than Japanese ack-ack, and every thousand feet counted) and handled better at high altitude. The B-17 could also absorb a lot more battle damage and still come home, or, if necessary, it could be crash-landed or ditched in the sea with a greater chance of survival. Another reason Arnold could afford to be generous with B-24s was that the United States produced more of them than of any other plane in its history—a total of eighteen thousand four hundred and eighty-one. (Twelve thousand seven hundred and thirty-one B-17s were manufactured.) The B-24's greater range was normally of no consequence in Europe—the distance from London to Berlin is five hundred and seventy-nine miles—though its "longer legs" did make it particularly suitable for the famous raid on August 1, 1943, from North Africa against the oil fields and refineries at Ploesti, Rumania. And, of course, they were often necessary for the long over-the-water distances in the Pacific Theatre.

On January 15, 1944, four days after flying his twenty-eighth B-26 mission, Leirer climbed into a B-24 for the first time. Between January 15th and February 29th, he spent almost a hundred hours training on B-24s at Charters Towers. Leirer shot landings, practiced stalls, flew bombing and gunnery missions and formation, and became familiar with the B-24's radio compass and automatic pilot, just as many of the new members of the 19th had done at places like El Paso. David Becker and Larry Wulf were two of Allred's acquaintances who were assigned with him to the 19th Squadron. Lee Shelton went to the 33rd Squadron, Bob Dent to the 408th, and other pilots from Biggs to the 2nd. Still other Biggs crews were assigned to the 43rd, the 90th, or the 380th, which had been created as heavy bombardment groups.

THE "new boys," as the 22nd's first B-24 crews from the United States were labelled, had hoped to start killing Japanese as soon as they reached Australia. Instead, as a result of the need for "old boys" like Leirer to go through transition for B-24s, the new arrivals found themselves killing mosquitoes and time. Between February 1st and February 25th, Allred logged only twenty hours and twenty-five minutes in the air. For every hour he and his contemporaries flew, they played five hours of poker for pounds, shillings, and pence (once they had landed in Australia, they were paid in the currency of the realm) and watched four old movies starring Clark Gable and Lana Turner, William Powell and Myrna Loy, or George Brent and Brenda Marshall. Double features were shown every evening at open-air theatres on the base and in Charters Towers, four miles away.

The pilots got more than their customary six or seven hours of "sack time." Larry Wulf, according to his diary, often slept until 10 A.M., even though that gave the mosquitoes that got in under his net more of an opportunity to do a "buzz job" on him. It was an event worth recording if he got up at seven-thirty, in time for breakfast. Meals did not seem worth going to. The men developed an immediate distaste for mess-hall food—especially bully beef and mutton—and often bought hamburgers sold by the Red Cross. Atabrine, an anti-malaria medicine, gradually turned the skin a sickly yellow color that persisted as long as the drug was taken. David Becker entered the Army Air Forces in 1942 with white skin, weighing two hundred and nine pounds; he came home in 1945 with a chartreuse complexion, weighing a hundred and twenty-two.

Buses and trucks ran between the base and Charters Towers, an old gold-mining town with board sidewalks, where goats, horses, cows, and dogs wandered along the main street. The men scheduled their trips to town

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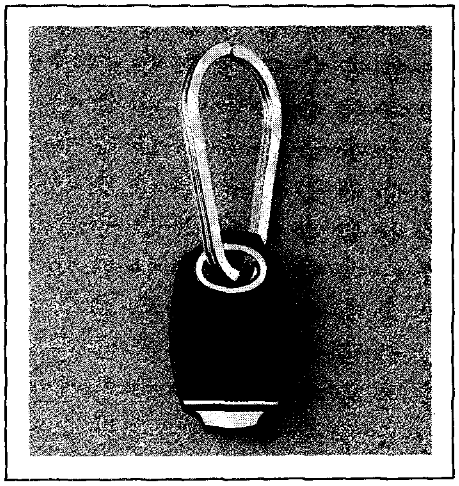

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to coincide with "beer call" at one or another of the pubs. Each pub opened a keg of under-aged beer at a certain hour of the day and served beer until it ran out—generally in less than an hour. Most of the Americans didn't care for the flavor of the green beer, which was not improved by being served warm, but it was preferable to the local water, which was described as "having the color of chocolate soda without the taste." They drank quart bottles of Australian beer whenever they could get their hands on any. The flavor wasn't the sole reward: its high alcoholic content gave them the right kind of "buzz."

The Yanks had been told that water would be scarce in subtropical northern Australia; if the scarcity didn't fully register at first, it was because February was the height of the rainy season. They got wet in the open-air movie theatres, wet walking from the bus stops at the base to their tents, and wet inside their tents on particularly stormy nights. "Rain again. It's rained every damn day for two weeks," Becker wrote in his diary on February 19th. "God I wish to hell it would go one day without raining." During a severe downpour, everything in Wulf's tent was soaked, including a schoolchild's exercise book he had bought in Charters Towers to use as a diary, although he had stored it in a briefcase.

Wulf attempted to fend off boredom by buying a bicycle, which he pedalled to and from town except when there was a severe storm. On one occasion, Becker went kangaroo hunting with another lieutenant; on another he rode as a passenger on a plane headed for Townsville. The thirty-minute flight compared favorably with the slow train's five hours. Despite Becker's resourcefulness, two typical diary entries read "Damn little doing today, just killed the day," and "This waiting around is no damn good. We'd be a helluva lot better crew if we'd come straight over from Biggs." Wulf and Becker also wrote countless letters home to the young women they were planning to marry as soon as they returned from the war. "One thing sure," Becker recorded in his diary, "I'll be a married man a week after I hit the states."

Any chance of getting in some flying made the men happy. Their few opportunities consisted of gunnery missions, compass swings, and formation practice. In the United States, the B-24 pilots had flown loose formation, but the old boys had flown their B-26s in combat in tight formation and planned to do the same with the B-24s. Tight formation was harder to fly but helped to keep one alive. The Japanese fighters were reluctant to risk penetrating the bombers' close ranks.

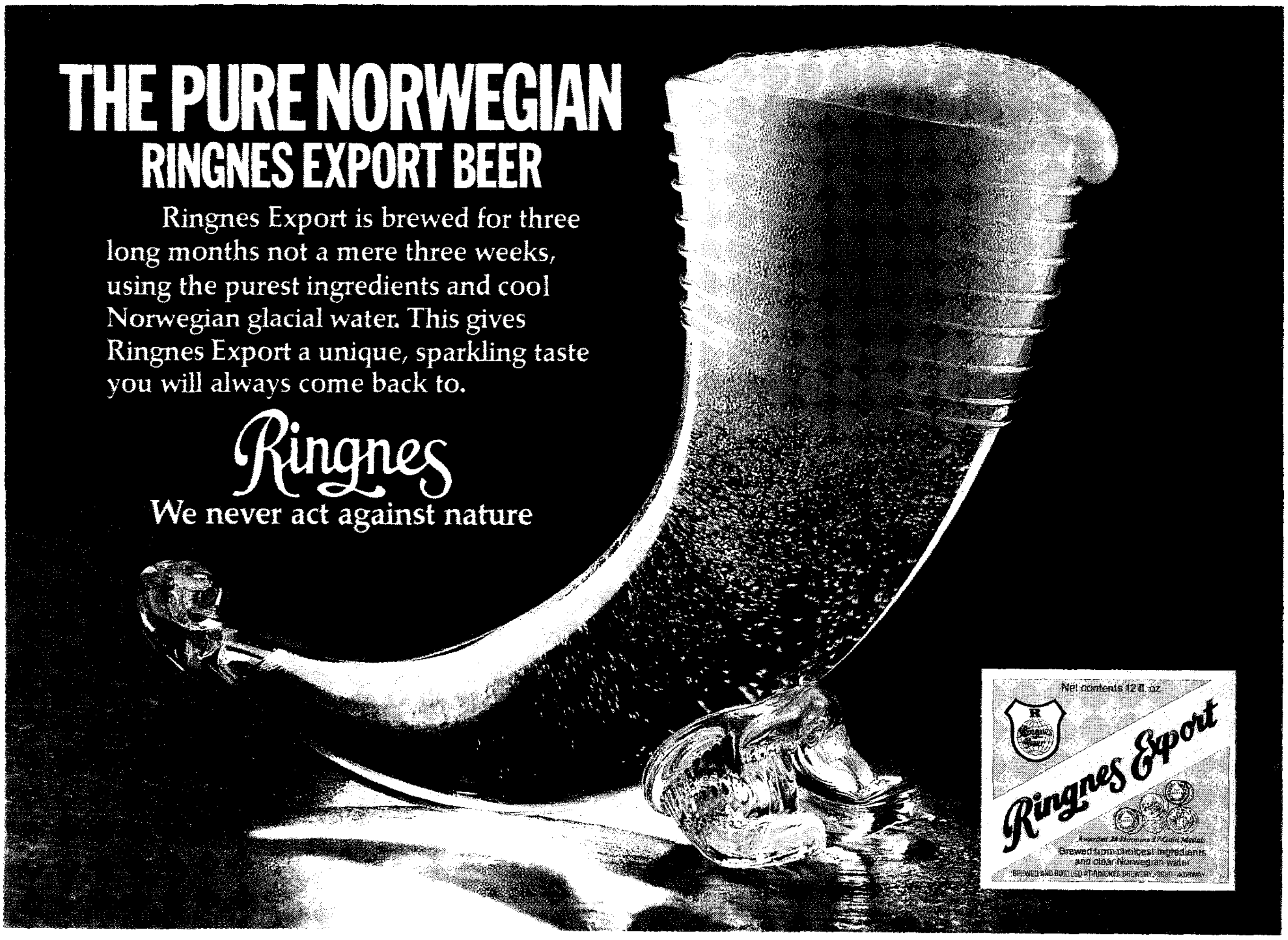
Allred and his acquaintances had been told soon after their arrival at Charters Towers that they would be going to their forward base in about a month. On February 20, 1944, he wrote to Howard that APO-713-Unit 1 would be his permanent address. APO 713-Unit 1 was Nadzab, an airbase about twenty miles inland from Lae, a town on the northeast coast of New Guinea.

THE fact that the Allies had been able to retake Lae from the Japanese in September, 1943, showed the progress they had made in the year and a half since the Japanese had first landed on New Guinea. Nine hours after the surprise attack on the United States fleet at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, Japanese planes bombed Clark Field, near Manila. Within three days, Japanese forces made their first landing on Philippine soil, and occupied Bangkok and invaded the Gilbert Islands. The small American garrison on Guam surrendered on the tenth. The Japanese started into Burma on the eleventh, and by the sixteenth they had made their first landings on Borneo, in the Netherlands East Indies. Wake Island fell on December 23rd, Hong Kong surrendered on Christmas Day, and on January 23, 1942, the Japanese seized Kieta, on Bougainville, the largest island in the Solomons, and secured Rabaul, on New Britain, the island immediately east of New Guinea. Rabaul became Japan's major supply base for its entire operation in the Bismarck Sea, the Solomon Sea, and the New Guinea area. Britain's "impregnable fortress" of Singapore fell on February 15th, and on February 27th the Japanese, under Admiral Takeo Takagi, destroyed an Allied fleet in the Battle of the Java Sea. On March 7th, the Japanese seized Lae.

The island of New Guinea sprawls fifteen hundred miles east to west, and lies across the Coral Sea north of Australia. Its eastern half, the Papuan Peninsula, known as Papua, was of great strategic value to both sides. At Papua's eastern tip lies Milne Bay, about six hundred miles west of Guadalcanal. The villages of Buna and Gona are on the north side of the peninsula. Port Moresby, the capital, on the south side, was the key to stopping the Japanese. If Port Moresby fell, all New Guinea would fall, and the Japanese would not be satisfied until Australia had become part of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

When the United States entered the war, Port Moresby was a dusty trading post with one understrength Australian infantry battalion and two airstrips. Given the available resources, Australia was hard put to reinforce the area, but in May, 1942, the Australians sent forward a second infantry battalion and began work to improve the airfield facilities. The Allies knew that the Japanese would soon make an all-out effort to seize Port Moresby. At the end of April, an invasion force sailed from Rabaul. Between May 4th and May 8th, the United States Navy, under Admiral Chester Nimitz, turned back the Japanese in the Battle of the Coral Sea.

Undeterred by this failure—and by the smashing American naval air victory in the Battle of Midway during the first week of June—the Japanese next tried to take Port Moresby by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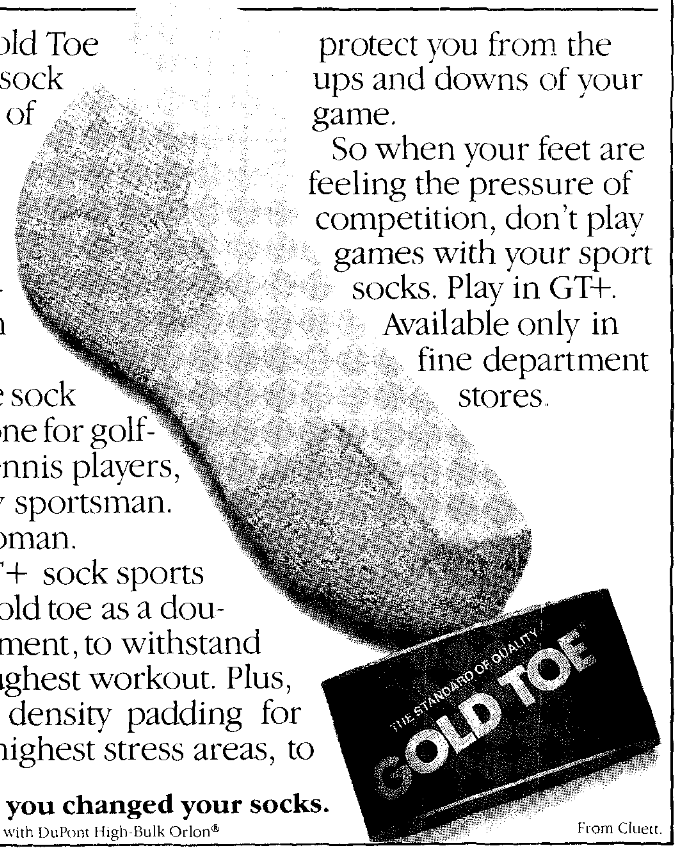

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land. On July 21st and 22nd, they put thousands of troops ashore at Buna and Gona, only a hundred miles from Port Moresby across the Owen Stanley Range, which William Manchester, in "American Caesar," has described as Papua's most striking feature—"a razorback mountain range, stretching down the peninsula like the dorsal vertebrae of some prehistoric monster." By late July, the Japanese were moving along the narrow Kokoda Trail, which threads its way from Buna to Port Moresby, by way of the village of Kokoda, through some of the highest, wettest, and densest jungles in the world. They seized Kokoda, in the middle of the mountains, and fought their way to a ridgeline less than thirty miles from Port Moresby. There, on September 17, 1942, the Imperial Army was stopped by the Australians. That fall, while the Japanese were withdrawing to Buna, United States forces were in the process of winning the first of the major island battles of the Pacific, at Guadalcanal. The fighting around Buna, which lasted until January 22, 1943, officially ended the Papua campaign. The 22nd Bombardment Group received its first Distinguished Unit Citation for the air support it rendered during the six-month-long struggle.

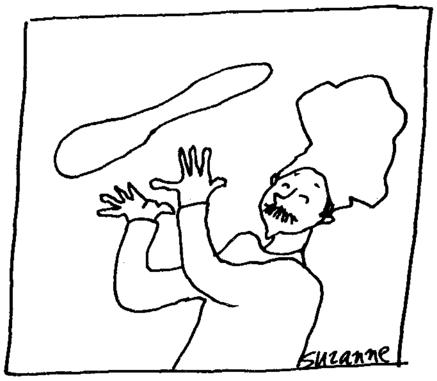
Two months before the fall of Buna, the Allies began building an airbase on the Dobodura Plains, nine miles southeast of the village. In July, 1943, the 22nd's 19th Squadron moved there and went back into combat with its silvery B-26s. When one of Adolph Leirer's friends flew his first combat mission from Dobodura, on July 29th, he and the others in the 19th were apparently not combat-ready—all their bombs missed the targets—and for three weeks the 19th Bomb Squadron became the 19th Practice Bombing Squadron: Dobodura was their MacDill Field. In early September, when the 19th was back in action, its targets included Lae, which had been the most active Japanese airbase in eastern New Guinea. On September 16th, the Allies took Lae. Eleven days earlier, seventeen hundred paratroopers had been dropped on Nadzab, with General Kenney and General MacArthur flying over the area in B-17s to watch the show.

ON February 28, 1944, about eighteen B-24s from the 19th and 33rd Squadrons embarked for the new base at Nadzab, about nine hundred miles north of Charters Towers. The men had been told in a briefing that they would use the six-hour flight for additional training in formation flying. Most of the B-24s were carrying five or six ground personnel in addition to their own crews. The planes took off one by one in the morning under clear skies, circled the field until the last plane was airborne, and assembled into flights of three planes. Allred's plane dropped back shortly after takeoff, because of engine trouble, and landed in Townsville.

The other 19th Squadron B-24s went on. An hour and a half after passing Townsville, when they were between ten and twelve thousand feet over the Coral Sea, they saw an ominous-looking black frontal system directly ahead. Adolph Leirer was flying on the right wing of the lead aircraft. Its pilot kept boring straight ahead: he made no effort either to climb over the storm or to fly under it, and issued no call to the other planes to break formation. All of a sudden, it got very dark, the turbulence became greater, and the lead plane disappeared. Leirer had begun the standard breakaway—a five-degree turn to the right—when the lead B-24 reappeared directly in front of him, also making a right turn. Leirer felt two violent shudders from the propeller wash of the other aircraft's right engines. To escape a collision, he pushed the nose of his B-24 down and made a hard left turn. He also had to be careful of the left wingman. The prop wash flipped his plane nearly upside down, and before he knew it he was descending at an airspeed of almost three hundred miles an hour. His controls were very stiff, and by the time he was once again flying level he was at five thousand feet. Leirer asked his navigator for a heading back to Townsville. He wanted to have the plane checked before tackling another storm, and, besides, he had had enough for one day and figured he deserved to make beer call. After he landed, he reported to headquarters and overheard two pilots from the 33rd Squadron who had also turned back sending a message to Group Headquarters at Nadzab to say that they would "R.O.N." (remain overnight) at Townsville. He asked them to include his name and the last three digits of his plane's serial number.

Larry Wulf and his pilot were flying on the right wing of an old boy, a first lieutenant, who was leading the second flight. The first lieutenant tried to climb over the weather, and Wulf and his pilot tried to follow him but ran into an ice storm and lost track of their leader. They went up to seventeen thousand feet to attempt to get above the weather, and finally found a break in the clouds, determined their position, and headed for Nadzab. They flew up the east coast of New Guinea over Milne Bay to Lae, in order to skirt the Owen Stanleys, and then west into Nadzab. One of the bombers that left Charters Towers that morning, a B-24 from the 33rd Squadron, crashed into the Coral Sea an hour and ten minutes after taking off; all fifteen aboard were killed. Its pilot was an old boy; its co-pilot and some members of the crew were friends of Wulf's from Biggs Field.

Allred's engine trouble was taken care of quickly in Townsville. He took off again and encountered the bad weather that the original formation had met up with earlier. He decided to fly straight across New Guinea instead of around it, as Wulf had—the flight was shorter—and was soon enveloped in large cumulus clouds. Paul Harvey was nervous. "There are old pilots and there are bold pilots, but there are no old bold pilots" was a saying he had picked up at Charters Towers from men who had flown B-26s. Allred was too bold a pilot to suit Harvey, and Harvey told him to go up another couple of thousand feet. Allred pointed out on a map of New Guinea approximately where they were, and showed Harvey he was a thousand feet above the highest mountains in that part of the Owen Stanleys. Harvey said that the maps were incomplete and inaccurate—that the B-26 pilots had warned him that some peaks were higher than the maps indicated and that others weren't even on the maps. The B-26 pilots had discovered this when they were flying at an altitude that was presumably above the highest mapped mountains: they had suddenly seen higher peaks in front of them, and had had to climb steeply to get above them. Allred repeated that they were doing fine. It was the navigator's responsibility to attempt to convince the pilot of the necessity of climbing to a safe altitude, but Keith Holm was a soft-spoken man of twenty-three, and no match for Allred in a dispute, so Harvey persisted.



They had been flying blind in the clouds for quite a while, he argued, and they hadn't received an updated barometric-pressure reading since the Townsville sea-level setting of 29.92 had been put in the altimeter-setting window. If the plane had flown into a region of lower barometric pressure, the instrument would show the plane hundreds of feet higher than it actually was. Flying in clouds was perilous on an island whose national slogan, according to most American pilots who had flown there for any length of time, should have been "There's a rock in every cloud." After an angry exchange, Harvey prevailed. Allred climbed a couple of thousand feet. They made it safely into Nadzab that afternoon.

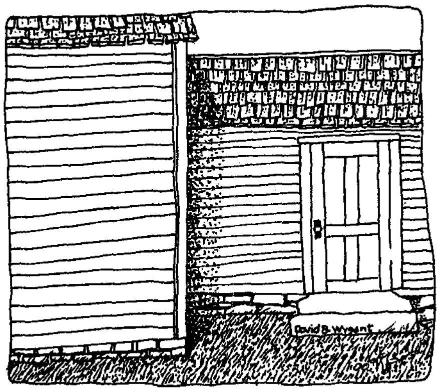
Leirer spent some time in Townsville and Charters Towers having repairs made to his plane and having his autopilot modified. (The loss of the plane that went down in the Coral Sea had been attributed to a defective autopilot.) On March 3rd, he set off again for Nadzab from Charters Towers, in another formation of 19th and 33rd Squadron planes. After the entire formation had flown three hours north, the flight leader determined that the weather farther north was bad, and all the planes returned to Charters Towers. Leirer finally got to Nadzab on March 5th. The pilot who had been flying on the left wing of the lead B-24 on February 28th and had made it through that afternoon greeted Leirer with incredulity. Leirer's R.O.N. Townsville message had never reached Nadzab. "Hell, you were supposed to have gone down in the Coral Sea," the pilot said. "We had a wake for you last night." Leirer knew that the pilot was a drinking man, who would have had a wake if he'd suspected that an infantryman of his acquaintance had been killed in Europe. His bloodshot eyes attested to the fact that more beer had been consumed than tears shed and that the ceremony had gone on for several nights.

NADZAB was situated in the grassy Markham River Valley, about twenty miles northwest of Lae. The engineers flown into Nadzab in September, 1943, had immediately gone to work improving its one dirt runway, and within three days they had selected a site for a second runway, cleared it of kunai grass, and levelled the ground so that the first C-47s filled with men and heavy machinery could land. Additional runways and taxiways were soon under construction, and in time those short-life, dry-weather runways were extended and improved. When the engineers left Nadzab, in May, 1944, it had approximately fifty miles of all-weather taxiways and six all-weather runways; three of the longest ones were surfaced with steel mat, to accommodate heavy bombers. In January, 1944, the commanding officer of the 19th Squadron assigned his statistical officer, several other officers, and sixty enlisted ground personnel to move all the Squadron's equipment from Dobodura to Nadzab and to set up a camp there while the airmen were going through transition training in Charters Towers. He promised the statistical officer a two-week leave in Sydney if the camp was ready when the air echelon arrived.

Virgil R. (Luke) Sewell, a B-24 pilot from Biggs who had been assigned to the 33rd Squadron of the 22nd Bombardment Group, flew from Charters Towers to Nadzab in a C-47 a week before Bob Allred made the flight. "On February 21, 1944, when I looked out the window of that Gooney Bird I couldn't believe my eyes," Sewell said recently. "I saw taxiways with hard stands to park airplanes curving every which way and half a dozen long runways abuilding. There were hundreds of heavy bombers, medium bombers, light bombers, transports, spotters, and fighters—P-38s, P-39s, P-40s, and P-47s—as far as I could see. Three of the heavy bomb groups were there or were in the process of moving in—the 380th was still down near Darwin—and it seemed to me that most of the rest of Fifth Air Force was at Nadzab, too. The only disconcerting thing on the ground was a lot of fires. I was afraid they were the aftermath of a bombing raid, but they had just been set by some natives who were burning underbrush under the supervision of an *Australian unit.* The housing areas stretched from the hills that rimmed the northern side of the valley all the way south to the banks of the Markham River, which is where the 22nd B.G. was. The entire complex was twenty miles square. Nadzab was said to be the largest airfield complex in the world, and I believe it was, if you don't count England as all one airfield complex."

The 22nd's housing area, near the junction of the Erap and Markham Rivers, was divided into four sections, one per squadron. Each squadron's turf was further divided into officers' and enlisted men's living quarters. Officers slept four to a sixteen-by-sixteen-foot pyramidal tent, and enlisted men six to a tent. Officers and men had separate but equal showers and latrines. (No one in the 22nd Bombardment Group ever saw an indoor toilet in New Guinea. In Port Moresby, General MacArthur lived in a rambling bungalow with fine furniture, wide verandas, colorful tropical trees, and a latrine.) Between the 19th Squadron's officers' quarters and the enlisted men's stood a few thatched shacks—an administration shack, a communications shack, a shack used as a dispensary—and some more substantial buildings. One of these was a kitchen with an officers' mess hall on one side, an enlisted men's mess hall on the other. "The enlisted men thought we ate better, but we got the same food," Leirer recalls. "The only difference was that they got their food slopped into their mess kits, and officers served themselves on plates." The statistical officer remembers that his last chore as construction superintendent was hammering the galvanized-iron roof on the mess halls, on February 27th; on the twenty-eighth, the C.O. agreed that he'd earned his leave.

When the 19th Squadron's crews reached Nadzab, on and after February 28th, they were given tents and permission to pitch them on any vacant "street and lot." Before Larry Wulf went to sleep on the twenty-eighth, he and his tentmates had cleared out tall grass and tree stumps still on their lot, set up their cots, and hung up their mosquito netting. The next morning, their first priority was to put some distance between themselves and Nadzab's ants, by raising the tent off the ground. They learned that money was useless for getting logs converted into two-by-fours or acquiring any ready-sawed wood. They had to deal for such things. The most valuable medium of exchange at Nadzab was liquor, and many air crews had opportunely brought some over from the United States or bought some in Australia. Wulf rode fifteen miles to a sawmill in a truck with a sergeant who had been "around the islands" for two years. By March 2nd, he and his tentmates had traded sufficient whiskey with its Aussie proprietor to get the makings of a tent platform. "All this exercise has kind of pooped us out," Wulf wrote in his diary that night. "We've been working like beavers on our hut and we aren't used to all this exercise. We're used to laying on the sack and drinking beer."



By March 3rd, after Allred, Harvey, Holm, and Clark had also acquired black-market lumber for their tent floor, their wheeling and dealing was interrupted. The C.O. of the 19th Squadron needed men to go to the Fifth Bomber Command's Replacement Center, at Port Moresby, for a month to teach some Australians how to fly B-24s. He gave Allred, his three officers, his engineer, his radio operator, and his nose gunner the assignment. Allred's contemporaries have no idea why he and his men were chosen for the thirty days of detached duty, but they believe that it was another decision inspired by the alphabet: his surname began with "A." In addition, they surmise, it might have been because he was among the early 19th Squadron arrivals at Nadzab (David Becker didn't get there until March 5th), and because he had as many hours in B-24s as any of the pilots in the squadron—404.5 by February 28th.

It had now been almost two years since Allred took his Army Air Forces entry examination and seventeen months since he first flew a Primary trainer. His January hopes of starting combat had faded in February; they would now be deferred another month. He and his crew were disappointed, because they knew that the 22nd would soon be in combat with its B-24s. They were assured they would be given extra missions, so that they could catch up with the other crews after they returned from Port Moresby, and not be delayed in getting back to the States. The original requirement of fifty missions to go home had already been modified once and would be modified again. The new boys were told in March, 1944, that they would have to fly three hundred hours in combat before they could see the Golden Gate again. In December, 1944, when many of them had completed their three hundred hours, the system was changed. A hundred points were needed to go home. Each man received one point for every five combat hours and additional points for such experiences as being hit with anti-aircraft fire or being intercepted by fighters.

On March 4th, Allred and six members of his crew went on a transport to Port Moresby. Once in Port Moresby, Horace James, the radio operator, was temporarily assigned to another crew. The men were given a tent at Jackson's Airdrome, the site of the Replacement Center. In March, the Replacement Center was being used not only to train Australians but also to give further instruction to new-in-country B-25 crews, and the 2nd and 408th Squadrons of the 22nd, who had flown their last combat missions on January 30th, were going through transition training for B-24s there.

The weather in Nadzab at the beginning of March was agreeable: hot sunny days, cool nights. In Port Moresby, it rained steadily, and the verdict of Allred's nose gunner, John Campbell, on what still mattered most to him was "Chow lousy." Allred and his crew were not called upon to train Australians during their first week at Jackson's. They were idle except on a day they flew back to Nadzab to see if they had any mail. No mail had reached them at Charters Towers, and little or none at Nadzab by the fourth. Campbell was "proud" to receive several letters from Trena, his eighteen-year-old bride. (They had married on November 20, 1943, toward the end of combat-crew training at Biggs.) The Army postal service had failed Keith Holm. After finishing a breakfast in bed of apples, K-ration cheese, and coffee on March 13th, he wrote to his brother Wallace from Port Moresby that he hadn't received a single letter in two months—not since the day before he left Topeka. Except for the dearth of mail, he had few complaints. He liked Nadzab ("The eating is the best I've done since I left the States," he wrote), he was looking forward to returning there to work on the tent, and he and the crew were prepared to pay for home improvements. ("You can buy anything over here for a bottle or two of liquor or beer. We have a case of 48 bottles in our fox hole for use when we get back North.") As for Port Moresby, he wrote, "So far we've done nothing except lay in our bunks and play poker at sixpence and shillings. We still have two weeks or so to sweat out here before we go North again."

Shortly after Keith Holm wrote to his brother, Allred and his crew were given some Aussies to train. General Kenney, on his second trip to Washington, in January, 1944, not only acquired surplus B-24s for the 22nd Bombardment Group and his other American heavy bomb groups but also got Arnold to agree to send him enough B-24s, starting in May, for seven Royal Australian Air Force squadrons he wanted to organize. That would allow Kenney to take the 380th Bombardment Group out of Darwin, from which it was bombing targets in the Netherlands East Indies, and move it north to increase the punch of the Fifth Air Force. The Australian squadrons would be based in Darwin and would take over the missions that the American B-24 squadrons based there were then performing. Kenney offered to train the prospective Australian B-24 crews, using Fifth Air Force facilities, crews, and war-weary B-24Ds, which would be relegated to places like the Replacement Center by his heavy bomb groups when they took receipt of the B-24Js. After a "thirty-day conversion course" at Jackson's, the Australian crews were to spend two months with the 380th.

The men whom Allred and his crew helped to train had returned from completing tours of duty in England. They had been attached to the Royal Air Force and had flown four-engine Lancasters. Within a day of flying B-24Ds with the Aussies, the American instructors realized that the Australian students, as Paul Harvey put it, could "fly the pants off us in the air." Their only trouble with the B-24 was getting it back on the ground. Lancasters were conventional tail-wheeled bombers, like B-17s. The B-24 was the first American heavy bomber with tricycle landing gear—two main landing wheels under the wings and a small wheel under the nose. The pilot had to come in with the nose higher when he was landing a B-24, because if the nose wheel hit first the strut supporting it could break off; it wasn't as strong as the main landing gear.

"It was frightening to land with the Aussies," Harvey recalls. "Even after the wheels were on the ground, they had a problem with the B-24's brakes. They were used to planes that had a hand lever on the control wheel. When pressure was applied, it went to each brake equally. The B-24 had toe brakes mounted on the top of each rudder pedal. You could apply more or less pressure to the right or left toe brake as necessary for both turning and braking."

The Americans admired the Aussies' conscientiousness. One night, after the heavens had opened up, a young lieutenant told Harvey he was going to the revetment where the plane they had flown that day was parked, to make sure that the Norden bombsight in the nose had been covered. Harvey pointed out that if it hadn't been covered it would already be wet. The young man went to the plane anyway, and returned saying, "Thank God it was covered, sir." Jim Pitts, Allred's engineer, was partial to the Aussies' accent and vocabulary. He had learned to order "stike and igges" in Charters Towers when he wanted steak and eggs. At Jackson's, he found out that the translation of "airscrews" was "propellers," and that when a student asked "Is the undercarriage lowered and secured?" his question was "Is the landing gear down and locked?"

On March 18th, Allred, Harvey, Holm, and Pitts ferried thirteen or fourteen Australian airmen from Port Moresby to a field near Darwin. Allred let the senior ranking Australian fly the plane, with Harvey flying co-pilot. The Australian was so keen to pilot the B-24 that he flew all six hours manually. The Americans, for whom the novelty of B-24s had worn off long since, would have had it on autopilot most of the way. "As we were landing at a field near Darwin, a mob of wallabies bounced across the runway," Harvey recalls. "That excited the Aussie pilot. Then, as we were taxiing, some more wallabies leaped in front of us. The Aussie was going too fast and, in the excitement, he hit the left toe brake too hard, causing the plane to veer to the left. I hit the brakes, but it was too late. The left main landing gear went off the taxiway into the soft ground, sinking down to the axle. The two left props gave the grass a good cutting job. It took several large tractors and wreckers with winches to pull the plane back onto the hard taxiway."

Allred, Harvey, Holm, and Pitts returned to Port Moresby on the twentieth. Jim Pitts had felt ill on the eighteenth. As soon as the plane landed at Jackson's, he went to see a doctor at a service squadron. He was taken by ambulance to an Army hospital in Port Moresby, where his ailment was diagnosed as spinal meningitis. He was put into semi-isolation. Allred, Holm, and Campbell visited him in the hospital on the twenty-first and talked to him through a screen. Pitts remained in the hospital until the end of April.

WEDNESDAY, March 22, 1944, was a free day for Allred and his crew. There were no Australians to train. He asked the officer in charge of the Replacement Center if he might take a B-24 up to Nadzab that morning and bring it back in the afternoon. With at least another week left in Port Moresby, Allred, Holm, Harvey, Clark, and Campbell wanted to check the mail. They also wanted to draw A-2 flying jackets, which they had heard were being issued at Nadzab. In March, 1944, there were always large numbers of men in Port Moresby who had to go to Nadzab—men who had been to Australia on leave and were hitchhiking back to rejoin their new units, and members of replacement crews who needed rides to their new units. The interior of a B-24 was far better suited to carrying bombs (the purpose for which it was designed) than carrying passengers, even if it had been converted to a transport—as Adolph Leirer learned on his June, '43, flight across the Pacific. An unconverted B-24, which lacked a wooden floor, would, however, accommodate about twenty-three men who were prepared to be uncomfortable. About seven could squeeze on the flight deck behind the pilot and co-pilot. Another seven could stand on the narrow catwalk between the front and rear bulkheads of the bomb bay; the bomb-bay doors were too flimsy to sit on. Another seven could sit with their backs up against the rear bomb-bay bulkhead. Some pilots regarded the catwalk as too dangerous a place for passengers and so would cram more men on the flight deck and against the rear bomb-bay bulkhead.

On the morning of March 22nd, at least thirty men piled onto the B-24 that Allred had been given to fly. The plane was so crowded that he suggested to Clark and Campbell that they go down into the nose. It wasn't considered safe for men to be in the nose of a B-24 at takeoff: in the event of a collapse of a nose wheel or a crash on takeoff the chances of survival were poor. In 1944, on missions, the nose gunner and the bombardier usually stayed on the flight deck until the bomber was airborne; in the early months in the Southwest Pacific, they often had to be in the nose when the plane was taxiing, because American aircraft were apt to be attacked by Japanese fighters immediately after takeoff.

Around ten o'clock, a jeep pulled up to the B-24 while it was still at the flight line. There was a B-25 at Jackson's with a brand-new-in-country crew aboard bound for Nadzab. The man in the jeep asked Harvey, on behalf of an officer at the Replacement Center who knew he was a qualified B-25 pilot with a little experience flying in New Guinea, if he would be willing to fly as co-pilot on the B-25. Harvey agreed, and was driven to the B-25. The B-25's co-pilot, who had never flown a four-engine plane, got into the jeep, boarded the B-24, and sat down in the right seat. It wasn't considered sensible to have a man who was unfamiliar with a B-24 as its co-pilot—if one or two of the engines failed he wouldn't know how to feather the props, and if the pilot became incapacitated he wouldn't be familiar with the plane's landing characteristics and proper landing procedures—but in New Guinea little flying was done by the book. "Most of it was done by guess and by God," David Becker says. There were few rules, and even those few were frequently broken. One bomber pilot remembers flying with his squadron's cook as co-pilot.

CHURCH
SUPPER
Monday
5:30 PM
Judith Shahn

Most B-24 pilots would have been equally unwilling to take off in a B-24 without a B-24 engineer aboard, to check that the gear was down, to attend to the generators when changing power, and to transfer fuel. Although a pilot would expect to fly the hundred and ninety miles between Port Moresby and Nadzab on the fuel in his main tanks, a fuel transfer might become necessary. A minimum crew of four was deemed adequate on a B-24 ferrying mission—a qualified B-24 pilot, co-pilot, navigator, and engineer.

The B-24 was parked closer to the runway than the B-25. Allred taxied to the turnabout, revved up his engines, checked his propellers, magnetos, and controls, and found that one engine wasn't working properly. He pulled aside. The B-25 pilot with whom Harvey was flying passed the B-24, taxied to the runway, lined up, went through the checkout routines, applied full power, took off, and landed in Nadzab forty-five minutes later.

Allred taxied back to the flight line, where he and Holm, Clark, Campbell, the B-25 co-pilot, and the passengers disembarked. While the plane was being worked on, the men went to eat lunch. It was 2 P.M. when Allred was ready to take off again. Clark and Campbell decided to stay in Port Moresby and let Allred and Holm bring back their mail and their A-2 jackets. Clark reminded Allred that his size was 40 long. At 2:37 P.M., Allred lifted off from a steel-mat runway at Jackson's Drome.

PAUL HARVEY wasn't surprised that Bob Allred didn't show up in Nadzab on the twenty-second; he assumed he had been delayed at Jackson's overnight by the engine trouble. When Allred still hadn't reached Nadzab by the afternoon of the twenty-third, Harvey went to base operations and asked if Allred had taken off from Port Moresby. Nadzab made contact with Jackson's and was informed that he had—on the afternoon of the twenty-second.

On the twenty-fourth, Paul Harvey flew back to Port Moresby. All he could find out was that Allred's B-24 had not been seen or heard from after takeoff. On March 25th, after the plane was officially reported missing, the Army Air Forces went about preparing the requisite Missing Air Crew Report, which was typed up on March

28th. The Missing Air Crew Report gave the aircraft's type and model (B-24D), its serial number (42-41081), the serial numbers of its engines, the weapons installed in it (ten .50-calibre Browning machine guns), the type of mission (administrative cross-country flight), the number of persons aboard (a crew of three and eighteen passengers), and their names, ranks, and serial numbers. (It was subsequently determined that a nineteenth passenger—Lieutenant Harvey E. Landrum—had boarded the plane; his name was added to the Missing Air Crew Report in late July.) No. 41081's report was more confusing than most, probably because two planes had been involved. A paragraph added to the report on July 20, 1944, read:

> Original loading list as compiled by the pilot, showed thirty (30) passengers. The pilot was scheduled to take off in the morning but due to engine trouble, took off in the afternoon, another aircraft (B-24D—42-41081) being taken. As indicated by attached statements, there were thirty-six (36) men originally scheduled to board aircraft. As list showed thirty (30), the pilot apparently promised the extra six (6) transportation without so indicating on the loading list. This possibly applies to 2nd Lieut. Landrum.

The report indicated that the route suggested to Bob Allred on the afternoon of the twenty-second was to go southeast down the coast at a compass heading of a hundred and thirty-five degrees to a well-known landmark, Hood Point. It would take a B-24 about twenty minutes to reach Hood Point, and when it got there it would be at an altitude of ten thousand feet. (A B-24's climbing speed was approximately a hundred and fifty miles per hour, and it climbed at approximately five hundred feet per minute.) According to the recommended route, Allred was then to proceed over the Owen Stanleys to Dobodura. If he continued to climb, he would be well above ten-thousand-two-hundred-foot Mt. Obree, which was forty miles from Hood Point and was the highest peak on a direct course to Dobodura; indeed, if he wished, he could be above seventeen thousand feet—high enough to clear any peak in the range and allow for the treacherous downdrafts prevailing in the mountains. At thirteen thousand two hundred and fifty-five feet, Mt. Victoria is the highest peak in the Owen Stanleys. From Dobodura (for which he had been given a favorable 2 P.M. weather forecast), Allred could proceed over low hills along the coast to Nadzab, where the 2 P.M. weather was also favorable. It was assumed that Allred had flown that route, and on March 27th a pilot from the Replacement Center conducted a special search for the plane between Jackson's, Hood Point, and Dobodura, "with no sightings made." A second plane was scheduled to search "the supposed route" on the twenty-eighth.

On March 24th, two pilots from the 19th Squadron and part of one pilot's crew had been sent from Nadzab to the Replacement Center at Port Moresby on detached duty for a month to train Australians. On the twenty-ninth, Harvey, Clark, and Campbell received travel orders to return to Nadzab by March 31st. By the thirty-first, Larry Wulf had built a clothes cupboard, a writing desk, a chair, a fireplace, and some steps for his "house," and had fixed up a rock walk leading to it. Although his house was a tent, it eventually had almost as many amenities as a thatched hut that Luke Sewell had built for himself with wood liberated from the 33rd Squadron's sawmill one night between February 21st and February 28th when his gunners were assigned to guard it. On March 10th, the 19th Squadron had flown its first B-24 mission. By the thirty-first, Larry Wulf had flown half a dozen missions. He had bombed Japanese targets like Wewak and Hollandia, had been fired on by Japanese fighters, and, as a result of a series of mechanical problems that his plane experienced shortly after takeoff on March 26th, had come as close to being killed in the war as he hoped he ever would be.

After Bob Allred vanished, Paul Harvey began to fly as first pilot. On April 3, 1944, he flew his initial mission, with Clark as bombardier and with the first of a series of co-pilots and navigators. The enlisted men in Allred's crew, including Pitts, after he got out of the hospital, flew most of their missions with Harvey. In January, 1944, the 22nd Bomb Group had become known as the Red Raiders: their new group commander, Colonel Richard W. Robinson, was a redhead, and so were others on his crew. Harvey continued to wear his leather jacket. "I wore a Red Raider patch with our Viking logo on the right side," Harvey says. "I wore my Toggle Joe patch on the left side, over my heart, where many men wore a large Fifth Air Force patch. My middle name is elephant." Larry Wulf didn't wear his leather jacket in New Guinea, and it disappeared. "The

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Toggle Joes were temporary victims of circumstances, and I got on with fighting the war and trying to survive," Wulf says.

In mid-January, 1944, after Bob Allred left Topeka to go overseas, Juanita drove Mollie and Henry's car to Des Moines. Helen Bauder, Doris Holm, and Paul Harvey's wife, Betty, kept her company as far as Omaha, where the Bauders lived. Doris had met Keith while he was stationed in Everett, Washington, her home town, and she was going to stay with his parents in Kimball, Nebraska, his home town. Betty Harvey was from Scottsbluff, Nebraska. Her parents owned a jewelry store there, and she was planning to work for them. After dropping off her three passengers (Doris and Betty took trains to Kimball and Scottsbluff from Omaha), Juanita drove on to Des Moines. It was the first time she had been alone on a highway, and she felt as frightened as she had when she took her first solitary train ride to San Antonio, in September, 1942. Since then, Juanita's life had been disrupted by Bob's frequent changes of station, but it was only now, when he was heading overseas, that she realized what it meant to be a pilot's wife. There was a war on; no one expected the war to end for another year or two; she wouldn't be seeing Bob anytime soon. Still, many women she knew were in similar situations or worse. Emily's husband, Carl, was a Seabee, shifting from one island to another in the South Pacific. Bill, the husband of Emily's daughter Dorothy, was also in the Navy, on a ship in the South Pacific. The husband of Emily's daughter Margaret had been a B-17 navigator, had been shot down over Schweinfurt, Germany, on August 17, 1943, and was in a prison camp on the Oder River. When Juanita returned to Des Moines in January, 1944, Emily was sharing her house with her youngest daughter, Betty, and with Dorothy, Margaret, and Margaret's newborn baby. Juanita went back to work for Judge Meyer, rented out the house on Diehl Avenue, and moved in with her parents.

On the morning of Saturday, April 1, 1944, there was a knock on the door of the St.Johns' house. Monte St. John and Juanita were at work in the courthouse. When Jessie St.John opened the door, she saw a boyish-looking Western Union messenger on the front porch. He was holding a two-star telegram addressed to Mrs. Juanita Allred. Messengers were forbidden to leave two-star telegrams in people's mailboxes (the two stars stamped on them by Western Union signified that they dealt with an emergency or a death), and were instructed to hand them only to the addressees, after warning them of the nature of their contents. Jessie St.John talked the inexperienced messenger into giving her the telegram. As soon as he had left, she opened it and read:

> THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET THAT YOUR HUSBAND SECOND LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. ALLRED HAS BEEN REPORTED MISSING SINCE TWENTY-TWO MARCH OVER NEW GUINEA PERIOD LETTER FOLLOWS

Mrs. St.John telephoned her husband, in the auditor's office, and read him the telegram, which was signed by an Acting Adjutant General. Monte St.John worked on the second floor of the courthouse, Juanita on the fourth. He walked up the two flights of stairs, broke the news to her, and said he would take her home. On the way, they stopped at the Allreds' house. Mollie had an everything-will-turn-out-all-right attitude about life—her children believe that it helped her survive her early married years—and Bob had been in and out of scrapes most of his life. He had always landed on his feet, Mollie assured Juanita, and he would on this occasion, too.

Juanita was shocked and puzzled. The last letter she had received from Bob had been written on March 17th. He wasn't even flying combat missions then—he was training Australians. She had the home addresses and telephone numbers of the families of the nine men in Bob's crew and the work phone numbers of some of the married men's wives. She called Trena Campbell at work, in Port Hueneme, California, and read her the telegram. Trena hadn't received one. She ran home and found a letter from John telling her that Bob and Keith were missing.

d. ehrenberg

A week later, the letter heralded by the telegram followed:

> The term "missing" is used only to indicate that the whereabouts or status of an individual is not immediately known. It is not intended to convey the impression that the case is closed. . . . Experience has shown that many persons reported missing are subsequently reported as returned to duty or being hospitalized for injuries. . . . I will again communicate with you at the expiration of three months.

The letter held out hope, but it was vague, and three months was a long time. Juanita wrote to the Adjutant General's Office to request additional information. Her letter was forwarded to the commanding officer of the 22nd Bomb Group's 19th Squadron at Nadzab. In early June, the C.O. answered Juanita's letter. Nothing whatever was known of the plane after takeoff, and an intensive search for it had been fruitless; and after he spelled out some of the hazards of flying in New Guinea she almost wished she had settled for hopeful vagueness:

> It is necessary to cross high mountain ranges on practically every flight made on the island. Thick jungle growth goes right up to the tops of the peaks and entire squadrons could completely disappear under this foliage. No matter how thorough the search is, the possibility of locating the plane is rather remote. We have had numerous other instances of like nature and no word has come concerning those crews or airplanes. The weather and terrain account for more airplanes than combat flying.

In July, Juanita received a letter telling her that Bob's plane hadn't been seen or heard from "after it left its base, at 2:35 P.M.," and enclosed with the letter was a list of the twenty-one men who were on the plane and the names and addresses of their next of kin. Juanita, an optimist by nature, still hoped that good news would be forthcoming before the Office of the Adjutant General dispatched its next form letter, three months hence. All through 1944, she worked six days a week; taught Sunday school, as she had been doing since 1935; continued to join in Allred family gatherings; and remained an active member of Beta Nu, a businesswomen's sorority she had pledged in 1936. The sorority had dinner parties, theatre parties, slumber parties, and formal and informal dances. Evening meetings with refreshments and games were held in members' homes. In 1944, Juanita and a girl friend whose husband was in the military saved up and took a trip to

Chicago "to put a dent in the blahs." They treated themselves to a room at the Palmer House, heard Hildegarde sing, shopped at Marshall Field, and met Ollie Clark's fiancée, Bianca.

The joy of the excursion to Chicago was dispelled in the latter half of 1944 by extensive correspondence with the Army about Bob Allred's belongings. Paul Harvey had packed up the clothes and personal effects that Bob and Keith had in their tents in Port Moresby and Nadzab, and had turned them over to the squadron C.O. In the fall, Juanita received two cartons and two envelopes containing some clothes, a camera, three identification cards, and a leather briefcase filled with papers documenting Bob Allred's career in the Army Air Forces. There were special orders and personnel orders, reporting-in forms and instrument-flight-check forms, and Bob's Form 5s—monthly records of all his flying hours between October, 1942, and March, 1944. Each time an officer in the Kansas City Quartermaster Depot sent her any of her husband's personal effects, he also wrote to say:

> My action in transmitting this property does not, of itself, vest title in you. The items are forwarded in order that you may act as gratuitous bailee in caring for them, pending the return of the owner. In the event he later is reported a casualty, and I sincerely hope he never is, it will be necessary that the property be turned over to the person or persons legally entitled to receive it.

In Bob's March 17th letter, he had said that many of his and the crew's belongings were to follow them to New Guinea by ship. In November, Juanita received his footlocker. When she opened it, on her parents' porch, it smelled musty. She took out a few things—a manicure kit, an electric iron, some photographs—and then spread mildewed trousers, shirts, socks, handkerchiefs, and shoes on the porch. She called an Army post in Fort Des Moines, and someone there offered to fetch the clothes and shoes and dispose of them.

The Adjutant General's Office wrote Juanita on March 23, 1945, that Bob's case had been carefully reviewed and that he was being continued in the status of missing. Juanita was thereby continued in a status of limbo. From time to time, she got to feeling sorry for herself. I'm going to buy myself something from Bob, and when he gets home I'm going to show it to him, she remembers thinking, and she bought herself a suit, a matching hat, and a forty-dollar piece of costume jewelry. "You'd have thought I'd spent a million dollars on that pin, and it was a lot of money then," she says. "One birthday, I really splurged, and bought myself a ring with an opal, my birthstone."

In 1945, Juanita moved back to the house on Diehl Avenue. Emily's husband and two sons-in-law and all the other men she knew who had been in the service returned safely, and she was thankful, but it was difficult to see other couples reunited while she was still alone. "I was able to keep a stiff upper lip at work and at social gatherings with relatives and married couples," she says. "It was when I came home and closed the door behind me on a quiet house, a house it was harder and harder to believe that Bob would ever return to, that I felt so lost. The things I had to do that I hadn't had to do before—setting and emptying mousetraps, stoking the furnace—also tended to bring on moments of self-pity and tears."

JUANITA heard again from the Adjutant General's Office in January, 1946. Since March 22, 1944, the War Department had "entertained the hope" that Lieutenant Robert E. Allred, 0-679012, Air Corps, "survived" and that "information would be revealed dispelling the uncertainty surrounding his absence," an Acting Adjutant General wrote. No trace had been found of the B-24 on which he had been a crew member after its departure from Jackson's Drome, Port Moresby, on an administrative cross-country flight to Nadzab. "Since no information has been received which would support a presumption of his continued survival," the letter went on, "the War Department must now terminate your husband's absence by a presumptive finding of death." A presumptive date of death for the purpose of termination of pay and allowances, settlement of accounts, and payments of a "death gratuity" had been set as January 26, 1946.

For the next few months, Juanita was engaged in correspondence resulting from the financial repercussions of the War Department's decision. As the beneficiary of Bob's ten-thousand-dollar National Service Life Insurance policy, Juanita had a choice of accepting fifty-five dollars a month for twenty years or thirty-six dollars and eighty cents a month for the rest of her life. She chose the latter. She also started to draw a fifty-dollar-a-month pension from the Veterans Adminis-

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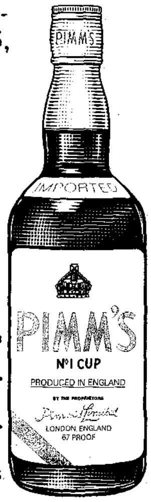

tration, which would be discontinued if she remarried. When Juanita wrote to Railway Express applying for Bob's benefits, she received a check for two hundred and seventy dollars and eighty-three cents—four per cent of his earnings of six thousand seven hundred and seventy dollars and seventy-seven cents during his years with the company—and a letter from the company's general agent saying he had anticipated being able to use Bob in the company's legal department after his graduation from Drake. On May 14th, she got a check for three thousand three hundred and seventeen dollars and thirty-five cents for "pay and allowances due decedent at presumptive date of death." The Acting Adjutant General had concluded his letter of January, 1946, by saying that he trusted "that the ending of a long period of uncertainty may give at least some small measure of consolation. . . . May Providence grant a measure of relief from the anguish and anxiety you have experienced during these many months."

Providence did not oblige. In late 1945 and early 1946, searches by United States Army and Australian Graves Registration teams were conducted in New Guinea. Similar teams searched in other countries where planes had gone down and had yet to be recovered, and in 1946 newspapers and magazines printed stories about these searches. On May 14, 1946, Juanita wrote the first of a number of letters to the authors of the articles and to the searchers they named about the possibility of Bob's being alive if he had survived the crash and about the likelihood of his plane's being found if he hadn't. The replies were discouraging. The most informative letter came from a colonel who was searching for planes that had gone down in South America. "I am a pilot myself and have been flying for some fifteen years," the colonel wrote. "I spend many hours over the jungles, savannahs and mountains of this part of the world and I know that the chances of locating a crash in the jungle are virtually nonexistent unless one has previous knowledge of its location. An airplane going into the trees makes a very small gash in a limitless sea of green. Even this gash soon heals and grows over with new growth here in the tropics and since there are many thousands of square miles of uninhabited jungles and mountains, it is doubtful if these crashes will ever be found."

On July 3, 1946, Juanita wrote to Howard and his wife and to Hazel and Margaret and their husbands, and sent them photocopies of letters she had recently received, among them the colonel's, which she had already shown to Louise and Emily, the only members of Bob's immediate family still living in Des Moines. She acknowledged that handling the copious correspondence resulting from the War Department's letter of January 26th had worn her out physically and emotionally in January, February, and March; she had become inactive in Beta Nu; she had given up teaching Sunday school for almost six months but had just taken her class back. Juanita had kept in touch with Mollie and Henry after they moved to California, in 1945. Once, when they had driven to Des Moines to visit, she had helped them drive back to California. When Juanita wrote to her in-laws in July, she reported that Mollie had asked her if she was satisfied that Bob would not return. Juanita's answer had been that she didn't think she would ever stop wondering and speculating but that her periods of definite belief that Bob was alive and would be returning were growing farther apart with the passage of time. "However," she added, "one can't complete all the forms and answer all the questions I have had to answer, receive mail as 'Mrs. Juanita A. Allred, widow,' and checks every month made out to 'Mrs. Juanita A. Allred, unremarried widow of Robert E. Allred,' without its having an effect—and not a happy one, I might add." She said she realized that she couldn't continue to think "I'll wait to decide that until Bob gets back," and that she would have to rely on herself. "I'm beginning to know that I'm on my own," she wrote.

The last letter Juanita wrote to the Army in regard to Bob's whereabouts was dated November 25, 1946. She asked if there were any unidentified men from the South Pacific theatre of action in government hospitals. A colonel in the Office of the Surgeon General in Washington replied promptly: There were no unidentified patients in military hospitals. Patients who were suspected of suffering from amnesia or were otherwise unidentified were fingerprinted. The Adjutant General's Office had a record of the fingerprints of all Army personnel. In November, Juanita bought an illuminated chancel cross for the wall of her church; it was dedicated in a Sunday-morning church service. Underneath the cross is a brass plate engraved "TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN MEMORY OF ROBERT E. ALLRED—WORLD WAR II."

JUANITA's sister, Marilyn, and Marilyn's husband, Jerome, asked her to go with them to the Ice Follies in November, 1946. A day or two before the performance, Marilyn telephoned Juanita to ask whether she objected if a friend of Jerome's came along. "It makes me no mind," Juanita said. At the ice show, the seating arrangement was Juanita-Marilyn-Jerome-Alvin Beck, Lincoln High Class of 1940, who was home on leave from overseas service with the Coast Guard prior to his discharge.

"Alvin and I didn't do much talking that night, but there was a mutual feeling of 'hitting it off,' " Juanita says. "Alvin called the following week to ask me out, and from then on we dated steadily." Until November, 1946, the only man Juanita had gone out with in almost three years was a cousin she had scarcely seen since childhood. She still pinned Bob's wings to her blouses and sweaters, and she still wore her engagement ring and wedding band. Sometime in 1947, she stopped wearing them. In the fall of 1947, Alvin proposed, and Juanita accepted. She felt ambivalent about marrying "a younger man." (Juanita is

GOURM T
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six years older than Alvin.) She expressed concern that she might be perceived as disloyal to Bob by remarrying "too soon." Mollie wrote her a letter saying that she approved of the remarriage—especially to Alvin (whom she knew, because he had briefly dated Emily's daughter Dorothy in high school)—and that the age difference was immaterial. Mollie reminded Juanita that she herself was two years older than Henry.

Juanita and Alvin were married in Fort Des Moines Presbyterian Church on February 14, 1948, in a morning ceremony, with just their immediate families present, including Emily and Louise and their husbands. Marilyn was Juanita's matron of honor; Jerome stood up for Alvin. After a brief wedding trip to visit one of Alvin's six sisters, the Becks settled down in the house on Diehl Avenue. The last official communication that "Mrs. Juanita Allred" received from the Office of the Adjutant General was dated March 24, 1949, and said, "The records of the Department of the Army are being amended to show that Lieutenant Allred was killed on 22 March 1944, when his plane crashed in New Guinea, between Port Moresby and Nadzab."

Alvin was hired by the Des Moines Fire Department in April, 1947. In the late forties, firemen were required to live within the city limits, and Fort Des Moines was still outside those limits. In 1949, Monte St.John helped Alvin build a house within the city, and in February, 1951, Juanita and Alvin moved into it, with their eight-month-old son, Arlen. A second son, Leslie, was born in 1953. Juanita had given up her job at the courthouse at the end of 1948. In 1965, she went back to work as a secretary to the director and the board of a non-profit, non-denominational private organization that provides services to children and to families in trouble. Alvin retired from the Fire Department, as a captain, in 1977. Juanita gave up her job in 1980. In 1981, the Becks took square-dancing lessons. Square dancing became their favorite pastime.

When the Becks left the Diehl Avenue house, Juanita threw out every letter Bob had ever written her—she felt she had to make that break with the past—but she still wore a pendant that Alvin had made for her using the small diamonds in the engagement and wedding rings Bob had put on her finger. She kept Bob's briefcase with the Army Air Forces documents, his manicure kit and iron (which she had given him), and photographs dating back to the plays in which they had appeared. She also kept a letter that the six enlisted men who had been in his crew had mailed to her on May 1, 1944. "We have no doubt that if Lt. Allred is alive that he will get back," the men had written. "He just wasn't the type to give up and he could always handle any situation that arose. . . . There wasn't a better pilot or officer in the Air Corps. We were all proud to be under his command."

THE families of the twenty-one other men on the B-24 that took off on March 22, 1944, from Port Moresby and never made it to Nadzab got telegrams and follow-up letters from Acting Adjutants General similar to those which were sent to Juanita Allred. A few days after receiving a two-star telegram, Maria Geis, the wife of Second Lieutenant Raymond J. Geis, Jr., who was the B-25 co-pilot who had traded places with Paul Harvey, received a letter that her husband had written on March 21, 1944, the day before his twenty-first birthday. The letter's March 24th postmark and its contents were reassuring. Ray had been having fun—even when pilot training got tough he had written lighthearted poems about Army Air Corps life. He looked forward to seeing his father, a Seabee stationed in New Guinea, for the first time in over a year. He hoped that the grass skirt, the pennants, and the money he had sent from Hawaii had reached Maria. "Just think, Honey, tomorrow I will be a man," he wrote. "My my and here I am out where I can't even get a case of Scotch to celebrate. Hard luck but anyway we'll make up for it when I get back home again. I guess you know that's not so far away . . . Be a good little girl and don't worry about me. This is more like playing Boy Scout than anything else." Ray's letter convinced Maria that the telegram was a terrible mistake, and she told the Army she refused to believe its contents. When the telegram proved to be accurate, the fact that Ray had been lost on his twenty-first birthday was particularly painful.

Ten of the passengers on 41081 had something in common with Ray Geis: they were headed for the 345th Bombardment Group (medium). In March, 1943, the newly formed 345th had had orders to go to England with its B-25s, but as a result of General Kenney's first plane-begging trip to

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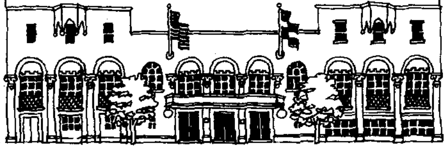


GOLDEN TULIP
BARBIZON

Washington it was diverted to the Southwest Pacific. The 345th went into combat in June, 1943. By February, 1944, the first of the original aircrews had finished their prescribed missions and were homeward bound. Geis, Staff Sergeant Thomas J. Carpenter, Jr. (an engineer-gunner), and Staff Sergeant William M. Shrake (a radio operator–gunner) were new replacements. Four members of one B-25 crew were on 41081—Second Lieutenant Emory C. Young (pilot), Second Lieutenant Melvin F. Walker (co-pilot), Staff Sergeant Robert C. Thompson (radio operator–gunner), and Sergeant Charles Samples, Jr. (engineer-gunner). B-25s had crews of either five or six men. A number of the crews crossed the Pacific together, and a number of the crews split up in California, with some flying new B-25s to Australia and some going to Hawaii by ship and on to Australia by transport plane, as Sergeant James A. Miller (gunner), another member of Young's crew, had done. On March 22, 1944, Samples was carrying a set of Miller's dog tags that Miller had lost in the States. Four members of a second B-25 crew—Second Lieutenant Charles R. Steiner (pilot), Second Lieutenant Stanley G. Gross (bombardier), Staff Sergeant John J. Staseowski (radio operator–gunner), and Sergeant Clint P. Butler (engineer-gunner)—were also aboard.

Eight men were on 41081 because they had been to Sydney, seven of them on furlough. They had travelled on transports to Port Moresby and were there on March 22nd trying to catch rides back to their bases in or near Nadzab. One of the hitchhikers, Corporal Joseph B. Mettam, was an armorer with the 345th Bombardment Group, and five were in the ordinary Army. First Sergeant Harold Atkins, First Sergeant Weldon W. Frazier, and Staff Sergeant Frank Ginter were serving in New Guinea with small anti-aircraft units. Technician Fourth Grade Joseph E. Kachorek, Jr., was a medic with a field hospital, and Private First Class Carlin E. Loop a medic assigned to an aircraft-warning battalion. Ground personnel in the Army Air Forces like Mettam had much less chance of rotating home than the aircrews did. Generally, Army enlisted men were also overseas for the duration of the war and got fewer furloughs than aircrews. Though they were not exposed to the hazards of combat flying, their life was more tedious.

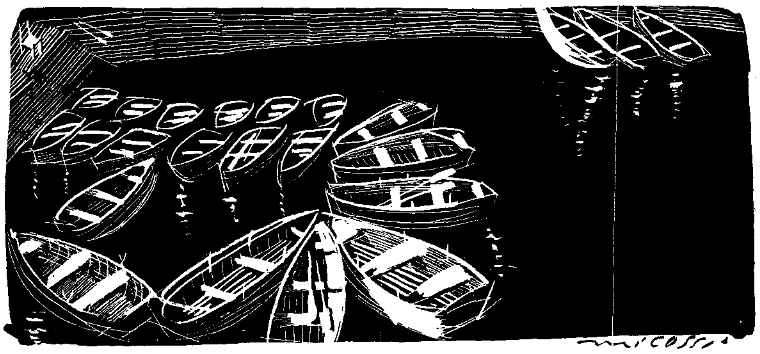
In February, 1942, Frank Ginter had sailed from San Francisco (where he had been quartered at a dog track) for Australia. Two and a half weeks later, the ship sailed into Brisbane, where his unit set up camp at a racetrack. Since early 1942, he had been helping to protect airstrips in northern Australia and New Guinea. In the fall of 1943, he got a letter from his brother Joe, who was working as a tool-and-dye maker at an aircraft factory back home in Buffalo. When Joe wrote that Frank was better off, because of the rationing back home, Frank decided that it was time to sound off about Army life from Gusap, a fighter base near Nadzab, where his unit was stationed.

> Did you ever try eating rice and sardines three times a day for three months? Try it sometime for breakfast, I'll bet you won't go for seconds. . . . it makes me burn every time I read about people back home complaining about rationing and the hours they have to work. How about the hours we put in and what about our pay? Twenty-four hours a day we're on the go and no days off. Every time the moon is up, we have to spend half the night waiting for all hell to break loose. It's no fun getting out of bed at 2:30 or 3 in the morning and standing in a slit trench or fox hole, especially if it's raining and 9 times out of 10 [it is]. How would you like to wear a full uniform at all times and not be able to shed your shirt because of being bit and getting malaria and the temperature up around 115 degrees or 120 degrees? . . . How would you like going to bed every night at 8 or 9 o'clock or sit up and look at the same faces you have been looking at for the last 3 years and argue about everything? Silly little things that sometimes lead to a battle royal. Every day it's the same old routine and we more than welcome Tojo whenever he appears. Every time we shoot our guns and the raid is over, it gives us new arguing material. . . . Right now we've got a lull, but the moon will soon be bright enough to start night raids. That's really fun, the sky looks like a movie première with all the lights and the fourth of July effect. What a barrage, large guns going off overhead and the concussion enough to knock one on his hinder. . . . We're over here doing our best, and making in one month what the average man back home is knocking out in one week. . . . Compared with the people back home we're paupers. In a couple of months we'll have [had] two years of this . . . and no relief in sight. . . . Don't get angry just because I flew off the beam, really it's not too bad after the first 2 years.

The only officer on 41081 among the seven men returning from leave was Second Lieutenant Harvey E. Landrum, a P-39 pilot with the 82nd Reconnaissance Squadron. Between his arrival in New Guinea, in early December, 1943, and March 8, 1944, Landrum had flown fifty-one missions; fighter pilots flew shorter, more frequent missions than bomber pilots.

The eighth passenger returning from Sydney, where he had been hospitalized for two weeks because of an infection, was Stanley C. Lawrence. Staff Sergeant Lawrence, a gunner, had been flying combat missions in B-25s with the 38th Bomb Group for over a year. On December 1, 1942, six planes from his squadron bombed a Japanese convoy over the Bismarck Sea, near New Britain. The bombers were intercepted by twelve Japanese fighters, which concentrated on making head-on strafing passes at the leading flight of three bombers. All three bombers maintained the attack and scored at least one direct hit on a destroyer but were damaged by the Zeros' guns. One B-25 burst into flames and crashed, and one was so badly damaged that it was forced to cease bomb runs. With the Zeros still attacking, Lawrence's pilot elected to reduce speed in order to protect the crippled airplane, and led the flight back to the base. The pilot was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross; the rest of the crew received Air Medals for meritorious achievement. In the fall of 1943 (putting in for awards and writing up citations takes time), Lawrence's home-town paper published a photograph of General Kenney pinning the Air Medal on Lawrence, and quoted the citation. Only a few months later, the newspaper reported that Lawrence was missing in action.

Captain Charles R. Barnard, 0-734785, a bombardier with the



43rd Bombardment Group, was the twenty-second man on 41081. Between July, 1943, and January, 1944, Barnard and his crew had completed their missions, as had another crew, on which the bombardier was Phil Barber, 0-734784, a roommate of Barnard's from their days in bombardier school, which accounted for the closeness of their serial numbers. Barnard and Barber had been promoted to first lieutenant in November, 1943. Both men were married and became fathers while they were overseas; Barnard's daughter was born in September, Barber's in October. Barber was eager to see his baby and left New Guinea as soon as he was eligible to go home. Barnard was a highly regarded bombardier who had been awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross for a mission on which his B-24 had been hit and its navigator killed. He had been recommended for promotion to captain by the 43rd Bombardment Group but had to agree to spend three more months overseas in his new grade to secure promotion. The 43rd had told him he would get his captaincy without having to fly another mission. Barber's pilot and co-pilot had also advised him to stay on, because he wouldn't have a chance to make captain in the States—it was a pilots' war. Barnard got his promotion, a leave in Australia, and an assignment to the Replacement Center in Port Moresby. On February 29, 1944, he wrote to his sister that he hoped to leave New Guinea within six weeks. On March 22nd, he was en route from the Replacement Center at Jackson's to 43rd Bomb Group headquarters, in Nadzab, to pick up his orders to go home.

NINE of the men on 41081 were married. Between April, 1944, and January, 1946, the other wives were subjected to a series of disheartening experiences like the ones that Juanita Allred endured. As "gratuitous bailees," they took receipt of musty, unsavable clothes, and the months of uncertainty took a toll on them. "If I'd received a telegram in April, 1944, telling me Keith Holm had been killed in action, it would have been easier," Doris says. "Certain death is something you have to face up to, but when someone you love is declared missing you hope against hope, and that is a terrible thing. It takes a long time before you force yourself to decide that you must start over and go on with your life." Between 1946 and 1958, all but one of the wives remarried.

A mother will keep hoping long after it is unreasonable to hope. Years after their daughters-in-law had remarried, most of the mothers of the men on 41081 continued to harbor fantasies that their sons were alive and perhaps living happily in the jungle with native women. After Charles Samples, Jr., was declared missing, his mother sent a fruitcake to his last address. When the box in which she had shipped it came back empty, she regarded that as proof that the cake had reached her son. She kept writing to Charles, and gave the letters to her younger son, Donald. He never told his mother that he didn't mail them.

Stanley Gross was Jewish. Some people of Jewish faith follow the custom of remembering a deceased relative by giving a child a name beginning with the same initial as one of the relative's names. In April, 1945, Stanley's sister Perle had a daughter and wanted to name her Stacy. Bertha Gross, Stanley's mother, wouldn't hear of it. She didn't believe that her son was gone for good. Perle named her daughter Marilyn. Bertha Gross was the mother of eight children. Two of her daughters died after Stanley's disappearance. She accepted their deaths because of the finality. Until her own death, in 1975, whenever Mrs. Gross spoke of Stanley she said simply, "He's gone." Where he had gone she didn't say. The former wives and the brothers and sisters gradually became resigned to never knowing any more about the fate of the plane and the twenty-two men on it than they did in 1944.

ON April 30, 1982, Juanita Beck spotted a headline in the Des Moines *Tribune* which read, "WWII PLANE REMAINS FOUND IN ISLAND JUNGLE." Enough of the details given in the accompanying Associated Press story about a B-24 that had just been found in Papua New Guinea by a team from the United States Army's Central Identification Laboratory in Hawaii matched the information she had received from the Army in the nineteen-forties to persuade her that the CIL team had recovered Bob's plane. That same day, Howard Allred, a vice-president and general counsel of a large insurance company in Oklahoma, read a similar version of the A.P. story in the Tulsa *Tribune* and reached the same conclusion. Over the years, the Becks had remained close to the

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Allreds. Juanita is "Aunt Juanita" to Emily's daughter Betty, and Alvin is "Uncle Alvin" to Betty's children. Juanita got in touch with the Directorate of Casualty and Memorial Affairs in Alexandria, Virginia, which presided over the CIL in 1982. In May, she learned that the plane was Bob's and that she would be informed "if and when the identification processing was complete."

Emily assumed that Bob would be identified, and called Juanita to ask how she felt about burying him in Des Moines. Juanita said that neither she nor her father—Monte St.John was then an alert eighty-nine-year-old, who recalled with joy the houses he had built with his sons-in-law ("two mighty fine boys")—placed great value on visiting cemeteries. Twice a year, Alvin, Juanita, and Mr. St.John decorated the graves of Jessie St.John (who died in 1971), Alvin's parents, and several other relatives buried in Des Moines. Emily then proposed, as an alternative, burying Bob in Whittier, California, where Mollie (who died in 1953), Henry (who died in 1962), and Hazel and Margaret and their husbands were buried. Juanita and Louise were unenthusiastic about that suggestion. Bob had no connection with California, and no relatives who had known him lived there. Howard had been to Hawaii several times, had seen Punchbowl, the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, and thought it would be appropriate to have Bob buried along with thirteen thousand other men who had lost their lives in the South Pacific during the Second World War. Juanita, Louise, and Emily concurred.

The relatives of five of the men on 41081 had read the A.P. story. The relatives of the seventeen others learned of the recovery of the plane in January, 1983, after Tadao Furue, the CIL's physical anthropologist, had individually identified all twenty-two. The initial shock experienced by the families was followed by relief. "It was a relief to learn that Charles hadn't suffered," Donald Samples observed after studying the photographs of the crash site, the skeletal diagrams, an Anthropological Narrative that Furue had written, and other material that the CIL had compiled. "No one walked away from that crash. No one was taken prisoner by the Japanese."

To newspapers and television stations in the towns and cities where the families of the men on 41081 lived, the plane's recovery was a "human interest" feature. Reporters descended on the brothers and sisters and former wives, Middle Americans who had had little or no previous experience with the press. They found many of the reporters either "pushy" or inaccurate, or both. After reading one story in the Des Moines *Register*, which stated initially that Juanita's first marriage had occurred in 1938 and then that she had married Bob Allred two years after his high-school graduation, in 1934, she asked the writer (who had also made other mistakes) why he didn't learn to add.

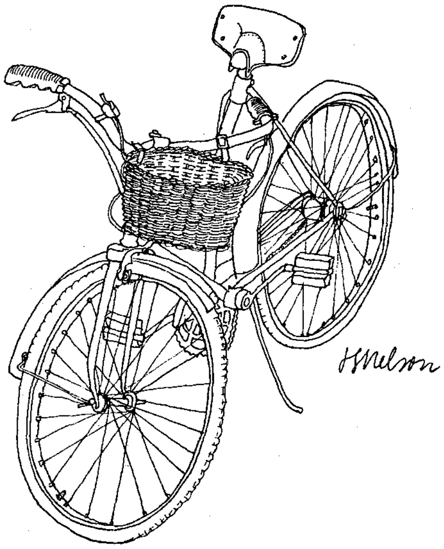
A national weekly magazine whose pages are customarily devoted to celebrities—actors, movie stars, rock-and-roll singers, sports stars, and royalty—decided to run four pages of photographs and text about 41081. Juanita Beck was one of the relatives who consented to an interview. She brought some of Bob's school records down from her attic and fetched his briefcase from a basement storage closet to show the magazine's representative, a young woman. When the reporter learned that Bob had played football in high school, she asked what position he had played.

"Line, I think," Juanita answered.

"Gee, I seem to know more about my boyfriend than you know about your former husband," the reporter commented.

"Would you after thirty-nine years?" Juanita inquired.

The reporters had come into the lives of families who were preoccupied with making burial arrangements and were far more wrought up than the reporters realized. Most families had suppressed their grief during the period between 1944 and 1946. No disappearance is made final by a bureaucratic "presumptive finding of death." The families were doing their grieving thirty-nine years later. To Karl Shrake, it seemed as if his brother had died in 1983, and not in 1944. Maria Ulrich—the former Maria Geis—says, "My life was shattered in 1944, and in 1983 it was shattered again after those many years of trying to forget." A couple of widows felt awkward talking to reporters in front of their second husbands, who showed resentment at all the unexpected attention being paid to their wives' first loves.



Looking at old photographs and letters and remembering things they didn't know they still remembered made many brothers and sisters sad. The young men on 41081 had grown up during the Depression and had not had a chance to enjoy much before their lives were snuffed out. At twenty-seven, Robert Allred was the fourth-oldest man on the plane, and the only one who had graduated from college. The families of most of the enlisted men made Henry and Mollie seem affluent. Carlin Loop and John Staseowski had had to drop out of high school and join the Civilian Conservation Corps. Clint Butler had dropped out of high school at fifteen, fibbed about his age, and enlisted in the service. Butler's fib was discovered, and he had to reënlist. Harold Atkins' father died in 1926, when Harold was five; his mother died of cancer in 1927, after making arrangements to place her nine children in foster homes. Atkins dropped out of high school, joined the C.C.C., and then enlisted in the Army; it was one of the best options a poor boy had at the time, and, like Weldon Frazier, he rose from private to first sergeant and planned to make the Army a career.

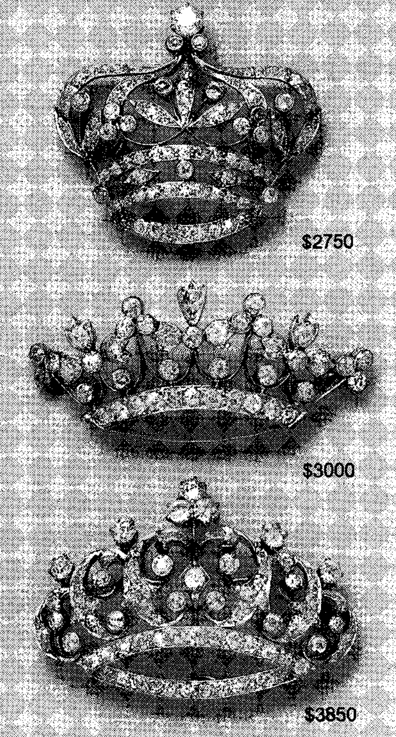
The newspapers printed photographs of the young men who had been lost and found, and in a number of cases their photographs were displayed at their funerals. "I was surprised to walk into the funeral home and see a photograph of Keith in uniform," Doris Holm Nelson says. "I looked at him, and I thought, 'There he is, forever young.' A group of his boyhood friends were in one pew. They were men in their sixties. Most of them were wearing bifocals or trifocals, and what hair they had left was gray. *But if they had paunches and* wrinkles, they also had children and grandchildren and length of days. I wondered what, if anything, went through their minds as they looked at Keith's photograph. I thought that none of them would have traded places with him. He didn't have a chance to live a life."

AMONG the hundreds of thousands of people who read the A.P. story about the B-24 wreckage discovered in Papua New Guinea in the spring of 1982 was a man named Joseph L. Bell. According to the A.P. story carried in Bell's local newspaper, the Idaho Falls *Post-Register*, "the pilot and/or the navigator at the time were from the 22nd Bomb Group," but a photograph that ran with the story showed the top two-thirds of the plane's crumpled right tail fin, which was embellished with a skull—part of the skull-and-crossed-bombs insignia of the 90th Bomb Group, the Jolly Rogers. Joe Bell had trained as a bombardier at Biggs Field in the summer and fall of 1943, had been assigned to the 22nd Bomb Group in January, 1944, and knew that Allred and Holm had flown out of Port Moresby in March, 1944, and had never reached Nadzab. The Red Raiders' insignia was a Viking. Most of the bomb groups that were part of the Fifth Air Force during the Second World War, including the 22nd and the 90th, regularly publish newsletters that are mailed to the dues-paying men on their rosters. Bell, who was in the 22nd's 408th Squadron, sent the man who gets out the 22nd's newsletter a copy of the A.P. story, along with a note. "I believe it's possible that Lt. Allred's crew could have been one of those transferred to the 90th Bomb Group and orders so stating may not have been processed, which would account for the fact that a 22nd B.G. pilot was flying a 90th B.G. plane." The crash also came to the attention of the 345th Bombardment Group (the Air Apaches), the 43rd Bombardment Group (Ken's Men), and the 38th Bombardment Group (the Sun Setters).

The colonel who had written to Juanita Allred in 1946 to say that the chances of locating a crash in the jungle were virtually nonexistent unless one had previous knowledge of its location was not wrong. It took a man like the Australian Bruce Hoy, the curator of Papua New Guinea's National Museum and Art Gallery's Aviation, Maritime, and War Branch, to beat the odds. Had it not been for Bruce Hoy, it is almost certain that the remains of the twenty-two men on 41081 would still be lying on an eighty-four-hundred-foot ridge leading to Mt. Thumb, an eleven-thousand-foot peak in the Owen Stanleys. Hoy had what he called "a feeling" that a plane had gone down in the vicinity of Mt. Thumb. In March, 1982, he sent his clerk to the village of Manumu to inquire whether the villagers knew of any nearby plane crashes. He learned that two bird hunters from Manumu had come upon the wreck of a large plane "one or two Christmases ago." (The villagers are indifferent to the passage of time.) When members of the CIL team visited Papua New Guinea in April, 1982, Hoy passed along this bit of intelligence, which led them to 41081. The CIL team organized an expedition to the crash site and spent six days recovering remains. (Among various personal effects found at the site was an identification bracelet bearing the name Robert A. Ambrose. It was subsequently learned that Staff Sergeant Ambrose was a buddy of Frank Ginter. They were both from the Buffalo area and had enlisted at practically the same time. Ginter, as a favor, took the bracelet to Sidney to have Ambrose's serial number inscribed on it. In 1983, Ambrose, who lives near Buffalo, was astonished when the bracelet was returned to him.) Hoy himself spent three days there collecting artifacts. A helicopter lifted 41081's right tail fin, a .50-calibre machine gun, and a portion of the plane's nose off the mountainside to Port Moresby; they were trucked from Jackson's Airdrome to Hoy's museum branch.

Bruce Hoy receives the 22nd Bomb Group's newsletter. When he read Joe Bell's letter in the June, 1982, issue, he knew that Bell was mistaken. The CIL had Allred's and Holm's missing-in-action files with them in Papua New Guinea, and both men were still with the 22nd on the day of the crash, but what were they doing on a 90th Bombardment Group plane?

"Airplanes are my life," Hoy often says, without hyperbole. He is as deeply interested in a plane's life story as a Daughter of the American Revolution is in her family tree. As soon as he saw 41081's nose on the mountainside, he knew that the B-24 had flown with the 90th Bombardment Group's 320th Squadron. A pilot in the 320th had named his plane Moby Dick, after Melville's mythical white whale. One day in December, 1943, after the pilot had become the 320th's C.O., he found that the plane's nose had been painted. It had a white eye behind the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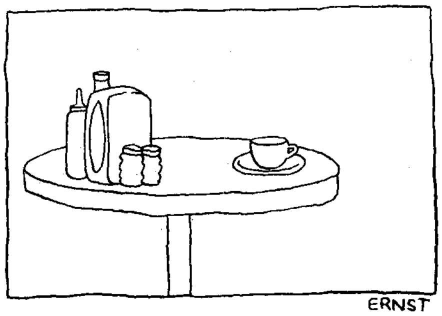
bombardier's Plexiglas window, black eyelashes, a red mouth, and sharks' teeth. No one knew if the teeth reflected literary ignorance or artistic license. Soon most 320th planes sported identical nose décor, and the 320th became known as the Moby Dick Squadron.

After Hoy had 41081's right tail fin on his premises, he took a good look at what he believes is the only such example of Jolly Rogers artwork in any museum on earth. To his practiced eye, the numbers appeared odd. They had not been sprayed on in a factory—the 4 didn't have the telltale stencil breaks. Upon closer inspection, he saw that all the digits had been painted on by hand, the 2, the 0, and the 8 in stencil style—he could see the brush strokes. When he wiped the tail off with a rag, he saw the numbers 41127 underneath 41081. At some time during its career, 41081 had had right-tail-fin trouble and had received a right tail fin from another 90th Bombardment Group plane. (In a 90th Bombardment Group history, there was an undated photograph of 41127 flying high.) Planes were frequently cannibalized. Hoy had read of one bomber that contained bits and pieces from thirteen aircraft.

Consolidated Aircraft was the designer and major builder of the B-24, though four other companies also produced B-24s, including the Ford Motor Company's plant in Willow Run, Michigan; and 41081 had rolled out of Consolidated's San Diego factory in April, 1943. It cost the government $297,687. No. 41081 spent part of the summer in Texas—it was at Biggs Field, apparently being test-hopped, in July, a month before Bob Allred got there. It reached Australia in late August and was assigned to the Fifth Air Force in late September.

After consulting a few of hundreds of rolls of microfilm he had dealing with the history of the Fifth Air Force, Bruce Hoy knew that 41081 had flown missions on October 29, 1943, and December 14, 1943. He later learned from one of hundreds of American pen pals he had that it had also flown missions on January 18, 19, 23, and 25, 1944. (Expended rounds of ammunition were found at the crash site; they were presumably left over from the missions.) According to the Missing Air Crew Report, the plane's owner on March 22, 1944, was the Fifth Bomber Command. Hoy checked the 320th's weekly status-and-operations reports from January to March. Not a single 320th plane had been lost in combat during those two months, nor was there any mention of a B-24's being transferred from the 320th Squadron to the Fifth Bomber Command. Between March 5th and March 11th, two B-24Ds were transferred out of the squadron. They did not go to a depot for repair or overhaul—they were simply transferred to another organization. Hoy believes that one of the two was 42-41081, and that it went to the Replacement Center. Because Hoy is such a precise man, he is exasperated by the imprecision of the Fifth Air Force's historical records. "For unknown reasons, most histories completely ignore the aircraft side of the story, and in a lot of cases aren't worth a crumpet," he says. "It is a terrible pity that no squadron in the 90th recorded full information concerning serial numbers on its weekly status-and-operations reports."

To Hoy, 41081 was not just a death ship. It had been a life ship that had carried men safely to and from targets like Vunakanau Airdrome, just southeast of Rabaul, and Pilelo Island, near Arawe, on the other end of New Britain. He suspected that it had a name as well as a number, and he was right. A crew that had flown 41081 fairly regularly in late 1943 and early 1944 was traced by means of the 90th Bombardment Group's newsletter. Its pilot was a man named Morgan F. Terry, and, in that era of the comic strip "Terry and the Pirates," the crew members were called Terry's Pirates. The crew had named the plane, and the name, painted in yellow-brown block letters in a wavy line on the fuselage, was Weezie. Richard Grills, one of Weezie's gunners, remembers how the plane got its name. "Some plane engines purr, but this one's made a funny sound," Grills says. "They sort of wheezed, so we called our ship Weezie." A 320th Squadron mechanic remembers that one plane in his custody, The Eager Beaver, was popular, because it flew so well. Weezie, with its odd-sounding engines, was not popular. Still, when members of the crew read about the end to which Weezie had come, they said that the plane had never given them any trouble.



In May, 1982, Juanita Beck wrote to a civilian in Casualty and Memorial Affairs to ask whether there would be an investigation regarding the cause of the crash. The answer she received was that an expert crash-site investigator at Norton Air Force Base in California had been called and had said that "due to the passage of time and the inaccessibility of the site, it would not be possible to determine the cause."

Bruce Hoy does not pretend to be an expert crash-site investigator, and wishes that one would be sent up to Mt. Thumb. Still, he thinks that "even a glorified desk jockey" can cast some light on the circumstances of the crash of 41081. In 1944, he says, nothing definite enough to be properly called a flight plan was given to a pilot, but Allred was given advice on the best possible course to follow on the afternoon of March 22nd. One thing is certain: Allred did not follow the course outlined on the Missing Air Crew Report. If he had flown fifty miles southeast to Hood Point, his plane could not have hit the side of Mt. Thumb—which is forty miles northeast of Port Moresby—a few minutes after taking off from Jackson's. Many G.I. Elgin watches were found at the crash site. None had a minute hand, but two had hour hands: the watches had stopped shortly before the hour hands reached the 3—perhaps seven or eight minutes before the hour. Allred had taken off at 2:37 P.M. If he had flown northeast at an approximate speed of a hundred and fifty miles per hour, climbing at an approximate rate of five hundred feet a minute for sixteen minutes (say, from 2:37 P.M. to 2:53 P.M.), Allred would have been about forty miles from Port Moresby at an altitude of about eighty-four hundred feet.

Obviously, no pilot would purposely head for the side of an eleven-thousand-foot mountain. Hoy suspects that Allred was heading for the most famous shortcut through the Owen Stanleys, the Kokoda Pass, which is only fourteen miles from Mt. Thumb. Paul Harvey had flown through "the Gap"—as the Kokoda Pass was often called—on the B-25 on the morning of March 22nd; no other route would have put him in Nadzab only forty-five minutes after the plane took off from Port Moresby. Harvey had been told about the Kokoda Pass while he was at the Replacement Center; it is likely that Allred had, too. Perhaps Allred had forgotten that what is relatively safe on a clear morning is apt to be perilous in the afternoon, when the Owen Stanleys are almost always shrouded in clouds. As General Kenney wrote in his autobiography, in bad weather one "would have to go to fifteen thousand feet to play safe in clearing the range."

Bruce Hoy and the pilots who knew Bob Allred believe that he exercised his privilege as first pilot to disregard the suggested route, which was longer and safer. By midafternoon, he was probably in a hurry to get to Nadzab. Eighty-four hundred feet was an altitude commonly used to fly through the Gap. "The plane probably strayed off course," Hoy says. "At that altitude and at that time of day, Allred would almost certainly have been flying in clouds. He found a cloud with a rock in it."

The C.O. who had written to Juanita Allred in 1944 was accurate in saying that weather and terrain accounted for more airplanes than combat flying. Past events never respond fully to inquiry, but in 1985, when many more facts had been learned about 41081's last flight than were known in 1982, a Royal Australian Air Force historian in Canberra observed, "High ground, bad weather, overconfident and inexperienced young pilots. The mountains of New Guinea are littered with their aircraft."

WHILE the 22nd Bombardment Group was stationed in Nadzab in 1944, each of its squadrons kept a junior officer in Australia to buy eggs and fresh produce and liquor and beer to supplement the dreary diet at Nadzab, where even Coca-Cola syrup was in short supply, and pancakes and marmalade were a relentless combination that made men cringe forty years later. A "fat cat" (a war-weary plane) flew down periodically to fetch the provisions. Crews took the beer along on test hops: it cooled as well in a few hours at twelve thousand feet as it would have in a refrigerator on the ground, and the men didn't have refrigerators on the ground.

On non-mission days, the officers played bridge and poker (Sewell's thatched hut had two card tables in

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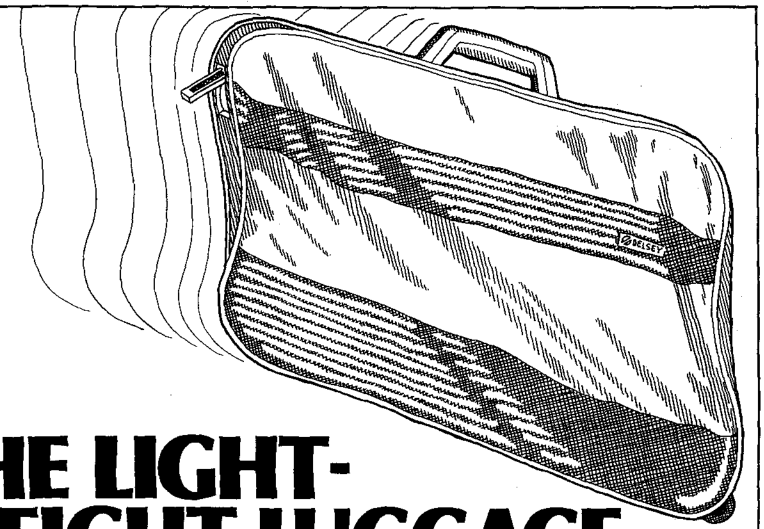

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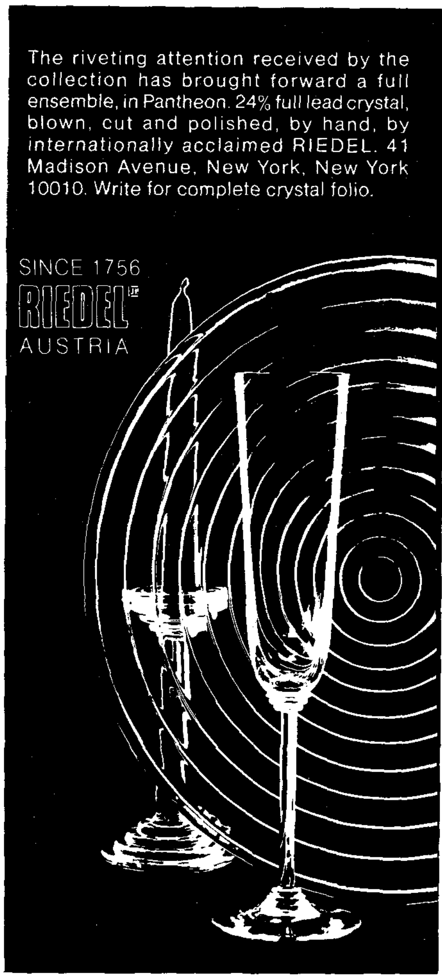

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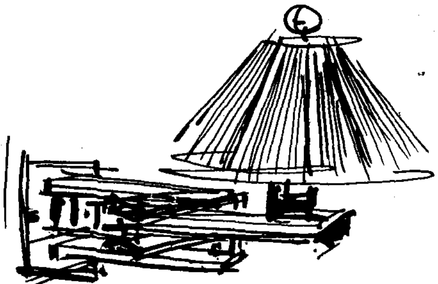

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round-the-clock use) and also softball, volleyball, and football, and built an officers' club. Occasionally, a "red alert" sounded, and they took refuge in slit trenches they had dug next to their tents. Missions were frequently called off because of bad weather, but between March or April and the end of July, most crews had flown between fifteen and twenty missions. By the end of July, there was little left of the Japanese Air Force on New Guinea. At the end of August, General MacArthur moved his headquarters to Hollandia, which had been the last major Japanese airbase on the island. Several weeks earlier, the 22nd had begun its move to Owi, one of the Schouten Islands, less than nine hundred miles from Mindanao, the southernmost island of the Philippines. The New Guinea campaign was over. From Owi's coral runways, the 22nd flew missions to the Celebes, bombed the oil fields at Balikpapan, Borneo (known as "the Ploesti of the Pacific"), and hit Mindanao. MacArthur's "I shall return" campaign to the Philippines was well under way.

The 22nd was supposed to move to Leyte in mid-November, but the move snafued. The metal runways that were laid on Leyte sank in the mud, and none of the 22nd's B-24s could take off from them, so the 22nd moved to Angaur, a small island in the Palaus. From Angaur, the group staged its first daylight raid on Clark Field, Luzon, and caught the Japanese unaware. The B-24s destroyed and damaged an estimated two hundred enemy planes in the air and on the ground.

Island-hopping continued apace. On January 21, 1945, the 22nd moved to Samar, in the Philippines. On February 1st, David Becker flew his last mission—to Corregidor—which gave him 100.81 points and, on February 28th, his going-home orders. He flew to San Francisco, arriving on Sunday, March 4th; took the train to Terre Haute, arriving on Sunday the eleventh; and kept faith with his diary—he was married on Sunday, March 18th.

Clark Field became the 22nd's base in March, 1945. Its targets then included Formosa and Hong Kong, and, on March 21st, Larry Wulf led the 19th Squadron on its first daylight raid on China. By the time the 22nd moved to Okinawa, back to Luzon, and back to Okinawa, in May, 1946, Luke Sewell was one of the last men from Biggs still with the 22nd. He was there by choice. Sewell had spent four years working in a lumberyard, rising from yardman to assistant manager, before receiving his "Greetings" card from the President, in 1941. He was eligible to go home in February, 1945, and had the right to return to his job after the war, but he knew there would be a lot of men ahead of him for the manager's job. He departed for the United States in December, 1946, when he couldn't get any more extensions overseas. By the time Sewell retired, in 1972, he had spent over thirty-one years in the Army and the Air Force. "Army Air Corps life just grew on me, " he says. "I'd found a home."

EVERY August, the 22nd Bombardment Group holds a reunion. In 1985, the reunion was held in a hotel outside Washington, D.C., with three hundred and two men and their wives and guests in attendance. Among those who came to the reunion to attend the business meetings and the banquet, go on the sightseeing tours, and trade war stories over the free liquor served in the hospitality suite were Jane and Hy Webster (one of four couples from Biggs with whom Juanita has kept in touch since 1944); Adolph Leirer and his wife, Helen, whom he met on one leave to Sydney in 1944, dated on another leave in 1944, and married on a third trip to Sydney, to ferry a B-24 there for the R.A.A.F., in 1945; Frances and Bob Dent (retired and raising cattle in Texas); Larry Wulf, a widower; Paul Harvey and his second wife, Rosina; Colonel and Mrs. Virgil R. Sewell and their son, daughter-in-law, and two grandsons; and Colonel and Mrs. Lee Shelton and Lieutenant Colonel and Mrs. Lee M. Shelton II.

Another man present who felt fortunate to be at the reunion was Bill Bounds. On March 22, 1944, First Lieutenant William H. Bounds, a navigator, was in Port Moresby trying to get back to Nadzab after a leave in Sydney. He got on Bob Allred's plane, didn't like its looks, and later—when an investigation was being conducted to determine whether Landrum had been on the plane—signed an affidavit saying he had got off because he didn't consider the aircraft safe.

Fred Moore, who served as an ordnance chief with the 345th Bombardment Group and attends its reunions, is another man who was briefly aboard 41081. "When I looked inside and saw that mass of humanity, I said no," he says. "I wasn't about to stand on a narrow catwalk, so I took my B-4 bag and left. I caught a ride around two-thirty with a plane from my squadron. The weather was terrible, so the pilot followed the coastline southeast all the way to Milne Bay and then turned north. As we approached Lae, the pilot was flying under the weather at about a hundred and fifty feet. We could see native boats on the water. The flight took two hours—I remember we almost missed chow."

Ever since Oliver Clark got out of the nose of the B-24 that had engine trouble on the morning of March 22, 1944, and didn't get back on the plane in the afternoon, he has counted his blessings. So has John Robert Campbell. "Not getting on that plane was a gift of fate," Campbell says. "I guess my time hadn't come."

THERE were more people at Robert Allred's funeral on March 3, 1983, than Juanita Beck had anticipated the previous May, when she, Emily, Howard, and Louise decided as a family to have Bob buried in Punchbowl. Among the twenty-five men and women gathered under a metal canopy that had been set up near the grave were Alvin and Juanita; Emily and her husband; Howard and his wife; two of Howard's sons and their wives; Louise and one of her daughters; six friends from Iowa who were on vacation in Hawaii at the time; the only man on the 22nd Bombardment Group's roster who lives in Honolulu, and who was proud to represent the Red Raiders; and Tadao Furue and Leslie Stewart, from the CIL.

On a warm, breezy morning, with cardinals and helicopters flying overhead, the chaplain read the Twenty-third Psalm. He led the gathering in reciting the Lord's Prayer. He spoke of the grief that had been ended and the questions that had been answered "as we commit the remains of Robert to their resting place." Seven riflemen fired three volleys. A bugler played the heartache of Taps.

Juanita Beck tried to make arrangements with a florist in Honolulu to deliver flowers to her first husband's grave three times a year—on Bob's birthday, at Christmas, and on the anniversary of the crash—but the arrangements did not work out. Long before she gave up on the florist, in late 1984, and started using the services of Florists' Transworld Delivery, she learned that someone had succeeded where she had failed. A friend

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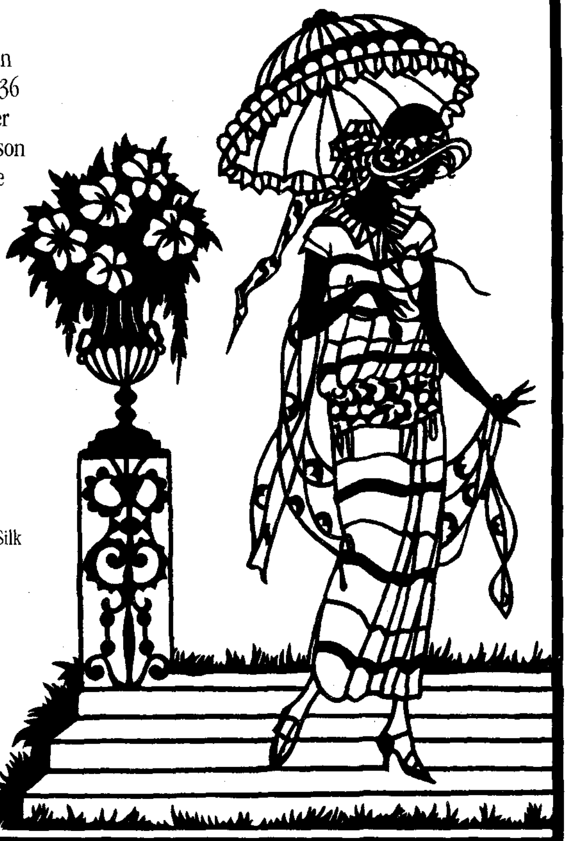

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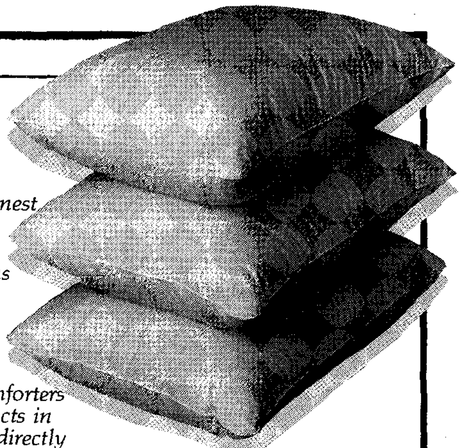

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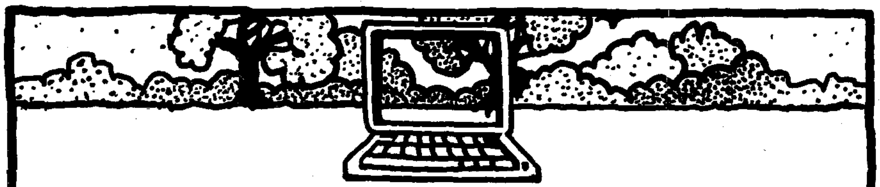

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of Louise's took a trip to Hawaii in May, 1983, and saw multicolored flowers at Bob Allred's grave. A year later, Paul Allred, nineteen, the oldest son of Howard's oldest son, Dr. Robert L. Allred, spent a semester studying at the University of Hawaii. On Sunday, May 27, 1984, the day before Memorial Day, he went to Punchbowl. As he approached his granduncle's grave, he saw a man standing in front of it gazing into the distance. In a flower container near the headstone was a bouquet of long-stemmed roses. Paul Allred waited until the man turned toward him, and then introduced himself, whereupon the man introduced himself. He was Tadao Furue.

Tadao Furue had moved from Japan to Hawaii in 1977. Robert Allred was the first man he had identified at the CIL to be buried at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, and after the funeral service was over he had made a point of paying his respects to Robert Allred's family. Furue told Paul how much it had meant to him to meet Bob Allred's former wife, his sisters and brother, and his nephews, and now meant to him to meet his grandnephew. He said that he had brought twenty-two roses—one for each man on the plane.

Tadao Furue visits Bob Allred's grave at least twice a year. He keeps a gallon of water in the trunk of his car (if the radiator leaks he wants to be prepared to fill it) and also a roll of paper towels (he has used them to wipe his hands after tightening a battery cable and after changing a flat tire). On his visits, he always cleans the headstone and always brings flowers. No. 41081 had been Tadao Furue's most difficult and time-consuming case. As it happened, it had also taken him longer to piece together the remains of Robert Allred than those of any other man on the plane. Because Furue accepts sole responsibility for each identification he makes, he has a special feeling for Robert Allred. As the commander of the aircraft, Robert Allred had chosen the course. He bore the responsibility for the plane's meeting the mountain. —SUSAN SHEEHAN

(*This is the third part of a three-part article.*)

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This early American farmhouse has modern interior features on the inside.—*Picture caption in the White Plains Reporter Dispatch.*

Best place for them.

THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

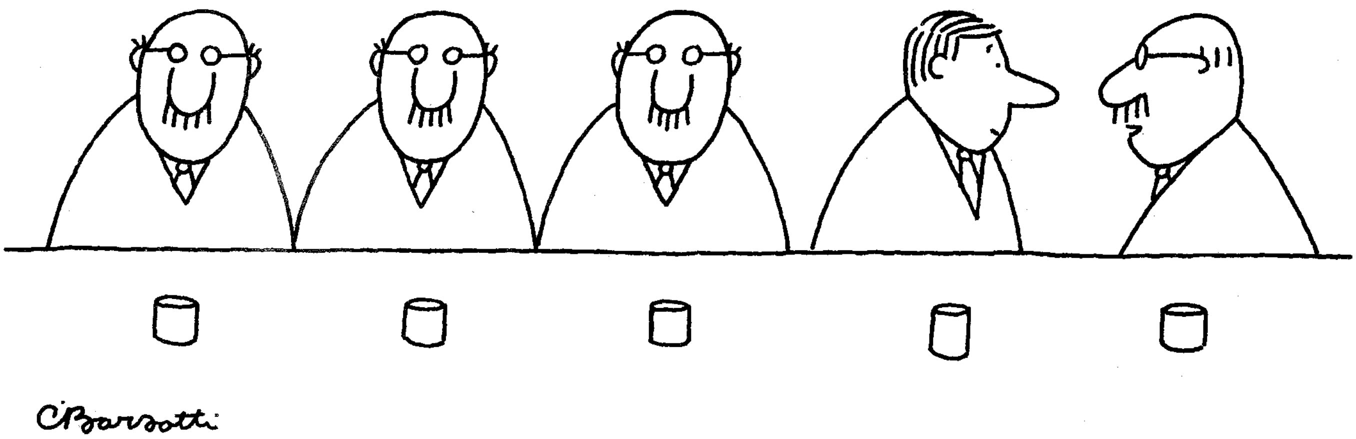
OPHELIA (Elain Graham), of "Louie and Ophelia," has some sort of administrative job in an office; Louie (Douglas Turner Ward) cooks in a restaurant; they meet in a bar, and Ophelia asks Louie back to her apartment in the Bronx for a drink. He is a widower of forty-eight; she has a mostly absent husband (he checks in every few months to see his teen-age children, whom she is bringing up alone). Gus Edwards' play, a production of the Negro Ensemble Company, at Theatre Four, tells the story, in one brief episode after another, of their love affair—and it's love, all right, although many of the episodes are stormy, and most of them are humorous. Ophelia is a bossy woman, stubborn and assertive, very edgy about the position of blacks in every situation, and insistent that her children never stop studying, as she herself studies, so that they can rise in the world. "Nobody in my family ever had a respectable job," she says at one point. Louie, just as intelligent and strong as she is, though barely literate, is easygoing. Her behavior toward him seems impossible—she constantly puts him down and challenges everything he says—yet on the occasions when he asserts himself her remorse is complete, and one is always aware that her self-discipline is as fierce as any discipline she imposes on anyone else. Both are lonely and long for a kind of family stability. In time, Louie realizes that he and this exasperating woman are mismatched, and he walks out—but temporarily, because he also comes to realize, in a wry, bittersweet ending, that love is love, and there is nothing they can do about it.

Mr. Edwards' great strength as a dramatist is his ability to examine with depth and humor and understanding characters we meet most frequently in case histories or documentaries or cheap television shows. Ophelia and Louie are as free of cliché and full of surprises and humanity as any of the characters in Mr. Edwards' "Weep Not for Me." The performances of Elain Graham and Douglas Turner Ward are perfect. Mr. Ward, the artistic director of the N.E.C., and ordinarily a superb director himself, in this instance was not quite. The play, relentlessly chronological, seemed somehow too deliberate in tone, and I felt that perhaps an outsider's hand would have been a help. Maybe, maybe not. A few of the scenes are played on film, projected onto a screen above the stage, as the actors, frozen in place, watch and listen to themselves. At the preview I saw, the projector was out of whack, so a few of these segments were heard but not seen, or the other way around. The actors rose nobly to occasions that are always much harder on the cast and the technicians than they are on the audience. The setting of Ophelia's apartment, in what appears to be a housing project in the Bronx, was the good work of Charles H. McClennahan; the lighting was by Sylvester N. Weaver, Jr., who also directed the film clips; and the elegant costumes were by Judy Dearing. The beautiful Miss Graham bestows elegance on every dress she wears.

HAVING been raised on Ruth Draper, I tend to steer clear of monologuists, so my first exposure to Spalding Gray, who has been appearing solo for the past seven years, was at the Newhouse last week, in "Terrors of Pleasure," the first of three of his extended monologues that will be presented there through June 8th. Mr. Gray, a lanky, personable fellow, tells us, in a most informal way, about his purchase of a house in the Catskills—a house with no foundation, built upon clay. Everything that can go wrong does so, and the contents of the piece soon become an inventory of humdrum rustic catastrophes. In order to recoup his losses, he goes to Hollywood and almost lands a role opposite Farrah Fawcett. The material is so scuffed, so threadbare from overuse, that it is impossible to tell much about Mr. Gray, though not to wonder why he thought it would be interesting. That is the strongest opinion I'll venture so far. Everything may clear up after the next two programs.

THE first program, Series A, in Marathon '86, the festival of one-acters at the Ensemble Studio Theatre, is so disappointing that I'd skip it if it weren't for Horton Foote's "Blind Date." This slight, lightly satiric play is set in a small Texas town in 1929. A bustling, officious woman has arranged a date for her niece with a rising mortician. The girl, shy and bookish and on the receiving end of many fatuous instructions from her aunt, as yet has no interest in dating or any other sexual ritual, and the presence of her henpecked uncle is no help. Not much happens, but the performance, under Curt Dempster's direction, goes pretty well. Deborah Hedwall is the aunt, James Rebhorn is the uncle, Kelly Wolf is the niece, and Corey Parker is the mortician. In spite of some evidence of talent here and there, the other entries often seemed more actors' exercises, trumped-up audition material, than plays. Regrets and best wishes to the dramatists.

—EDITH OLIVER



"Sir, would you mind changing places with me?"

MUSICAL EVENTS

Musical Elements

THE score of Jacob Druckman's "Athanor" bears the completion date "2 May 1986." Six days later, the Philharmonic, to which Druckman is composer-in-residence, gave the work its first performance; Zubin Mehta conducted. The athanor, the composer reveals in a program note, was "the cosmic furnace of the alchemists;" he tells of an occult hill, mist-shrouded on three sides, clear on the fourth, where are a well from which azure vapor ascends, a basin filled with clear fire, and two reservoirs of black stone, containing the wind and the rain. The four movements of the work are named for the elements. Familiar musical analogues are used in their depiction: although the Philharmonic follows the strange American practice of printing movement headings and program notes on different pages of its program book, a listener did not need to page to and fro to discover which element was being treated. The unexpectedly deep and solid brass tones heard in "Fire," along with sparky woodwinds and strings' clear shine, presumably picture the fire's deep source.

"Athanor" lasted about twenty-four minutes. For some years, Druckman has been composing works in which form is defined, for the most part, by timbres and textures rather than by any sustained thematic discourse. (The Viola Concerto, of 1978, is an exception.) No harm in that, as an admirer of Varèse and early Ligeti must readily admit. What matters is the quality of imagination and invention. In "Athanor," short-breathed inventions and dense polytonal harmonies produced a somewhat conventional effect, and even the sounds were less surprising and new than one expects from Druckman. I'm reporting first impressions; it may well be that subtler, more picturesquely colored—and longer-rehearsed—performances will bring "Athanor" to light and life. The Philharmonic's first, ill-formed account of Druckman's "Windows," in 1975, gave little idea of that work's merit. It would be good to hear, consecutively, the orchestral cycle that began with "Windows" and has continued through "Mirage," "Chiaroscuro," "Aureole," "Prism," and now "Athanor." Some orchestra should at once start planning such a bill; it could well celebrate Druckman's sixtieth birthday, in 1988.

PETER MAXWELL DAVIES' opera "The Lighthouse" has elemental and alchemical strands woven into it. Three men, called Sandy, Blazes, and Arthur, are pent in a lonely lighthouse: earth, fire, and air are isolated and are surrounded by water. ("Arthur" presumably has a Joycean link with "aether;" perhaps Davies also recalls the medieval use of the name for the star Arcturus.) While Sandy and Blazes play cribbage, Arthur, his voice become the mysterious Voice of the Tarot, intones from aloft a vision of the Fool in triumph bestriding the world, and he evokes the elements:

> Black legs rooted deep in earth
> His fish-scales skim the water.
> The devil's bat-wings beat the air,
> His face flames crooked laughter.

Not everything about "The Lighthouse" is clear and pat. There are inconsistencies, moral ambiguities, puzzles. Davies' fierce hatred of joy-denying, guilt-inducing fanaticism, which makes the sanctimonious Arthur an agent of evil, is given strong expression—as strong as that of the cry Verdi gave to Amneris: "Empia razza! anatèma su voi!" The situation is explosive, and Arthur is the catalyst, but in the catastrophe that he induces retribution is not altogether unmerited: Blazes has been a casual murderer; Sandy betrayed and denied his love when the cock crew. Like many dramas in which not all is explained, "The Lighthouse" has attracted numerous and varied productions. (In this country, it has been staged in Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and San Diego.) Robert Carsen's vision of the piece, revealed this month at the Guelph Spring Festival, in Ontario, was individual, precise, and arresting. It goes on to the Canada Pavilion of Expo '86, in Vancouver.

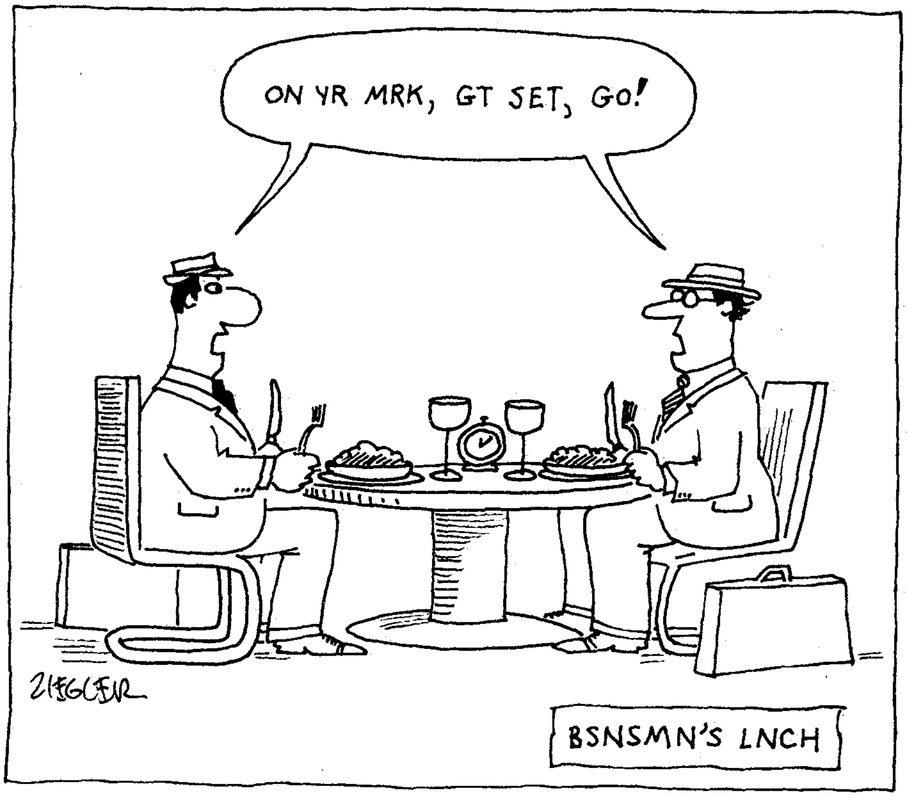
The central metaphor of the lighthouse itself—sending its warning out into the world, yet in the keepers' crazed minds seeming to draw up past and present evil from the depths with its bellowing foghorn and dazzling beam—was powerfully realized. Michael Eagan's set, crisply constructed, responsive to the events of the drama, was at once the keepers' quarters and the lantern room. At the height of the mad scene, the men entered into the lantern itself—became part of it, their features bestially distorted by the revolving lenses. It was a memorable image. So was the "opening shot" after the prologue: three men, penned within the confining lighthouse walls, trying to stay each as far from the two others as possible, as if resisting, instinctively, a destructive conjoining of earth, air, and fire. The characters and the tensions between them were sharply defined. About Arthur, as played by Christopher Cameron, there was something of Melville's Claggart: fine-cut, raven-haired, pale-faced, mild-mannered until unholy ecstasy seizes him. Cornelis Opthof was the coarse, companionable Blazes, living easy with murders on his conscience until Arthur sets it churning. Ben Heppner gave a sensitive, sterling performance as Sandy, a burly young Scot unable quite to repress the bewildering memory of his boyhood romance. All three sang well. Steuart Bedford conducted with a masterly control of both formal progress and dramatic coloring. The playing of the Canadian Chamber Ensemble—the professional core of the Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony—was admirable. From twelve instrumentalists Davies has conjured a marvellous range of sounds, and his music reveals new subtleties at each hearing. Its secrets can be studied in the pocket full score of "The Lighthouse," just published by Chester.

RICHARD STRAUSS's "Daphne," unheard in New York since the Little Orchestra Society's semi-staging in Avery Fisher Hall eleven years ago, was given a concert performance in Carnegie Hall last week—a concert performance lightly and deftly dramatized by entrances and exits, sensitive lighting (by Tom Hennes), and a simple, effective enactment of the heroine's final metamorphosis into a laurel tree. "Daphne," like "Friedenstag," is a stage tone poem. (The two operas were planned and performed as a double bill.) Most of Strauss's later works return, in ways, to his earlier successes from "Salome" through "Ariadne auf Naxos." "Arabella" returns to "Der Rosenkavalier," and "Capriccio" to the "Ariadne" prologue. "Die Ägyptische Helena," with its action unfolding swiftly around a single woman and culminating in her triumph, has something in common with "Elektra."

Strauss made the comparison, and Hofmannsthal qualified it: "If one likens 'Elektra' to a taut chain of gloomy, massy iron links, then 'Helena' is a festoon of intertwined lyrically drawn garlands . . . In Act II the flowery chain must be as *taut* as the iron chain was." In these returns, however, there is not mere repetition but an exploration of veins far from completely mined, and new refining. In 1923, Strauss begged Hofmannsthal for "a second 'Rosenkavalier' without its flaws and longueurs," since "I've not said my last word in that genre." The late one-acters "Friedenstag" and "Daphne" return to the form of "Salome" and "Elektra" but treat a new kind of subject matter. We miss the flare of youthful forgetive genius that made those scores so exciting. The stream of invention flows more calmly but perhaps more beautifully, and it does not flag. "Friedenstag" and "Daphne" were composed in 1935-37, when the world around the composer grew dark. The first hymns peace and the brotherhood of man. The second has a heroine who shrinks from the touch of the rude world, seeks refuge in idealism, and learns, too late, that non-engagement is in itself an action that can bring suffering to others. That is not all "Daphne" is about. Rather as Hofmannsthal used once to lecture Strauss, Strauss now lectured his new librettist, Joseph Gregor: "You see, it must all be psychologically far more subtle and intricate." Unknowing, Daphne must in some sense be in love with both her suitors, Leucippus and Apollo—stirred by both Dionysian and Apollonian love. Although her parents, Peneus and Gaea, are in this version mortals, something of the divinity they have in the original myth—as river god and earth goddess—invests them still, and Strauss gives them the accents of Wotan and Erda. "Daphne" is the fullest statement of the German composer's loving reverence for classical antiquity. Strauss would ask Gregor now for greater clarity, then for everything to be bathed in twilit ambiguity. (It's surprising the libretto turned out so well.) And, independently of the text, "Daphne" can be listened to as a pastoral tone poem—an extended lyrical song for soloists, orchestra, and chorus, in well-defined and well-varied strophes.

The opera is hard to cast. The first Daphne, in Dresden in 1938, was Margarete Teschemacher, a soprano of Pamina-to-Sieglinde weight. Her recording of the final scenes—with Torsten Ralf, the original Apollo—reveals a voice at once silvery and substantial. At the Scala première, in 1942, the role was taken by Gina Cigna, a famous Turandot—powerful, passionate, but not a classically delicate vocalist. My first Daphne in the theatre—in Munich in 1964—was Ingrid Bjoner, a shining Leonore who reached to Brünnhilde. Rose Bampton, who began as a mezzo and carried rich mezzo color up into her soprano roles, was the first American Daphne, in Buenos Aires in 1948. (The performance, which was conducted by Erich Kleiber, has circulated on pirate labels.) Gloria Davy, a lustrous Aida, gave the New York première of the opera, in Town Hall in 1960. Yet on record the successful Daphnes have been much lighter sopranos—Sophies, not Marschallins: Hilda Gueden (on Deutsche Grammophon) and Lucia Popp (on Angel). The role is evidently one that, like Butterfly, lends itself to diverse vocal interpretations, by both Sophies and Sieglindes. Catherine Malfitano, the Carnegie Daphne, was not at her best. Although she tackled the part with her wonted artistic seriousness, she strained at it, pushed until the timbre became tense. Daphne's innocence, gentleness, simplicity in the earlier scenes were not sounded, and there was little change of color—of heart—after Leucippus' death. At the same time, Gregor and Strauss's text was mushed: consonants were blurred, and vowel values were sacrificed to vocal convenience. Miss Malfitano, the program announced, will be singing Daphne in a new Munich production of the opera. If she relaxes into the role, allows song to flow from her as truly and beautifully as possible, and concentrates on the shape and sense of the words, she should be a remarkable interpreter.

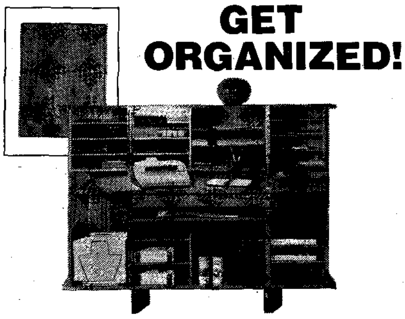
Apollo is a Wagnerian role—taken by Ralf, by Set Svanholm in Buenos Aires, by James King and Reiner Goldberg in the recordings. It needs to be sung lyrically, with godlike ease, from strength. In Carnegie Hall, Jon Fredric West tackled it *tutta forza*. Leucippus is a role for a lyrical hero—one in which Anton Dermota, Fritz Wunderlich, and Peter Schreier have excelled. Chris Merritt, the Carnegie Leucippus, had the voice for it but not the style. The most convincing Straussians in the cast were Ortrun Wenkel, the Gaea, whose words were telling and whose tones compassed the low E-flats of the part, and Victor Braun, the Peneus. The two maids and four shepherds were cast at strength: Tracy Dahl, Joanne Kolomyjec, Gaetan Laperriere, Keith Olsen, John Fanning, and Christopher Cameron (all but Mr. Olsen Canadian). The orchestra was the Toronto Symphony, conducted by Andrew



Davis, and two Toronto performances had preceded the Carnegie one. Mr. Davis has done a good deal of Strauss. His strength is a feeling for long, smooth, flowing line, his weakness an occasional failure to secure telling individual details of phrase along the way.

THE final concert of the season in Merkin Hall's On Original Instruments series, last week, brought a program of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mozart. Arleen Augér sang. Malcolm Bilson played a fortepiano built by Philip Belt in 1970, after the 1795 instrument in the Smithsonian. Stanley Ritchie played a violin built this year by Samuel Zygmuntiwicz, after a 1737 Giuseppe Guarnieri ("del Gesù") instrument. It was an evening of bliss without alloy: of great music, in which charm, humor, passion, and wit were present, sung and played with the highest accomplishment, in a well-lit, intimate setting, before an attentive audience. Miss Augér, Los Angeles-born, made her name in Europe (nearly twenty years ago she sang the Queen of the Night at the Vienna State Opera) but has lately become more active here. I have long admired her, and I admired her more than ever at this recital, where her tone had a beauty, freshness, and purity to dissolve listeners into an ecstasy of delight. Vocal sound of this quality is rare today, and the usual epithets of approval seem inadequate. Let me relate, to suggest my enthusiasm, that at the start of the intermission, after Miss Augér's Haydn group, I telephoned to friends within reach urging them to drop whatever they were doing and hasten to Merkin Hall (where there were just one or two seats still empty) to hear Miss Augér sing Mozart. Description of voices is most readily achieved by comparison and contrast. Another soprano with tone that in itself provides delight is Kathleen Battle. Miss Augér's voice has a slightly fuller quality (and it flows from her without the face-pulling that seems inherent in Miss Battle's method). It does not have the sparkle and liveliness that often bring references to Elisabeth Schumann into accounts of Miss Battle's singing. Miss Augér recalls, rather, the young Lisa della Casa at her most limpid, or the young Irmgard Seefried, who sang Mozart songs with similar clarity and candor.

No texts were supplied, and—provided listeners understood German,



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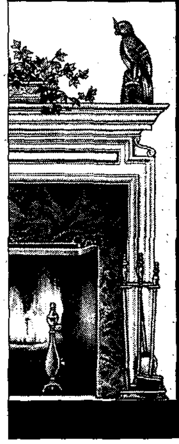

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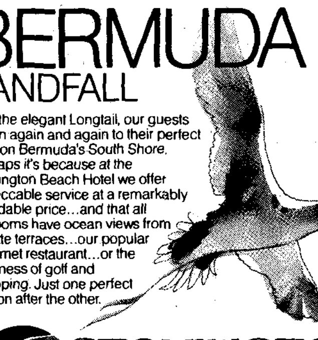

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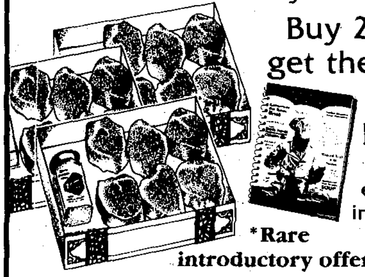

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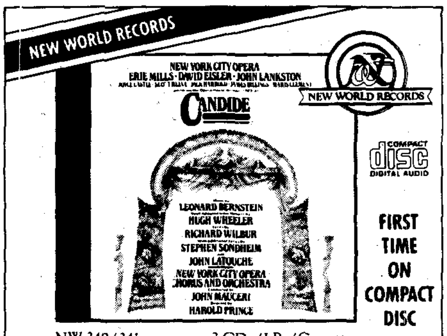

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the language of the Mozart group—none were needed, for Miss Augér's words were excellently clear. She did not *use* them in quite the magical way Schumann would: with her shaping of the word "concealment" in Haydn's "She never told her love," and of the phrase "und der Vorhang rollt herab" in Mozart's "Abendempfindung," she did not touch on responsive nerves in the listener in the keen way Schumann did. On the whole, the first-person songs were more vividly presented than the narratives. Miss Augér fell into slinky lorelei poses and gave siren oeillades as she sang "The Mermaid's Song"—not quite what Haydn intended, perhaps, but alluring. Of the scena "Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte" she gave a particularly poignant performance. There was an initial gesture of casting the perfidious letters into the flames, and later there were glances at them as they burned. It might be said that a line between overacting, with gestures apter to the stage, and underacting, with insufficient use of eyes, hands, and posture to enhance the presentation of a song, was not surely held. But this is hypercriticism. The directness of Miss Augér's singing, the beauty of her timbre, and the grace of her phrasing conspired to make this the finest lieder singing I have heard in years. The fortepiano, which can be played loudly and bravely without swamping a singer, provided ideal support, and Mr. Bilson was an ideal partner. Haydn's English canzonets are charming; Mozart's best songs, performed like this, have the vividness of Hugo Wolf's.

The evening began with Beethoven's "Spring" sonata and ended with Mozart's D-major Violin Sonata, K. 306. Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Bilson were in free, bold form. The latter has a wonderfully beguiling fashion of easing into a melody, and of giving life to the simplest oom-pa-pa-pa accompaniment, in ways unachievable on a modern grand piano.

—ANDREW PORTER

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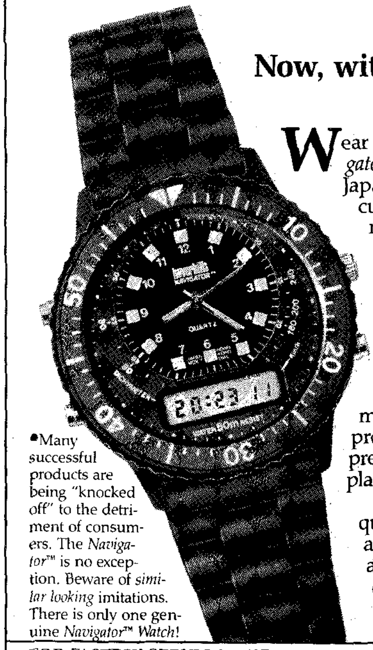

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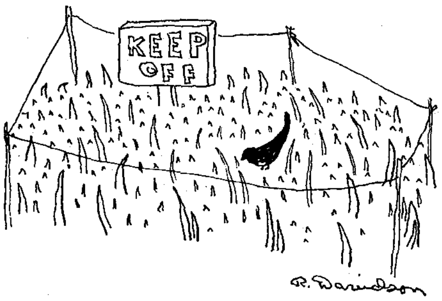
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 18

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S ability to float serenely above reality—or to appear to do so—remains undisturbed. Even when things don't go well for him—and they frequently don't—either he or some deus ex machina changes the subject. Recently, as the Republican-led Senate was in the process of delivering him his worst rebuff to date on the budget, and the President's long trip en route to the Tokyo summit, which took place at the beginning of this month, was being bungled, the Soviet reactor at Chernobyl exploded. Reagan is said to be uncommonly lucky, and there is something to that, but his luck is in partnership with his popularity—he gets away with things that less popular Presidents could not survive. The bombing of the United States Marine barracks in Lebanon in October, 1983, killing two hundred and forty-one servicemen, is the most stunning example. And Reagan's popularity now has a circular quality: because he is popular, most politicians are loath to take him on. Poll after poll indicates that people like him even if they do not agree with his policies. Robert Squier, a Democratic media consultant, says that Democrats have given up running against Ronald Reagan. And there is also some evidence that Reagan is not the "great communicator" that legend has it: he is far more successful at moving opinion that is already there—at capturing it and turning it into a political force—than at changing opinion. The polls and also political behavior here indicate that he did not succeed in changing public opinion about the defense budget (Congress continues to sharply curb its growth) or about providing military aid to the Contras fighting the Nicaraguan government (he has as yet failed to win approval for such aid in the House, and won it by only a narrow margin in the Senate). Some of his current aides have the mistaken impression that all he has to do is make a speech on television to get his way. But Reagan's popularity is in itself still a force—and, in turn, contributes to his luck. Tax-reform legislation has stayed alive and moved along not because the politicians believe that Reagan stirred up public opinion about it—they don't think he did—but in part because they feared that he might have the capacity for doing so if they killed it. But it also stayed alive for reasons having to do not with Reagan but with various politicians' own agendas. For example, the chairmen of the tax-writing committees—Dan Rostenkowski, Democrat of Illinois, in the House, and Bob Packwood, Republican of Oregon, in the Senate—had their own reputations and long-term effectiveness at stake. Republican senators not keen on tax reform (and most at first were not) were aware that Democratic challengers were preparing to run against them as "tools of the special interests"—and Republican control of the Senate is at stake in November. When Packwood found a politically appealing formula (substantially lower tax rates in exchange for the elimination of a substantial number of tax breaks), the Senate Finance Committee, astonishing even itself, went along. Senate Republicans, for the first time, began to see tax reform, as finally defined by Packwood, as a good election issue. At the same time, the economic summit came off well enough for Reagan's immediate purposes, and Reagan and his associates played its results as a major triumph. Reagan, through a combination of luck and skill, and by drawing on the deep reservoir of public good will that he enjoys, has a remarkable record of bouncing back from setbacks—in part because he won't give setbacks the time of day. Reagan's laid-back style masks the fact that he is a very determined man. He has more of a temper and harbors more resentments than he lets on, but his buoyant nature is both part of his appeal and a political weapon. And he knows this.

THE Michael Deaver story is one shadow on the ostensibly sunny White House. Not that many people in the White House would weep if Deaver's troubles grow, as they seem likely to; on the contrary, probably only the Reagans would. This is one of Deaver's problems: he has many enemies. The other is that he went too far: he set up a public-relations business in a manner that advertised that he was exploiting his close relationship with the Reagans; he was too eager to sign up too many clients too quickly, regardless of who those clients were and what they sought from the government; he made too much money too quickly and he bragged about his success and promoted himself too much. Whether or not he actually broke the law—a question that is now being investigated in the Justice Department and on Capitol Hill—he broke even the relatively relaxed norms of behavior here. For this, he has been and will be pursued and punished. Already, some clients are concluding that it is poor public relations to have Deaver as a public-relations adviser. The once-likely sale of his firm to a British company, Saatchi & Saatchi (which worked on enhancing Margaret Thatcher's political appeal), for eighteen million dollars, is now in doubt. He may well pay a high price for failures of judgment that grew out of a certain human weakness: Deaver was greedy. A prominent Washington attorney who has been on friendly terms with Deaver says, "What amazes me is that Deaver has used such poor judgment. What happened to him clearly is that he'd never had any money in his life and he saw that he could make some and he went crazy. It happens with women, it happens with gambling, it happens with money." From the time Deaver came to Washington, he showed a certain attraction to money. He complained about his salary as Deputy Chief of Staff in the White House (about seventy-five thousand dollars when he left). He came close to publishing a diet book; the major deterrent was probably William Safire, the New York *Times* columnist, who has been on Deaver's case for several years and has been an important figure in Deaver's current troubles.

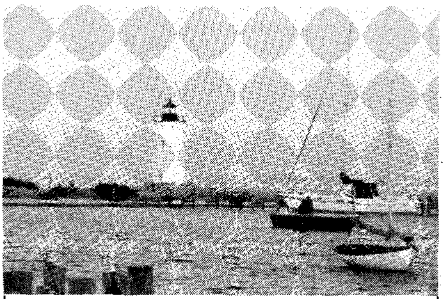


Unlike almost all the other long-time Reagan associates, Deaver, with his wife, Carolyn, moved in rarefied social circles after he came to town; the speed with which they formed these new bonds, and the pleasure they appeared to take in them, did not endear Deaver to his colleagues. They talked openly about how Deaver had "gone Washington." In the course of living the high life, Deaver, by his own admission, was living beyond his means. The Deavers were just about the only Reagan associates to be on a social basis with the Reagans, and while this undoubtedly inspired envy in the others they also knew that Deaver did some chores that they would have found thankless. He was the Reagan aide who stood what came to be known as "the Mommy watch"—the one who took an endless number of calls from Nancy Reagan, whom her husband has been known to call "Mommy." Mrs. Reagan, a self-described chronic worrier and fierce protector of her husband—from a schedule that might weary him, from people who might take advantage of him or embarrass him—transmitted her concerns through Deaver, who did his best to allay them or act on them. In his role as a close aide to Reagan, Deaver was very good at what he did—with one or two exceptions (Bitburg being the most prominent). He understood Reagan's needs, his biorhythms, his disposition; he was expert at showing Reagan to his best advantage. He was an expert at the timing of speeches, the staging of events, Reagan's best camera angles, and the best color for the backdrop. From the outset, when Reagan first ran for the Presidential nomination, in 1976, and was seen in many quarters as some sort of right-wing nut from out of the West, Deaver was an able and shrewd conduit between Reagan and the press. His loyalty to Reagan was total: one never heard from Deaver stories that put Reagan down, as one could hear from a number of others. Deaver's close relationship with Nancy Reagan was unmatched, and it gave him a special form of power: everyone knew that it was unhealthy to get on Nancy Reagan's wrong side—she is far more feared than her husband is—and everyone knew that Deaver was her confidant. Some longtime Reagan advisers say that Deaver has always been closer to Nancy Reagan than to her husband.

One longtime Reaganite told me recently, "Deaver's problem is that he always deserts his old friends for new friends—which he did in the White House. When he was in the White House, he tried to get Ed Meese fired, he tried to get Bill Clark fired. He ignored all the old Reagan people, he latched on to all the new people. He deserted Meese and Clark, and he went with Jim Baker—and in the process he alienated every Reagan conservative in the country, just about." Edwin Meese, now the Attorney General, was counsellor to the President until early in 1985, and William Clark served for a brief time as national-security adviser. Though Clark had brought Deaver into the governor's office in California, Deaver and Mrs. Reagan are widely believed to have played a role in his departure from the White House. Deaver also played a role in the departure of Richard Allen, Reagan's first national-security adviser. The longtime Reaganite said to me, "Deaver goes to Nancy and turns her against these people." He also said that Deaver was highly instrumental in having James Baker, now Treasury Secretary, named Reagan's Chief of Staff at the outset of his Presidency, and that Baker, always under suspicion by the right wing as being less than impeccably ideological (moreover, he had run George Bush's campaign against Reagan for the 1980 Republican nomination), used Deaver as protection against the right. As long as Deaver and Mrs. Reagan were happy with him, Baker was safe. By normal standards, Baker is a conservative, but Deaver's throwing in with a "pragmatist" (an epithet to the right wing) was considered a betrayal. Longtime Reaganites felt that Deaver, in turn, found social advantage in uniting with Baker—a Texas patrician who already had entrée into Washington's higher social circles. The current White House staff has no particular affection for Deaver, whose continuing relationship with the Reagans has been an irritant—as has his being called in from time to time to advise on public-relations matters. Thus, Deaver has an abundance of enemies, many of whom have gone to work on him in recent weeks. The Washington *Times*, a right-wing paper owned by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, has been a major vehicle of allegations against Deaver. "You see no conservatives rallying to him," the longtime Reaganite said to me. "He made his bed and he's lying in it. Aside from Ronald and Nancy Reagan and about three others in this town, no one feels particularly sorry for him."

WHEN Deaver set up his own public-relations firm, Michael K. Deaver & Associates, in May of 1985, a number of people who held nothing against him were uneasy. It was far from unheard of for government officials to parlay their positions into lucrative jobs in the private sector. But Deaver seemed to be taking things a step further: his business was for all intents and purposes based on his well-known close relationship with a sitting President and the President's powerful wife. He was selling his access, and he said so himself. In an article in *Time* in March of this year, he said, "There's no question I've got as good access as anybody in town." Later, when he got in trouble, he chose to emphasize instead his "pretty good track record of being able to solve problems, in developing strategies, in helping clients determine what their objectives are and coördinating those efforts for them here in this town." He did not have to call upon the Reagans for his access to them to be useful; the selling point was that everyone—within the government and outside it—knew he had the access. What Deaver did was so different in degree from anything that had gone before that it became a difference in kind—in part because it has been a while since we have had a two-term Presidency for former aides to a President to profit from (Nixon's abbreviated second term hardly counts in this context), and in part because never before has money counted for so much in Washington. The cost of political campaigns continues to grow exponentially (the average cost of a Senate campaign grew a hundred and fifty per cent between 1980 and 1984, and the average cost of a House campaign grew by more than sixty per cent in the same period), and this makes the politicians all the more dependent upon the lobbyists, who can aggregate campaign contributions. This, in turn, gives the lobbyists greater access to politicians, and this, in turn, makes the hiring of lobbyists seem a prudent investment to an increasing number of businesses.

These days, many businesses hire multiple lobbyists (including law firms), in order to purchase multiple forms of access—to Democrats and Republicans, to specific members of specific congressional committees, and so on. The businesses are often naïve in their assumptions about what their retainers can provide—assumptions the Washington lobbyists do nothing to undermine. Several lobbying firms now take care to hire people with access to members of both parties, and among the hottest acquisitions in the last couple of years have been people (former staff members, former members of Congress) with access to the tax-writing committees. Within the last year, a whole new industry has grown up around the Gramm-Rudman budget law. For a large corporation, or an industry, the stakes—



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warding off or obtaining certain legislation, winning a contract, fending off a certain governmental legal action (though in the current climate of deregulation there is little to fear in this respect), settling a claim, protecting one's line in the budget—can be so great that paying a multiplicity of fees that can run into the hundreds of thousands each (and can be written off as a cost of doing business) is cheap at the price. The number of registered lobbyists here has grown from 5,662 in 1981 to 9,122 in 1986. (The number has tripled since 1976.) But the law requiring that lobbyists register with the government is fairly porous, and that number does not count people, including many lawyers, who have access but—making a point of saying that they do not lobby—send emissaries. And a growing phenomenon is that of people who first work full time on election campaigns and then set themselves up as lobbyists with, of course, access to the successful candidate—including Reagan. The atmosphere of moneyed hustle was already very heavy, and growing very nearly unbearable, when Deaver set up shop. Some people friendly toward Deaver thought at the time that he was making a mistake in setting up his own firm rather than joining an established one, which would have given him some institutional cover and also longevity beyond the Reagan years.

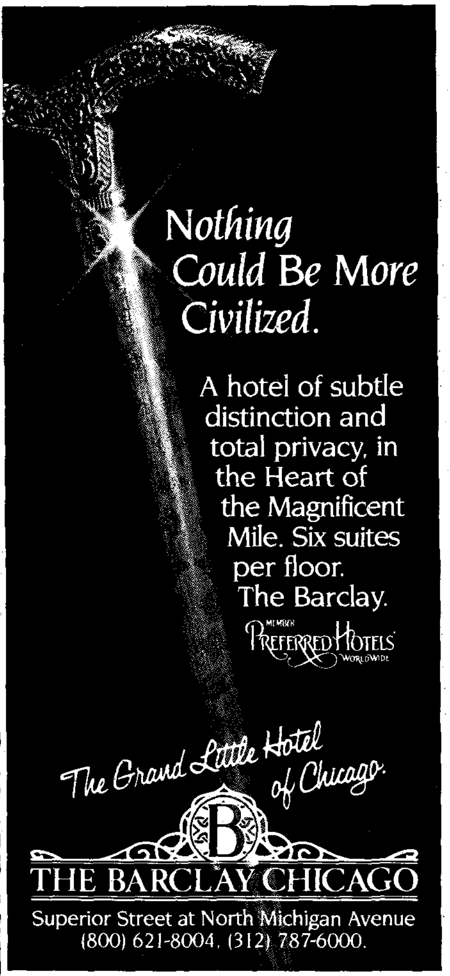
Deaver's problems started with the fact that he broke what might be called the egregiousness standard: he wanted too much too soon, and he drew too much attention to himself. One longtime Reagan associate says, "Greed was the problem—greed and arrogance. The two of them together are trouble. If he'd been carefully greedy, he might have been all right." Deaver undoubtedly thought that it would be good for business to pose for the cover of *Time,* sitting in the rear seat of his chauffeur-driven Jaguar, phone in hand, and probably for a while it was—but when the cover picture appeared, in early March of this year, it raised questions in a number of people's minds here about Deaver's judgment, and his taste. Others here do some of the things that Deaver has done, but they do it with more discretion, and take precautions. As a matter of self-interest as well as good taste, they take steps to avoid criticism—in this line of work it is not a good business practice to become controversial—not to mention infringement of the law. The law prohibits a former federal employee from representing anyone before his former agency for one year after leaving the government, and from lobbying on any issue in which he "personally and substantially" participated. It also prohibits a federal employee from making recommendations, rendering advice, or otherwise substantially participating in decisions affecting an outside interest "with whom he is negotiating or has any arrangement concerning prospective employment." A question that has arisen in Deaver's case is whether he violated portions of the law by getting involved in the subject of acid rain while he was in the White House, in preparation for a United States–Canada summit meeting in 1985 (Deaver was not known for getting involved in substantive issues), and then, after leaving office, signing up Canada as one of his clients, and also continuing to deal with the subject of acid rain. The question has also been raised of whether Deaver talked about this potential arrangement with Canadian officials while he was in the White House. (One of Deaver's pursuers in this matter is John Dingell, the powerful chairman of the House Energy and Commerce Committee, whose home state, Michigan, would bear some burden of any new laws to reduce acid rain.) The General Accounting Office reported to Dingell's Oversight and Investigations Subcommittee last week that Deaver "may have" violated the law in the acid-rain case. Washington is always more comfortable dealing with technical violations of the law than with the bigger picture—just as in the case of Richard Nixon the emphasis was on finding "the smoking gun."

While numerous lawyers and lobbyists represent foreign governments, some make it a point not to—especially if doing so would give even the appearance of a conflict of interest with, or exploitation of, their previous jobs. One public-relations man who has good connections with the Administration told me recently that he doesn't take foreign clients, because, he said, "I just don't want to be in a position where a foreign government asks me to do something against the interests of this country." But this is a rare form of punctiliousness. Deaver has signed up a number of foreign governments—including Canada, Saudi Arabia, Mexico, and South Korea, plus major Korean business interests. Another set of legal questions—as well as ones of discretion—have to do with whether Deaver has violated the statute barring the lobbying of one's former agency for one year. Deaver has made the subject of foreign trade one of his firm's specialties, and hired some people who had recently held jobs in the Office of the United States Trade Representative, and, according to newspaper accounts, these people have had frequent contact with their former associates in the trade office. Moreover, some people argue that the trade office is technically part of the White House—and therefore should have been out of bounds for Deaver. On this point, a very high Administration official, who bears no animus toward Deaver, said to me recently, "Who is he trying to kid?" Not long ago, news reports said that Deaver had called upon James Miller, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, on behalf of Rockwell International Corporation, which is urging that the government purchase more B-1 bombers. Deaver later said that he didn't consider the O.M.B.—whose offices are across a small, closed-off street from the West Wing of the White House, and whose director works directly for the President—to be part of the White House. And the Office of Government Ethics has classified O.M.B. as a separate entity. A large number of people disagree with this interpretation.

Beyond the legal questions that have been raised in the Deaver case are the ones of taste and degree. (In the competition to get the goods on Deaver, the news accounts do not always draw this distinction.) A prominent attorney here who has held high government office says, "Deaver has been too open, too brazen. Most people lay off for a year or so, and don't contact the government themselves." He added that this does not prevent them from telling others in their law firms, or whatever, whom to get in contact with and how to approach the matter. The attorney continued, "Information is money. If you can find out what's happening to a case involving one of your clients, that's money. Even if the client is going to lose, his company can begin to adjust for that." Another attorney who has held high office, and is well connected on Capitol Hill, says that he sends others from his firm to see the elected officials. "They know who sent them," he adds. Deaver's approach to holding government office is, unhappily, consistent with that of a substantial number of people connected with the Reagan Administration: Get what you can. There have been a large number of breaches of the ethics laws by people who joined the Reagan Administration, and people have seemed more open about the fact that they intended to parlay their government jobs into lucrative livelihoods thereafter. This has a lot to do with the attitude toward government which characterizes the Reagan Presidency: people who do not believe in the worth of government are not likely to respect it. It seems a very long time since John F. Kennedy conveyed the idea that serving the government was in itself an exciting and noble calling. A lot of people came into the Reagan Administration to dismantle the government and to profit from it personally. Others with close ties to the Reagan people made no bones about the fact that they were staying outside the government in order to start cleaning up at once from their connections with the Administration.

The Deaver case has inevitably given rise to calls for further legislation to tighten up the lobbying laws—a fact that does not endear Deaver to other lobbyists. Some of the legislation would prohibit former government employees from lobbying for foreign governments for specified periods of time. This particular line of attack stems both from a genuine concern that former employees will give foreign governments sensitive information and from the nativist streak in our politics—a streak that has been deepened by the rising imbalance of our trade with foreign nations. One Southern senator recently told me he thought that legislation curbing lobbying for foreign governments would go down well with the folks at home.

More than one Reagan associate is concerned that the Deaver case will end up hurting Reagan, and also the Republican Party. One Republican strategist said to me recently that it could enhance the view of the Party as representing the privileged, interested in money and advantage. Reagan has thus far firmly defended Deaver—he has said that the accusations against Deaver are "ridiculous" and told a press conference, "Mike has never put the arm on me." Still, a great deal of energy is



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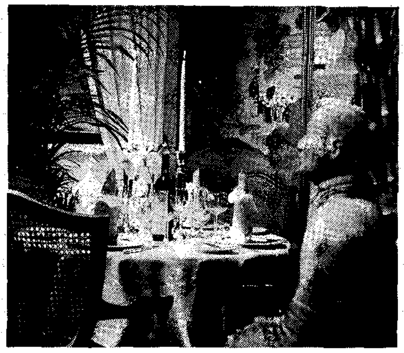

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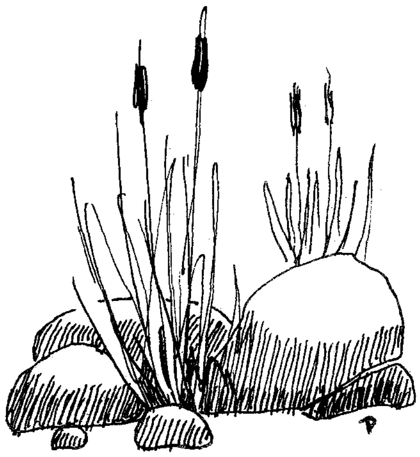
spent here on speculating whether Nancy Reagan will turn on Deaver if she feels that he is harming her husband. A longtime Reagan associate said to me recently, "Nancy has forgiven him a lot. She forgave him buying BMWs at a discount." (Last year, while Deaver was doing the advance work for a Reagan trip to Germany, he used diplomatic privilege to buy a BMW at a discount; the White House later issued regulations to prohibit this.) He continued, "She forgave him Bitburg. She forgave him saying that the President dozed off in Cabinet meetings. The rest of us couldn't get away with any one of them, much less all three of them." However, this person said, "Nancy Reagan would drop the Lord Himself if she felt He was hurting Ronald Reagan." Another longtime Reagan associate said to me, "One irony of all this is that Deaver was always the first to push the button marked 'Fire him' if anyone threatened the President's good name." The President has shown his loyalty to Deaver in private ways, too. Reagan and Deaver both understand the importance of changing the subject, and Deaver has told people here that after a certain important event, which occurred at a time the Deaver case was reaching a new level of uproar, Reagan joked to him, "Well, Mike, I bombed Libya for you."

THE self-reinforcing nature of Reagan's popularity was demonstrated at the time of the bombing attack on Libya, on April 14th. There were far more misgivings about it on Capitol Hill (not to mention within the Administration) than the politicians were willing to express publicly. Their inhibitions stemmed not only from a traditional impulse to rally around a President at a time of military action (at least at first: Nixon and the raid into Cambodia, Ford and the "rescue" of the Mayagüez) but also from an awareness of Reagan's high popularity, and his ability to persuade the public that he has done the right thing. (Richard Wirthlin, the President's pollster, found that two days after the raid the President's approval rating was the highest it's ever been—a remarkable seventy-nine per cent.) Reagan's luck was also kept in mind: two days after the raid, when there were continuing reports of shooting in Tripoli and rumors of an attempted coup, a Democratic staff member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee said to me, "Knowing the way things have gone under this guy, we'll probably wake up tomorrow and find that Libya has become a democracy and they've offered to give us Wheelus back." (The United States maintained the Wheelus Air Force Base in Libya until 1970, after Muammar Qaddafi overthrew King Idris.) The staff member also said, "Democrats are constantly operating under the spectre that Reagan has painted them as weak-kneed sissies." He said that he and a number of senators believed that the Administration had worked itself into a position where it had little choice except to make the raid but that the circumstances that led to it—evidence that the Libyans were involved in the bombing, on April 5th, of La Belle, a discothèque in West Berlin frequented by American servicemen, which resulted in the death of one American—were neither unique nor compelling. Another Democratic staff member said that there was considerable concern expressed privately within the Democratic Senate Conference (a weekly meeting of all Senate Democrats) on the day after the raid. The Democrats were concerned about what would happen next—would there be terrorist retaliation for the raid, and would that lead to further military action? And they were reminding each other that Syria is also a major source of terrorism. Various experts have said that Syria and Iran have been greater culprits than Libya; but the Administration was also acting on evidence that Libya had plans for some thirty attacks on American targets. Some of the Democrats were concerned that more terrorist groups based in Syria and Lebanon would now strike more often, and that if that is the result then the attack on Libya will have been, in the words of one Democrat, "a disaster." He pointed out that when force is used to accomplish a political result it takes a long time to know whether it has helped or hurt—as opposed to using force to accomplish a military result, such as sinking a ship. He said that Vietnam was an example of the use of military force to achieve a political result.

Given the lag time in learning what the real results of the attack on Libya would be, several Democrats took the tack of saying publicly that they felt the raid was justified but questioned whether it was wise. Translated into American political language, a Democratic staff member said, this was: "I'm not going to criticize it now. If it turns out well, I'll praise him; if it doesn't, I'll say 'I told you so.' " A Democratic senator said to me, "I think Ronald Reagan did it for political reasons and it will work on that basis for him, but it probably won't work to deter terrorism in the long run." He added, "An awful lot of senators are ambivalent about it." Within Republican ranks, the only vocal objections were from a tiny number of those who have been independent of Reagan for a long time. One of them, Mark Hatfield, Republican of Oregon and chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, said in a speech on the Senate floor on the day after the raid (Hatfield's was the only speech against it then), "Today, we are riding high, but tomorrow, and next week, and next month, the consequences of our rash desire for retribution will have succeeded in rallying an otherwise factionalized nation behind its crazy leader." Hatfield said that the Administration had not spent long enough trying to persuade the allies to take other collective action—especially in light of the evidence that the Libyans were behind the bombing of the disco in Berlin. "We got up from the negotiating table far too quickly," Hatfield said. Referring to the Libyan civilians killed in the raid, Hatfield said, "The vast moral gulf which once separated us from the terrorists was narrowed yesterday." He added, "Take another look at those bleeding children before you delight over the precision of the rockets, my colleagues. Tell them you are not sure the policy will work, but it sure did feel good." Though Hatfield is known as a maverick, his speech made an impression on some of his colleagues who remained silent.

One source of concern shared by some members of both parties—including Robert Michel, the Republican House leader—was the failure of the Administration to adhere to the



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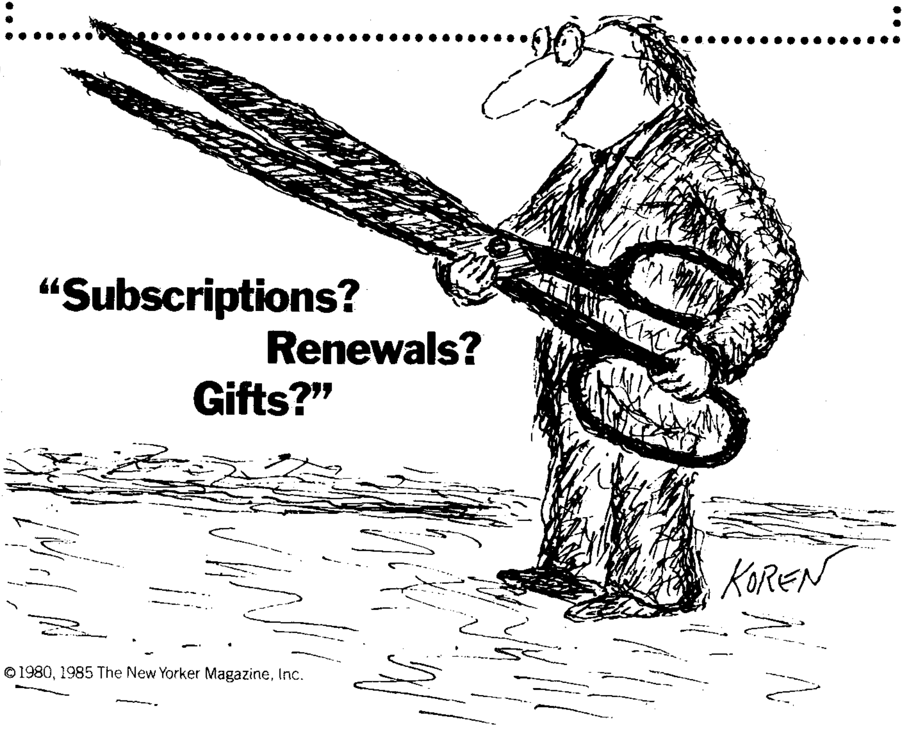
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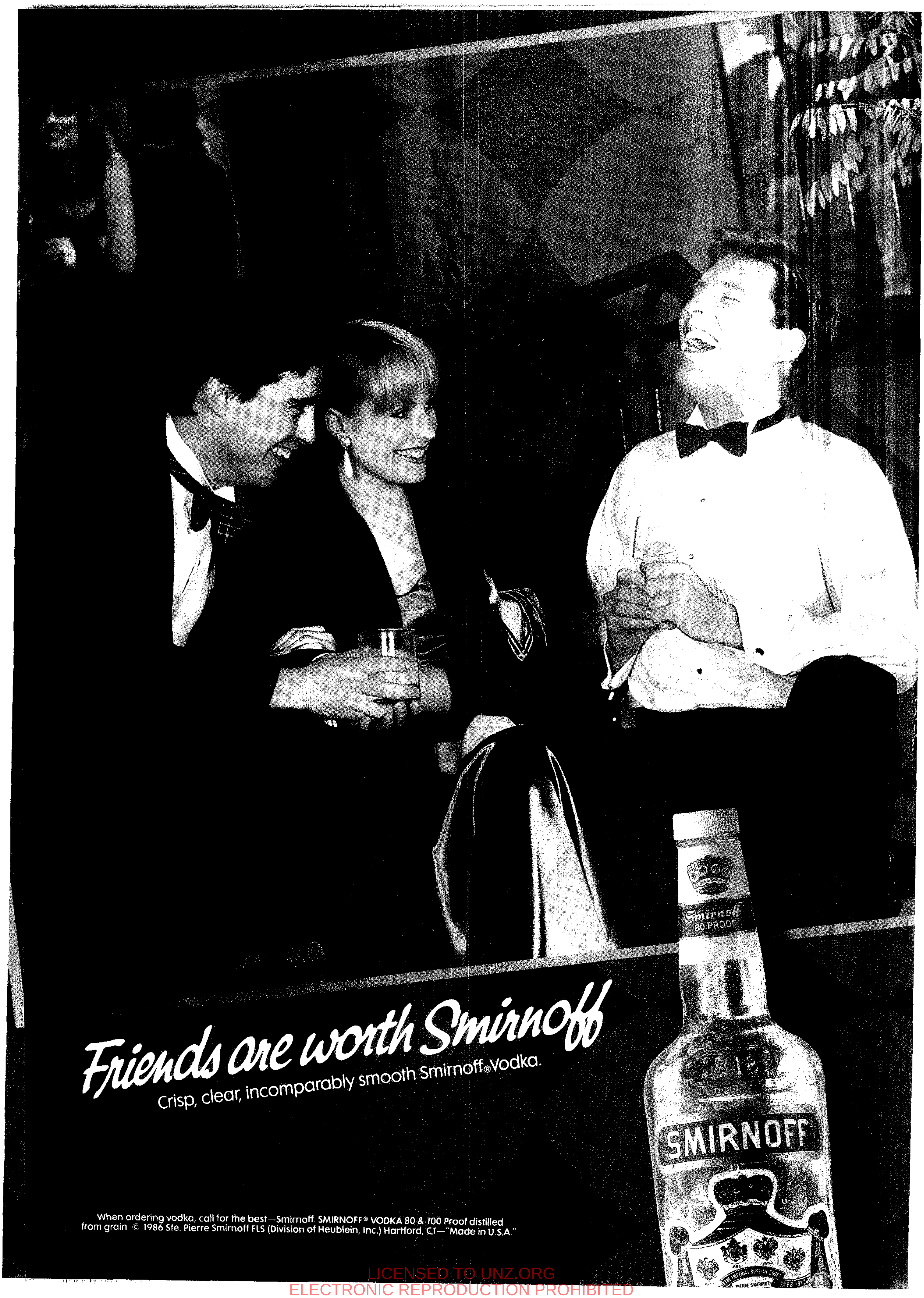
provision of the War Powers Resolution which requires that the President consult with Congress in advance of committing troops to military action. Working out the proper relationship between Congress and the Executive on this question has always been difficult, and codification of the relationship may be impossible. Administrations—not just this Administration—always argue that Congress is a sieve, and they have a point; and they also argue that there often isn't time to consult before taking action. But in this case the Administration made the decision to attack Libya days in advance of the action, and itself all but advertised the fact through deliberate leaks. As it turned out, a selected group of bipartisan leaders was called to the White House for "consultation" only three hours before the attack, when the American planes that were to be used in the attack were already en route from Britain to Libya. According to people who were there, after Reagan gave a briefing and left the room Vice-Admiral John Poindexter, the President's national-security adviser, told the assembled, and widely assorted, senators and representatives that the attack could still be called off if they disapproved of it unanimously. Members of Congress are now thrashing around for some solution to the question of consultation in cases of retaliation for terrorist actions. Some suggest that a small group could be selected that could be trusted to keep the President's confidence. In the immediate afterglow that the President enjoyed following the attack, Senate Majority Leader Robert Dole, who is planning to run for the Presidency, introduced a bill that would allow a President to take retaliatory measures without consulting Congress at all.

At about the time of the raid, a couple of Administration officials, in conversations I had with them, agreed with the thesis that the President had backed himself into a position where he had little option but to attack Libya upon the discovery of any further evidence of a terrorist act on Libya's part. And more than one official was depressed that things had come to that. One said, "I don't know how we got into a situation like this." They got into it inexorably, and the attack on Libya became inevitable. When the Reagan Administration came to office, Alexander Haig, its first Secretary of State, declared that terrorism would replace human rights as a policy priority. As one official pointed out to me, such issues as terrorism and human rights are often used by people to further other agendas: just as the Carter Administration was less concerned with human-rights abuses by the left, the Reagan Administration doesn't express much concern about terrorism on the right ("freedom fighters" we aid, such as the Afghan rebels, the Contras, and Jonas Savimbi, the Angolan rebel). And the Administration has—to some who have served in it—seemed obsessed with Libya from the outset. Several people here see the Israeli invasion of Lebanon in 1982, followed by the dispatch of U.S. marines to Lebanon, as setting several things in motion—all of them bad. Lebanon has been destroyed by factional fighting, and has become a breeding ground for young would-be terrorists. The United States was effectively driven from Lebanon by terrorism—sponsored by Syria and Iran—and it incurred new enemies, particularly among Lebanon's Shiite Moslems. George Shultz, who became Secretary of State in 1982, also became obsessed with terrorism, and, according to people who know him pretty well, continues to resent Syria's backing off from a peace agreement with Israel that Shultz thought he had worked out. "George still feels burned by that," one of his friends says. And this is among the reasons that the United States has exerted little effort in trying to further peace in the Middle East, or even in appearing to exert effort—Shultz is fed up. One consequence of this and a number of other things is that our foreign policy has increasingly taken on a pro-Israel/anti-Arab coloration—and this worries a number of people within the government, as well as disinterested outside observers, who feel that it can undermine those Arab regimes still reasonably friendly toward us and can't help much in combatting terrorism. Several people here, in and out of the government, say that Middle East diplomacy requires sustained efforts at the highest levels—including on the part of the President. But it is not Reagan's nature to get involved in the management of such foreign-policy issues (in comparison to, say, Nixon and Carter), any more than it is to get involved in the management of domestic issues. That's not his style of governing.

Eva Olitsky

IN many ways, it's a wonder that Reagan held off from taking military action as long as he did, for a number of people were egging him on. While the President himself was preaching restraint, Shultz was publicly preaching retaliation. Shultz not only got, as one foreign-policy official puts it, "hooked" on the subject of terrorism but also, this person says, "lets his instincts take control." People who have served with Shultz say that he says in public what he says in private, and then it's hard to get him back from that. Thus, in the immediate aftermath of the attack on Libya, Shultz said that if the attack led to the overthrow of Qaddafi "that's all to the good." Few people thought this would be helpful in getting Qaddafi overthrown. (And thus Shultz's strangely exultant behavior when the economic-summit statement singled out Qaddafi: "You've had it, pal.") Reagan has also been egged on, officials say, by Poindexter and the N.S.C. staff, by C.I.A. Director William Casey, and by certain other advisers—including Chief of Staff Donald Regan—who tend to think in terms of what will add to the President's popularity. Thinking in terms of how our policies will affect other nations' thinking is not a hallmark of this Administration. Reagan's instincts are deeply rooted in American culture; he plays to the American audience, and he has an intuitive understanding of its heroism ethic—this is an important key to his popularity.

Qaddafi's not having been overthrown yet is not for want of our trying. And seeking Qaddafi's overthrow was a large part not only of what the attack on Libya was about but also of what prior military probings—the patrolling by carriers in February, the attempt to engage Libya in battle over the Gulf of Sidra in March—had been about. The hope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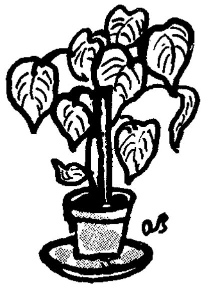
JAGUAR
A BLENDING OF ART AND MACHINE

had been that the Libyan military would come to the conclusion that Qaddafi was too costly, and get rid of him. Non-military efforts to bring about Qaddafi's overthrow have, according to officials, been hobbled by the fact that the Libyan exiles the United States had been working with have little internal support. ("They're much worse than the Contras," says one official.) Another limitation on undermining Qaddafi's capacity for terrorism had been the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the C.I.A. for doing the job—for example, eliminating Libya's capacity for carrying out terrorist acts through its People's Bureaus (embassies). I've been told that the Pentagon was all for covert action through the C.I.A., and the C.I.A. was drawing up plans for the military to deal with terrorism, and that both were keeping a weather eye cocked at Congress. Then, it's reliably said, once Shultz helped establish a national consensus on terrorism Casey became as gung-ho on this as he is on other kinds of covert activities. At the end of last week, Shultz said in a speech that the use of covert activities against terrorism had become "imperative." Such things are not usually said publicly.



One reason that certain military facilities were targeted for the attack on Libya was to encourage the military to rise against Qaddafi. And I was told that one target was Qaddafi's own special guard (trained by East Germans, who also trained Libya's intelligence service), in order to make a powerful suggestion to them that theirs is not healthy work. A possibility was that this particular strike was also meant to leave Qaddafi more vulnerable at the time. Though it is not the party line to say so, it is the fact that the Administration would not have minded in the least if Qaddafi had been killed in the attack. Qaddafi is believed to move his sleeping quarters from night to night, and officials say that it was not known whether he would be in the compound that night, and they say for the record that his tent was not a target. In the days following the attack, when Qaddafi was oddly silent, there was some speculation within the government that he might be dead, overthrown, or that he had been hit on the head by a tent pole. As for the fact that Qaddafi's family was struck in the raid, an official who ought to know told me, "We didn't think about whether the family would be there." The official version was that the chief purpose of the raid was, as one policymaker put it, "to give Qaddafi tangible evidence that we meant it that his conduct had to change and that he may be in for worse if it didn't change." But if it had had the collateral effect of bringing Qaddafi down, alive or dead, that would have been all right, too.

Since the attack, the European nations have been more coöperative with us (expelling Libyan "diplomats" and Libyan workers), for several reasons: the raid put such a strain on the Alliance that some mending was in order; the Europeans, after studying the evidence, became convinced that Qaddafi did have plans for a number of terrorist actions in Europe (these plans had been drawn up before the events in the Gulf of Sidra—afterward, Qaddafi sent word to put them into effect); and, as one official put it, "they figured that if they worked with us on peaceful measures, maybe we'd calm down."

There is uncertainty here about whether the raid has in fact deterred Qaddafi, despite Shultz's recent claim that it has. Some of Qaddafi's planned operations did not take place because they were headed off—or "rolled up," in intelligence talk. And the government actually has little knowledge about what's happening in Libya. One official said to me last week, "We still don't have a good picture of what's going on in Libya." When the President told a group of columnists, before he left for Tokyo, that if Syria and Iran were found to be the sources of terrorism he would bomb them, too, he did what he usually avoids doing—he answered a hypothetical question—but he also appeared to be wanting to have it both ways. State Department officials winced, and Shultz said, "We don't have any plans for such operations." Sometimes the "no plans" formulation is used to take evasive action, but in this case, Administration officials explained, there really were no plans. Syria and Iran are a different kettle of fish from Libya, and present more complications. Syria is believed by some in the government to be capable of helping obtain the release of the five American hostages still held in Lebanon (it is believed to have helped obtain the release of the TWA Flight 847 passengers last summer); Syria is more closely tied to the Soviet Union than Libya is; Syria's coöperation is

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believed to be necessary for any further Middle East agreement; and Syria is a far greater military power than Libya In the case of Iran, there is a hesitation to do anything that might drive it closer to the Soviet Union, or—with an eye toward a post-Khomeini period —incur any further hatred of the United States.

Once again, there is an internal battle within the Administration over terrorism—this time over how much to make of evidence of Syrian complicity in certain terrorist acts, or attempted acts, in London and Berlin. An official told me quite recently, "We don't know everything there is to know about La Belle." Some officials argue that if the United States points its finger at Syria, Syria might back off; others argue that evidence about Syria is not as extensive as it was about Libya, and that by pointing our finger at Syria we might corner ourselves again. One thing that a lot of people argue—even Richard Nixon argues it—is that our government has been talking about terrorism too much. Twenty-eight Americans were killed by terrorist acts in 1985. (Thus far this year, six have been killed.) One official said to me recently, "We play into their hands by magnifying the issue. It's as bad as Jimmy Carter's saying he'd stay in the Rose Garden until our hostages in Iran were released. We've encouraged them." He said, "Terrorists mean for these things to attract great political attention. We've fallen into their trap."

—ELIZABETH DREW

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Oak Ridge (Tenn.) Oak Ridger*]

YOU'D SURE WONDER

NEW YORK (AP)—This one might be apocryphal, and then again it might not. As the story goes, National League President Chub Feeney asked Hall of Famer Stan Musial what would happen if he had a chance to hit one of the experimental and lively yellow-stitched baseballs used in some spring training games.

•

MR. BROCK, MEET MR. WANG

[*From the University of Montana Campus Newsletter*]

Robert Brock read a paper entitled "Mandarin Phonology and Chinese Visual Arts."

Raymond Corro read a paper entitled "La onomatopeya en el espanol."

John Wang read a paper "Mandarin Phonology and Chinese Visual Arts."

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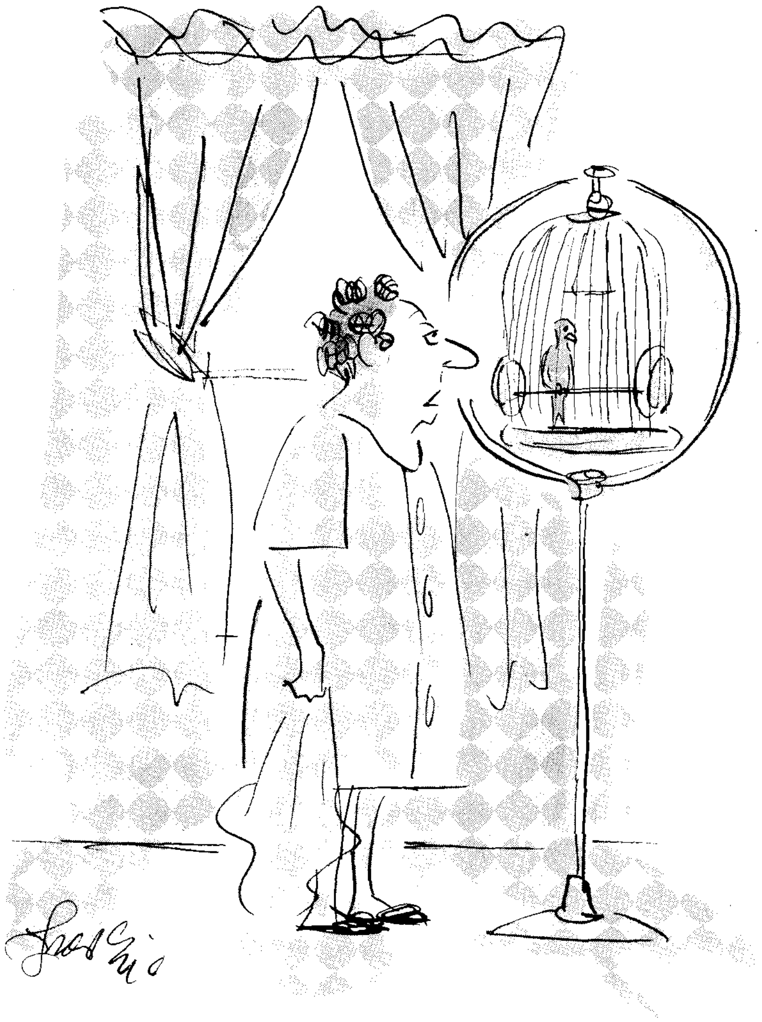
BOOKS

Knight of Old

GROUPED around a famous journal, *Annales*, a school of French social and economic historians—Fernand Braudel being perhaps the best known among them—has altered and quickened our whole sense of the past. Through the technical studies published in *Annales*, and the brilliant books of popularization and general argument published by *Annales* contributors, the vital role of remembrance in our culture has been given a fresh immediacy. Shifting away from public history in the old style—from dynastic, military, and biographically focussed narratives of great events as we find them in nineteenth-century historians—the "analists" have inquired into daily life, into private emotions, into the delicate but determinant interplay between changing technologies and those crises and reorderings of the sensibility of common men and women which are the tidal motion beneath the froth and swiftly scattered spume of battles, royal imbroglios, and the circus of politics.

Following on the pioneering works of Henri Pirenne, Marc Bloch, Lucien Febvre, the *Annales* school has sought to trace the history of men's mental attitudes, beliefs, tastes, and world image under the shaping pressure of material, climatic, and even physiological circumstance. The food that men and women consume at different economic levels and geographical locations in any given culture, the domestic architecture, the lighting, the heating or absence of heating within which they conduct their private and professional existence are the very substance of history and of historical change. (In the American context, the work of Daniel Boorstin exemplifies this grasp of the everyday, this visionary concreteness of social-psychological insight.) How at different stages in Western history have children been perceived? What have been the economics, the ritual, the metaphoric domestication of death, of terminal illness, of burial and commemoration? (On both these themes, the seminal work has been that of Philippe Ariès.) The coming of eyeglasses transforms innumerable facets of personal experience, of the intimations and uses of space, and, indeed, of time. (Together with improved lighting, it makes crucially available for reading, for work of every kind, hours previously ruled by darkness.) But does it, asks Febvre in one of his most arresting conjectures, correspondingly enfeeble that sense of smell, of precise discrimination between safe and unsafe odors, which is of the utmost importance to the hunter, to the primitive rural community, and, until the later fifteenth century, to the walker in the often fetid, refuse-choked, poisoned air and streets of the European towns and cities? What were the cadences, the agendas of daily life like in the Western world before the availability of personal and portable timepieces—before a man or a woman could, by merely glancing at a watch, say to himself or to herself or to another, "I am early," "You are late," "I must go now in order not to miss my next appointment"? In what several ways are even the most intimate, spontaneous of our psychic experiences the consequence of material and sociological changes? Long obscured by the fundamentally anti-historical bias of psychoanalysis, the realization that dreams have their history, their social determinants, their altering strategies of fear or wish fulfillment is now being documented. The seed of Marxism is obviously dynamic in the *Annales* vision. But this vision and its application are of a far subtler, more humanely alert kind. The economic and social factors are of great importance, but so are the autonomous energies of the imagination, of unreason, of spirituality. Hence the inspired attention, the animate tact that Bloch, Febvre, Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie have brought to the ubiquity in Western civilization of the possibly paradoxical, objectively perhaps groundless role of religious beliefs and institutions.

Much in this approach is kindred to the patient specificities of the classical novel. If Marx and Michelet are in its direct ancestry, so are Scott and Flaubert. In both genres, the document breeds intuition and the archive is made witness. But what is astonishing is the strength of the *Annales* techniques when they are applied to societies and epochs in which almost no writ-



"You used to start off each day with a song."

ten records were produced. Owing in signal part to the imaginative scholarship of Georges Duby, a professor at the Collège de France, darkness is more and more receding from the Dark Ages. Drawing on ingenious research in the history of climates, on urban and rural archeology, and on the novel insights that chemical analyses yield into the diet, health, and general biological milieu of early medieval man, Duby has restored to exact imagining that world of vast forests, isolated farmsteads, monastic beehives, and decayed Roman urbanity from which feudal Europe developed. Extending his inquiries forward into the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, Duby has done much to clarify the opaque, stubborn conflicts between Latin Christianity and secular modes of autonomy and violence which led to the Western conception of marriage, of incest, of familial organization. Via architecture and canon law, Duby has traced the advance of the great monastic orders—of the Cistercians, in particular—across the perilous map of a partly pagan, often anarchic "pre-Europe." Decisive tracts of mental and physical experience that lie between—that relate late classical antiquity to the incipience of the nation-state—are now emerging into view. In such books as "The Three Orders: Feudal Society Imagined" and "The Knight, the Lady and the Priest," Duby has shown himself to be a master geologist of consciousness.

In contrast with some of Duby's previous studies, his new book, "William Marshal: The Flower of Chivalry" (Pantheon; $15.95), is founded on a specific document. Duby retells, analyzes, summons to felt life the biography of a twelfth-century French warrior and feudal lord, one William Marshal, who was born c. 1145 and died in his chamber in the spring of 1219. A single manuscript copy of this life history, the "Histoire de Guillaume le Maréchal," written by a scribe not altogether competent to deal with the high idiom of the original, has come down to us—a pure stroke of luck. But "masterpieces have a tenacious life," observes Duby. The memoir consists of a hundred and twenty-seven parchment leaves (not one is missing!), and on each side of each leaf are two parallel columns of thirty-eight lines—a biographical narrative poem of almost twenty thousand verses. It is composed in Angevin French, the supple, musical speech of that region of France still regarded as the native ground of what is purest in the language. In the early thirteenth century, Angevin French was the tongue spoken by the English royal court and the higher levels of society. The begetter of the text was William Marshal's son, also called William. Seven years went into his gathering of the material. An eldest son owes fidelity of remembrance to his illustrious father. Of the actual poet we know nothing except the name Jean. Duby says, "He is a splendid writer: words both accurate and fresh, narration limpid, characterizations vivid, dialogues pointed, scenes clear; he has performed his task to perfection: to render the earl 'present,' to make him 'alive.' " He is also a historian of exceptional scruple, seeking to distinguish certain fact from the aura of legend. To a degree perhaps unique in medieval perceptions, Duby adds, the poet-biographer knows that in *estoire*—in serious history, which is truth—"no one may knowingly tell a lie." He is a truth-finder, a *trouvère* in the proper etymological sense. And Duby recaptures the presence, and gives joyous echo to the labors, of this Jean le Trouvère. Lightly, acutely translated by Richard Howard, "William Marshal" is an enchanting and profoundly instructive book.

It begins with the death of the hero. In the *Annales* method, the rites of decease—the divisions of property which the death of the parent or lord may entail, the social and symbolic usages that surround the dying, the economics of burial and commemoration—are a key marker. They allow the historian a privileged insight not merely into the relevant body politic and the fabric of fiscal-societal relations but into that central domain of implicit world-representation wherein a culture argues, conceptualizes, disguises therapeutically its sense of the proper distance between this world and the next. William Marshal's farewell to this earth is exemplary in its attention to private and to public duties:

> That night is the last time he saw his five daughters, and when he had sent them back to their mother, he seemed, though usually so much the master of his feelings greatly moved. Forcing back his distress he quickly moves on to serious matters describes in detail to his son the arrangements of his funeral ceremonies: let William the Younger be closest to him when he enters—when *his body* enters London He also wants the poor to be thought of He is certain they will gather round th cortege in great numbers. A service of such opulence is not often seen. Of these poo folk, he determines that at least a hundred will be fed, given drink, and clothed afte the ceremony.

The dying lord must divest himsel of his worldly treasures lest their actual weight drag his soul to Hell Strongboxes and bins, treasure chests and his ample wardrobe must be emptied. Donations are made to the monk and other churchmen who will pray for his salvation, and to those who have been the faithful servants and familiars of his household:

> The earl is a good seigneur. It is in thi aspect that he wishes to abide in the memory of his people, in the plenitude of th virtues suited to his state, which are of a sumptuous generosity. Thus the night was spent in the distribution of squirrel, of silk of sable. All the knights put on the faires of what their master's body had worn. The little that remained, the least good, was abandoned to the poor.

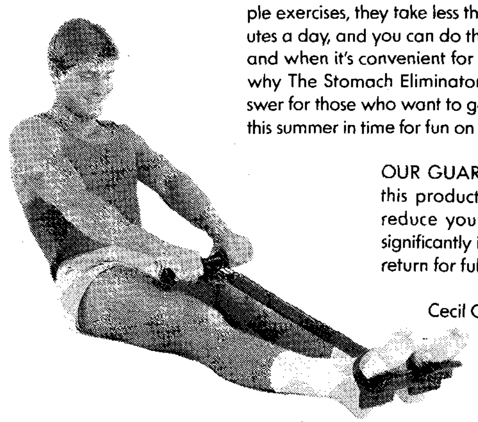
Duby's comment is penetrating: "In each of the men who thus sported his finery, one might imagine that the dying man was restored to life." Now, in possession of nothing but his shroud, the earl marshal of the realm is ready for the journey.

On that journey, the moment of actual death is only a stage. The funereal procession makes halt at the abbey church in Reading, then at Staines. Local lords gather around the mortal remains of their high peer. These sanctified remains, moreover, were not mute. As the Archbishop of Canterbury explained during the burial service, the reduction to a clump of earth of "this man who raised himself to the pinnacle of human values" was to each Christian an eloquent proof of the vanity of earthly ways. When news of these solemnities reached the French royal court, William Marshal was proclaimed "God's first lieutenant upon earth . . . the flower of chivalry." The ascent to such renown had not been an easy one.

During the seventy-five years spanned by Jean le Trouvère's narrative, Plantagenet England, the French Crown, and the rival House of Aquitaine were in more or less open conflict. The Anglo-Norman aristocracy was, by virtue of its use of Angevin and Norman French and by virtue of ts immediate descent from the piratical warriors of the Norman Conquest, complexly divided. Very gradually, a part of that baronial pack began to feel tself English. But even after Philip Augustus of France had reconquered Normandy, Maine, and Anjou the knights of England felt thoroughly at home with their kindred adversaries across the Channel. Pagans and the men of Aquitaine were another matter. It was against this tense political background that William, second son of John Marshal, who was a follower of Henry Plantagenet, learned the trade of arms. At an early age, the son is sent to Normandy, to be trained in the household of the King's chamberlain, one William of Tancarville. Thus, he enters into that "net of deferential friendship," of pupilage (lasting some eight years), crucial to the feudal system. Our young man is dubbed a knight in, most probably, the spring of 1167. As a younger son, William Marshal enters on his chivalric career with nothing but his sword and a shirt of mail, badly torn in his very first skirmish.

The only way to material advancement lay through tourneys. In these mock battles, often bloody, the unhorsed and battered opponent had to pay ransom. Thus a successful young challenger could acquire weapons, warhorses—an absolutely vital requisite—and ready cash. Luck smiles on the fearless.

A rebel miscreant, the Sire de Lusignan, dared ambush Eleanor of Aquitaine, England's royal queen. William Marshal was of her escort and hurled himself into the fray. Grievously wounded, he was carried off by the assailants. Eleanor, moved by the young knight's reckless bravery, gave hostages for his release and took him into her entourage. Aged approximately twenty-five, William Marshal now found himself a close servant to the Crown, an intimate of the sovereign's household. During the dynastic struggles of 1173-74, William Marshal remained absolutely true to the King's rebellious son, to whom Henry II had attached him. Such fidelity was held to prevail over all other duties, and when Henry II pardoned his Absalom he bore no grudge against William. Returning to France and Flanders, William again excelled in the savage and rapacious art of the tourney. His feats became legend: between one Pentecost and the following Lent, William Marshal and his Flemish companion at arms, Roger de Gaugi,



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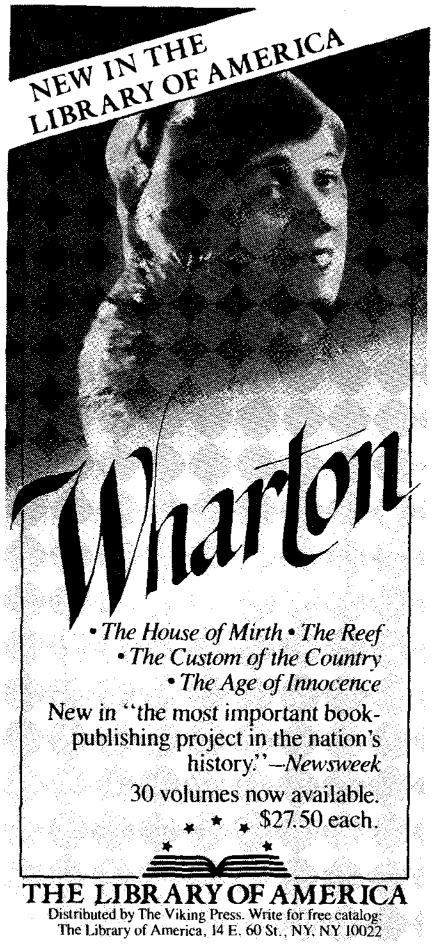
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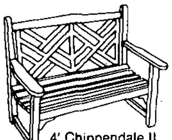
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captured one hundred and three knights. With these victories came social elevation. By 1187, the penniless fourth child of John Marshal stood at the highest level of chivalric aristocratic society. Nevertheless, he remained poor. Then a brilliant marriage, arranged by the King in recompense for his vassal's exploits, brings him sixty-five and a half fiefs. William literally carries off Isabel, damsel of Striguil. A friend provides the nuptial bed. William Marshal is now nearly fifty, Duby writes.

> At last he has left his youth behind. On this night, applying himself to deflowering the damsel of Striguil, to getting her with child, he has crossed the line, has gone over to the right side, the side of the seigneurs. His fortune—nothing more is needed—his very great fortune is made.

He will become Earl of Pembroke; he will win a great victory for his sovereign at the Battle of Lincoln, in the summer of 1217. Preparing for death, William can look upon a household as illustrious, as moneyed, as crowded with young lions as any he knew in his combative youth. There is, on the other hand, scarcely a limb, a fibre of the body he will soon depart from, that does not carry the scars, the aching rent, of physical punishment—of bruising cavalcades across devastated lands, of Channel crossings on tossed cockleshells, of the deadly heat and venomous thorns of the Holy Land. (William Marshal was a crusader in 1185-87.) The peril and the pain are loud in the poem. The Marshal's last words are precisely those of battle: "I cannot defend myself from death."

It is the vehement humanity of this singular text which thrills the imagination. We have nothing quite like it between St. Augustine's "Confessions" and Benvenuto Cellini's great autobiography. As Duby emphasizes, the "Histoire de Guillaume le Maréchal," which was first published, in 1891-1901, by the eminent medievalist Paul Meyer, is an invaluable source of information about the practice of war, about standards of chivalric behavior, about property relations and the status of women in the West European feudal order. Its tumultuous but lucid account of some of the major tournaments in which the hero starred is the best we have of this essential but in many ways esoteric institution. But what matters most is the intimation given us of being in direct contact with a thoroughly human persona from a world at once exceedingly remote and somehow proximate to ours.

This is, in part, a matter of geography, of the poet's skill in giving each episode a local habitation and a name. Tancarville has known other terrible battles since; Winchester, Reading, the Channel ports, the low fields around Lincoln retain enough of the dense presentness of the past for us to envisage William Marshal's passage. It may be, too, that our sense of nearness to this ancient chronicle has its sadder reason. Ours also is an age of hostages and homicidal violence, of armed greed and political subterfuge. What we know too little of is those codes of magnanimity, those agreed intervals between hatred (the *Pax Dei*), those habits of pardon which inspired the ideal and at times the practice of a "parfit gentle knight." There is a chime in Chaucer's famous phrase as of an unrecapturable hope.

—George Steiner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Arab Folktales, translated from the Arabic and edited by Inea Bushnaq (Pantheon; $19.95). "*Kan ma kan La han wa la han*": when these words (an Arabic variation on "Once upon a time") are spoken, anything may follow—ghouls that chew gum and use date palms for toothpicks; a boy who turns into a white mule that turns into a fish that turns into a razor that turns into a dove that turns into a pomegranate; a man who tussles with an ant over a sesame seed; a dove that sheds tears of pearls and coral; city streets that flow with honey and boiled butter. "Embroidery with Word and Thread" heads the introduction to this exceptionally handsome volume (the sixteenth in Pantheon's Fairy Tale and Folklore Library), and black-and-white prints of embroidery decorate (and sometimes illustrate) its pages. In an afterword, Inea Bushnaq, a New Yorker with a degree in classics from Cambridge, tells how she returned to her native Palestine and tracked down some of these stories on donkeyback, and how other stories reached, by way of late-nineteenth-century German philologists, the Oriental Division (Room 219) of the New York Public Library.

Stone Virgin, by Barry Unsworth (Houghton Mifflin; $17.95). Mr. Unsworth's new, Byzantine-like novel has to do with lust and love and murder and greed and vengeance, and light—"natural light . . . the light of God with which objects can at any time be imbued, and . . . the light that lives in creation." The book's movement and its richness center on a Madonna Annunziata carved in Venice in 1432, by a young artist, in the likeness of a beautiful whore, and on the violent displeasure of her protector; on an aged and impoverished aristocrat who recalls a crazed adultery of his youth, in 1743, in the luminous shadow of the Virgin; and, finally, in 1972, on the involvement of a young Englishman, who is in Venice to restore the weathered Virgin, with a young Italian woman of ancient family who seems at times to resemble the statue. It is an enthralling exploration of time and of Venice and of the creative mind.

MATING BIRDS, by Lewis Nkosi (St. Martin's; $13.95). A young Zulu in Durban's Central Prison writes this account of his crime and his trial while he awaits execution; he has been convicted of rape. The woman was white, and the trial, of course, was a sham. Recalling the woman's provocative behavior, first on the "Whites Only" stretch of Durban's beach and then in her bungalow nearby, with the door ajar, the Zulu convinces the reader that the crime was not rape but intimacy between a white and a black, and that the woman was equally guilty under South Africa's Immorality Act. Lewis Nkosi, an exiled South African, whose first novel this is, tries too hard, especially in the courtroom episode, to make his hero's nemeses physically repellent. But the same courtroom episode contains one of the book's best, most bitterly funny scenes, which begins when the court's Zulu translator interrupts the prosecutor's attempt to whitewash the woman's reputation and explains that Zulus have no word for "orgies."

GENERAL

THE AMERICAN NEWNESS: CULTURE AND POLITICS IN THE AGE OF EMERSON, by Irving Howe (Harvard; $12.50). In this book, which is based on last year's William E. Massey, Sr., Lectures in the History of American Civilization, at Harvard, the author reluctantly argues the significance of Ralph Waldo Emerson in American thought. Mr. Howe finds flimsiness and incoher-

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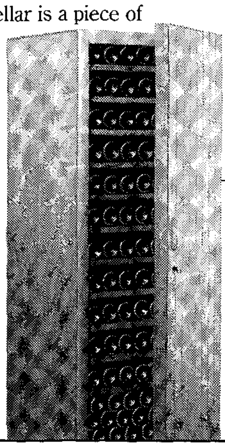

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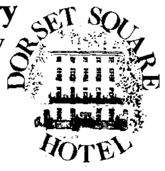

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ence in Emerson's individualism and misty egoism in his religiosity. Yet he sees that Emerson's emphasis on the possibilities of the individual reflected the way Americans in the period 1830-50 thought, or wanted to think, of themselves—especially since at that time they imagined the possibilities of their republic to be limitless. Although Mr. Howe believes that Melville and Hawthorne had a firmer grasp of reality than Emerson had, he maintains that Emerson's optimistic affirmations remain deep in America's culture. Further, he suggests that Emerson's mood of expecting the new and the marvellous of this country will recur.

SOMERVILLE AND ROSS: THE WORLD OF THE IRISH R.M., by Gifford Lewis (Viking; $19.95). A double biography of the two gentlewomen who together wrote the widely popular "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." (Resident Magistrate) and other books, both serious and humorous, about life among the Anglo-Irish around the turn of the century. Edith Œnone Somerville (1858-1949) was a horsewoman who schooled hunters for sale, a painter and professional illustrator, a writer of wit and style, a spiritualist, and a pioneer feminist. Martin Ross—the pseudonym of Violet Martin (1862-1915), of Ross House, one of the great Anglo-Irish estates—was a cousin of Edith Somerville and also a writer of talent, who served her collaborator as an intellectual foil and critic. This book, with its abundance of lively details about the two women and their families and the Irish landscape in which they flourished, re-creates a lost world. Illustrated with contemporary photographs, and with drawings and paintings by Edith Somerville.

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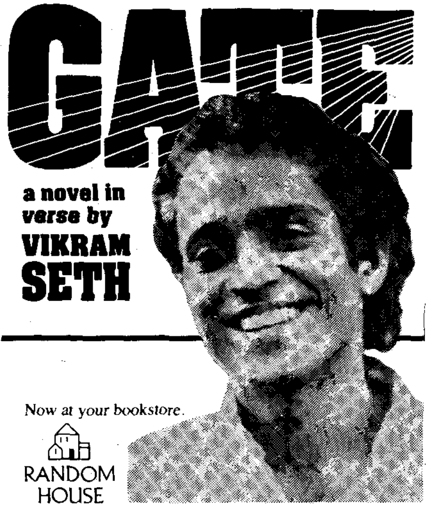
Or until that senator gains a little weight.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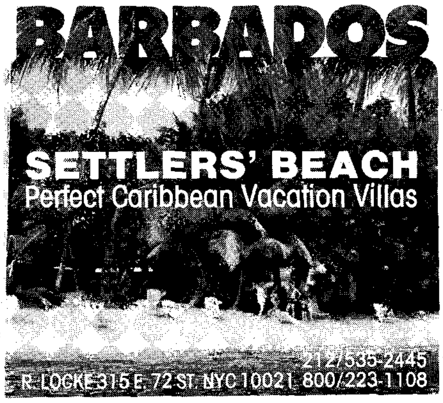
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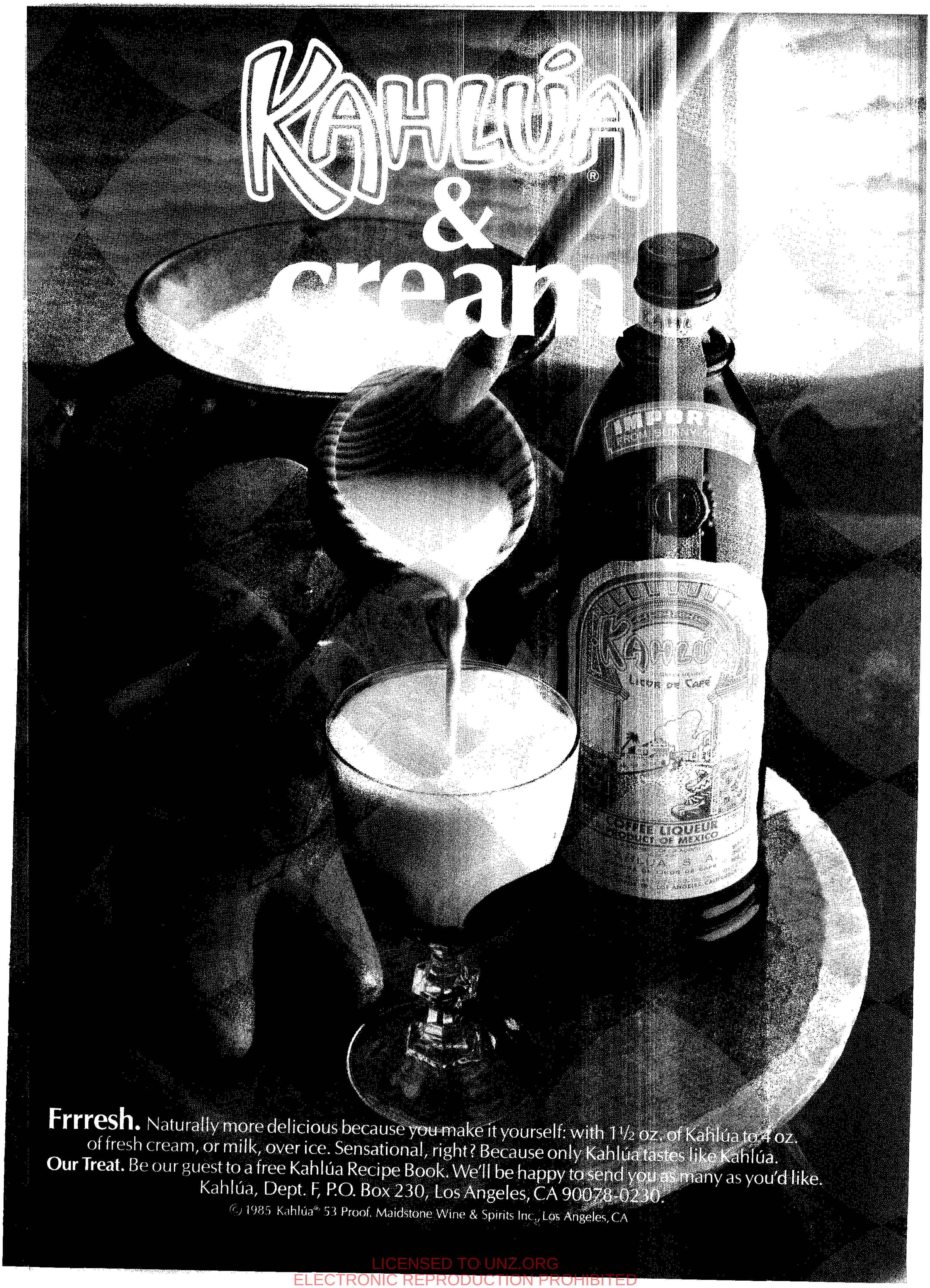
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